

18. 2. 11
THE
WORKS
OF
MOLIERE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

GLASGOW:

Printed by ROBERT URIE, -

And sold by JOHN GILMOUR, Bookseller in the
Salt-mercato. M DCC LI.

THE
WORKS

OF

MOLIERE.



VOLUME

Printed by H. Smith, 10, Old Bailey, London.
And sold by J. G. Smith, 10, Old Bailey, London.
1840.

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THE

LEARNED LADIES.

COMEDY.

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A C T O R S.

CHRISALUS, a citizen.

PHILAMINTA, wife to Chrifalus.

ARMANDA, } Daughters to Chrifalus and Philaminta,
HENRIETTA, }

ARISTUS, brother to Chrifalus.

BELISA, fiftter to Chrifalus.

CLITANDER, in love with Henrietta.

TRISSOTIN, a wit.

VADIUS, a pedant.

MARTINA, a cook-maid.

L'EPINE, a footman.

JULIAN, a fervant to Vadius.

NOTARY.



SCENE PARIS in Chrifalus's houfe.

THE
LEARNED LADIES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ARMANDA, HENRIETTA.

ARMANDA.

WHAT, is the lovely name of maid a title, sister, that you would quit the charming delight of? Dare you entertain the thoughts of marrying? Can this vulgar design enter your head?

Henrietta. Yes, sister.

Armanda. Ah! can one support that Yes? or can one hear it without a sickness at heart?

Henrietta. What has matrimony then in it that obliges you, sister——

Armanda. Ah! heav'ns, fye.

Henrietta. What's the matter?

Armanda. Ah! fye, I tell you. Don't you conceive what a surfeit such a word offers to one's imagination whenever one hears it? What a strange image it shocks one with? To what a nasty prospect it leads the mind? Don't you shiver at it? And can you bring yourself to endure the consequences of that word, sister?

Henrietta. The consequences of that word, when I consider them, set before me a husband, children, and

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a family. And I see nothing in this, if I may talk rationally upon it, which shocks one's imagination or makes one shiver.

Armanda. O heavens! can you be pleas'd with such attachments?

Henrietta. Why what can one do better at my age than to bind a man to one's self under the title of husband, who loves one, and is belov'd by one, and from this tender union to secure the delights of an innocent life? Has such a tie, when well-match'd, no charms?

Armanda. Lard! what a grov'ling mind is yours! What a mean part do you act in the world to immure yourself with family-affairs, and not to discover more sensible pleasures than an idol of a husband, and monkeys of children! Leave the low amusements of these kind of affairs to gross creatures and vulgar people; elevate your desires to more lofty objects; endeavour to get a taste for more noble pleasures; and, treating sense and matter with contempt, give yourself, like us, entirely up to understanding. You have your mother for an example before your eyes, who is every where honour'd with the title of learned; endeavour like me to shew yourself her daughter; aspire to the brightness which is in the family, and bring yourself to be sensible of the charming pleasures which the love of study pours into the heart. Instead of being in servile bondage to the will of a man, marry yourself, sister, to philosophy, which raises you above the rest of human kind, and gives the sovereign empire to reason, subjecting the animal part to its laws, the gross appetite of which debases us to beasts. These are the lovely flames, the soft attachments which ought to employ the moments of life; and

the cares which I see so many women affected with, appear in my eyes most horrible meannesses.

Henrietta. Heav'n, whose order we perceive to be almighty, forms us in our birth for different offices, and every mind is not compos'd of materials to fit it for making a philosopher. If yours is created fit for those heights which the speculations of the learned mount to, mine is made, sister, to crawl upon earth, and its weakness confines it to trifling cares. Let us not disorder the just regulations of heav'n, but follow the instigations of our several instincts. Do you, by the flight of a great and fine genius, inhabit the lofty regions of philosophy, whilst my imagination, keeping itself here below, tastes the terrestrial charms of matrimony; thus in our designs, so contrary to each other, we shall both imitate our mother; you, with regard to the mind and noble desires; I with regard to sense and the grosser pleasures; you in the productions of genius and light, I in those of matter, sister.

Armanda. When we pretend to regulate ourselves by any one person, 'tis in their finest parts which we ought to resemble them; and 'tis not at all taking her for a model, sister, only to cough and spit like her.

Henrietta. But you would not have been what you boast yourself to be, if my mother had only had those fine parts; and well you know, sister, that her noble genius did not always apply itself to philosophy. Pray now leave me, out of a little goodness, to those meannesses to which you owe the light; and don't suppress a little scholar which would come into the world, by desiring that I should imitate you.

Armanda. I see your mind can't be cur'd of the foolish infatuation of getting a husband: But let us know, pray,

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who you think to have? You don't aim at Clitander, sure?

Henrietta. For what reason should I not? Does he want merit? Is it a low choice?

Armanda. No, but 'tis a design which would be very dishonest to endeavour to take away another's conquest; and 'tis not a thing unknown to the world that Clitander has deeply sigh'd for me.

Henrietta. Yes, but all those sighs are vain things with you, for you don't fall into human meannesses; your mind has renounc'd matrimony for ever, and philosophy has all your affection. Having thus no design in your heart upon Clitander, what does it concern you if another may pretend to him?

Armanda. This empire which reason holds over the senses, does not make us renounce the sweets of praise; and one may refuse a man of merit for a husband, whom one would willingly have in the train of our adorers.

Henrietta. I did not hinder him from continuing his adorations to your perfections, but only receiv'd one who came to offer me the homage of his passion on your refusal.

Armanda. But do you think, pray, that there's an entire surety in the offer of a disgusted lover's vows? Do you believe his passion for your charms to be mighty strong, and that all ardor for me is quite dead in his heart?

Henrietta. He tells me so, sister, and for my part I believe him.

Armanda. Don't have so strong a faith, sister; but be assur'd when he says that he leaves me and loves you, that he does not really mean it, but deceives himself.

Henrietta. I don't know; but in short, if you please,

it is very easy for us to inform ourselves of the thing :
I see him coming hither, and he'll be able to give us a
full light into the matter.

S C E N E II.

CLITANDER, ARMANDA, HENRIETTA.

HENRIETTA.

TO deliver me from a doubt, my sister has involv'd
me in, betwixt her and me, Clitander, lay open your
heart, discover the bottom of it, and be so good as to
let us know which of us has a right to pretend to your
addresses.

Armanda. No, no, I will not impose the hardship of
an explanation on your passion; I don't love to be trouble-
some to people, and I know how perplexing the con-
straint of such a confession to the face must be.

Clitander. No, madam, my heart, which seldom dis-
sembles, feels no constraint to make a free acknowledg-
ment; such a step does not throw me into any perplexi-
ty, and I'll loudly own, with a frank and clear heart,
that the tender cords with which I am bound, [pointing
to Henrietta.] my love and my addresses are all on this
side. Let not this confession give you any emotion, you
desir'd that things should be so; your attractions had
caught me, and my tender sighs sufficiently prov'd to you
the ardour of my desires; my heart consecrated an im-
mortal flame to you, but your eyes did not think their
conquest great enough; I suffer'd under their yoke a
hundred different slights, they reign'd like proud tyrants
over my heart, till, tir'd with so much torment, I fought

more humane conquerors, and chains less cruel, [pointing to Henrietta.] I have found 'em, madam, in these eyes, and their bonds shall be always precious to me: With a compassionate regard they dry'd up my tears, and did not disdain the refuse of your charms; they touch'd me so deeply by such uncommon favours, that there's nothing can ever deliver me from my chains; and now I presume to conjure you, madam, never to make any attempt on my passion, nor ever endeavour to recall a heart resolv'd to die in this soft ardor.

Armada. Lack-a-day! who told you, Sir, that they had any such desire, or in short car'd so much for you; I think you are a pleasant mortal for imagining it, and very impertinent for declaring it to me.

Henrietta. Oh, softly, sister. Where is now the moral part which so well regulates the animal, and bridles the sallies of wrath?

Armada. But how do you, who talk to me of it, practise it yourself, in answering a passion which is discover'd to you, without the leave of those who gave you being? Know that duty subjects you to their laws, that you are not permitted to love but according to their choice, that they have a supreme authority over your heart, and that 'tis criminal to dispose of it yourself.

Henrietta. I thank you for the kindness you shew me in teaching me so well what belongs to my duty; my heart will regulate its conduct by your instructions; and to let you see, sister, that I profit by it, Clitander, take care to support your love by the concurrence of those from whom I receiv'd birth; procure a lawful power over my desires, and secure me a way to love you without a crime.

Clitander. I'll go and labour after it with the utmost

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diligence, for I only waited for this kind permission from you.

Armanda. You triumph, sister, and seem to imagine that this gives me disturbance.

Henrietta. I, sister, not at all. I know that the laws of reason are always prevalent over your senses, and that, by strength of the lessons of wisdom you learn, you are above such a weakness. So far from suspecting you of being in any concern, I believe that you'll condescend to employ your interest for me here to second his demand, and by your approbation to press the happy moment of our marriage. I beg it of you, and to labour after it —

Armanda. Your little wit pretends to raillery, and you appear mighty proud of a heart one throws to you.

Henrietta. As much thrown as this heart is, you don't much dislike it; and if you could pick it up from me you'd readily take the pains to stoop for it.

Armanda. I scorn to descend to make any answer to that, and these are foolish discourses which one ought not to hear.

Henrietta. 'Tis very well done of you, and you discover inconceivable moderation.

SCENE III.

CLITANDER, HENRIETTA.

HENRIETTA.

YOUR sincere confession has not a little surpris'd her.

Clitander. She sufficiently deserves such a freedom; and all the haughtiness of her proud folly is worthy at

least of my plain-dealing: But since I'm permitted, I go to your father, madam —

Henrietta. The surest way is to gain my mother; my father is of a humour to consent to any thing; but places little weight on what he resolves; he has receiv'd from heav'n a certain gentleness of soul which makes him submit at once to what his wife wills; 'tis she that governs, and in an absolute manner dictates for a law whatever she has resolv'd on. I heartily wish, I must own, that you were of a temper a little more complaisant to her and to my aunt, of a spirit which might procure you their esteem, by flattering their fancies.

Clitander. My heart is so sincere that it could never, even in your sister, flatter their characters. These female doctors are not to my taste. I agree that a woman should have an insight into every thing; but I would not have her indulge a monstrous passion, to make herself learned for the sake of being learned; and I love to have her often know, when questions are put to her, how to appear ignorant of things which she knows. In short, I would have her hide her study, and have knowledge without desiring the world should know it, without citing authors, without speaking bombast words, and being constantly learned on the least occasions. I have a great deal of respect for your mother, but I can't entirely approve of her chimera, and make myself an echo of what she says, to the incense she offers her heroes of genius. Her Mr Trissotin vexes and grieves me, and I'm enrag'd to see her esteem such a man, to place in the rank of great and fine genius's a blockhead, whose writings are every where damn'd; a pedant, whose liberal pen furnishes the market-hall with officious papers.

Henrietta. His writings and conversation are both

very tiresome, in my opinion, and I find I am much of your taste and opinion; but as he has great power over my mother, you ought to force yourself to a little complaisance. A lover makes his court where his heart is engag'd; he would willingly gain the favour of the whole world with regard to that; and that no creature may oppose his flame, he obliges himself to please even the very house-dog.

Clitander. Yes, you are in the right; but Mr. Trissotin inspires the very bottom of my soul with a prevailing spleen. I can't consent to dishonour myself by praising his works, in order to gain his approbation. 'Tis by those he first appear'd to my sight, and I knew him before I had seen him. I perceive in the trash of those writings he gives us, what his pedant person every where displays; the constant haughtiness of his presumption, the intrepidity of a good opinion of himself; that indolency of an extreme confidence which makes him always so satisfy'd with himself, which makes him incessantly laugh at his own merit, which makes him in such good-humour with every thing he writes, and that he would not change his renown for all the honours of the greatest general.

Henrietta. You must have had good eyes to see all this.

Clitander. Nay, the thing goes farther, even to his very figure; I see by the verses which come from his head what an air the poet must be of; and I so well guess'd at every mark of him, that meeting a man one day in the palace I laid a wager that 'twas Trissotin in person, and I found indeed that the wager was good.

Henrietta. What a fable is this!

Clitander. No, I tell the thing as it is: But I see

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your aunt. Pray give me leave to declare our secret to her, and gain her good offices with your mother.

SCENE IV.

BELISA, CLITANDER.

CLITANDER.

SUFFER a lover, madam, to take the opportunity of this happy moment to speak to you, and to discover to you the sincere passion —

Belisa. Ah, softly, take care not to open your heart too far to me; if I have plac'd you in the rank of my lovers, be contented that your eyes be your only interpreters, and don't explain to me, by any other language, desires which pass with me for an affront; love me, sigh, burn for my charms, but let me be permitted not to know it. I can shut my eyes to your secret flames as long as you keep yourself to dumb interpreters; but if the mouth comes to be meddling in the matter, I must banish you for ever from my sight.

Clitander. Take no alarm at the intentions of my heart; Henrietta, madam, is the object which charms me, and I come ardently to conjure your goodness to second the love I have for her beauty.

Belisa. Hah! this turn is certainly very witty, I confess. This subtil evasion deserves to be prais'd; and in all the romances I ever cast my eyes on, I never met with any thing more ingenious.

Clitander. This is no stroke of wit, madam, but a pure confession of what I have in my breast. Heav'n has bound my heart to Henrietta's beauty by the ties of

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an immutable ardour ; Henrietta retains me in her amiable empire, and to marry Henrietta is the happiness I aspire to. You can do a great deal towards it, and all I desire is that you would condescend to favour my addresses.

Belisa. I see where the demand would gently aim, and know what I should understand under that name. The figure is artful, and, not to depart from it in what my heart offers me to reply to you, I must tell you that Henrietta is a rebel to matrimony, and that you must burn for her without pretending to any thing.

Clitander. Alas! Madam, to what good is this perplexing things, and why will you imagine what is not?

Belisa. Lack-a-day ! no formalities; forbear to deny what your looks have often given me to understand; 'tis enough that we are content with the turn which your passion artfully pitch'd on, and that under the figure which respect obliges it to, we are willingly resolv'd to suffer its homage, provided that its transports be enlighten'd by honour, and offer only pure vows at my altar.

Clitander. But ———

Belisa. Adieu. This ought to satisfy you for this time, and I have told you more than I would have told you.

Clitander. But your error ———

Belisa. Enough. I blush now, and my modesty has endur'd a surprising attack.

Clitander. I'll be hang'd if I love you, and wise —

Belisa. No, no, I'll hear nothing more.

SCENE V.

CLITANDER alone.

DUCE take the fool with her visions! Did one ever see any thing equal to these prepossessions? I'll go and commit this business to another, and take the assistance of some wiser person.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ARISTUS leaving Clitander, but continuing to speak to him.

YES, I'll bring you the answer presently; I'll insist, press, do all that should be done. What a deal has a lover to say for one word! and how impatient he is for what he desires! never——

SCENE II.

CHRISALUS, ARISTUS.

ARISTUS.

OH! save you, brother.

Chrisalus. And you too, brother.

Aristus. Do you know what brings me hither?

Chrisalus. No; but I'm ready to know it, if you please.

Aristus. You have known Clitander a long time since.

Chrisalus. Undoubtedly; and he comes often to our house.

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Aristus. And what esteem is he in with you, brother?

Chrisalus. As a man of honour, wit, courage and conduct; and I know very few people who have his merit.

Aristus. A certain desire of his brought me hither, and I rejoice that you have an esteem for him.

Chrisalus. I was acquainted with his late father in my journey to Rome.

Aristus. Very well.

Chrisalus. He was, brother, a very honest gentleman.

Aristus. So they say.

Chrisalus. We were then but twenty-eight years of age, and troth we were a couple of brisk sparks.

Aristus. I believe so.

Chrisalus. We follow'd the Roman ladies, and all the world talk'd of our pranks there; we made some people jealous.

Aristus. That was well enough; but let's come to what brought me hither.

S C E N E III.

BELISA entering softly, and listening,

CHRISALUS, ARISTUS.

ARISTUS.

CLITANDER makes me his interpreter to you, and his heart is smitten with Henrietta's charms.

Chrisalus. What, my daughter?

Aristus. Yes. Clitander is enamour'd with her, and I never saw a lover more passionate.

Belisa to Aristus.] No, no, I understand you. You don't know the story; the thing is not what you may imagine.

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Aristus. How, sister?

Belisa. Clitander deceives you; 'tis with another object that his heart is smitten.

Aristus. You jest. What, is it not Henrietta that he's in love with?

Belisa. No, I'm sure it is not.

Aristus. He told it me himself.

Belisa. Oh, ay.

Aristus. You see me here, sister, commission'd by him to ask her of her father this very day.

Belisa. Very well.

Aristus. And his love made him very earnest with me to hasten the time for such an alliance.

Belisa. Better still. No body could have made use of a more galant deception. Henrietta, between us, is an amusement, an ingenious veil, a pretext, brother, to cover another flame which I know the mystery of, and I am desirous to undeceive you both.

Aristus. But since you know so much, sister, tell us, pray, who's this other object he loves?

Belisa. You would know it then?

Aristus. Yes. Whom?

Belisa. 'Tis I.

Aristus. You!

Belisa. I myself.

Aristus. Hah, sister!

Belisa. What does that hah! mean? And what is there surprising in my discourse? We are form'd of an air, I fancy, to be able to say that we have one heart in subjection to our empire; and Dorantes, Damis, Cleontes, and Licidas, may plainly shew that we have some charms.

Aristus. Do those men love you?

Belisa. Yes, with all their might.

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Aristus. They have told you so?

Belisa. No one ever took that liberty; they have hitherto so very much rever'd me, that they have never said a word to me of their love; but the dumb interpreters have all done their office in offering me their heart, and devoting their service to me.

Aristus. Why, we seldom or never see Damis come here.

Belisa. That's to shew me a more submissive respect.

Aristus. Dorantes is always affronting you with satirical language.

Belisa. That's the transport of a jealous rage.

Aristus. Cleontes and Licidas have both of 'em taken wives.

Belisa. That was done thro' a despair which I reduc'd their passion to.

Aristus. Faith, my dear sister, this is mere chimera.

Chrisalus to Belisa.] You ought to lay aside these chimeras.

Belisa. Ah, chimeras! are these chimeras, say you? J, chimeras! chimeras truly is very good! I rejoice much at chimeras, brothers, and I did not know that I had chimeras.

SCENE IV.

CHRISALUS, ARISTUS.

CHRISALUS.

OUR sister is mad, I think.

Aristus. This grows upon her every day; but once more let us return to our discourse. Clitander asks Hen-

rietta of you to wife. Consider what answer should be made to his passion.

Chrisalus. Need you ask? I consent to it with all my heart, and esteem his alliance a singular honour.

Aristus. You know that he has not abundance of wealth, that —

Chrisalus. That's a concern of no great importance; he is rich in virtue, and that's worth treasures; and besides, his father and I were but one in two bodies.

Aristus. Let's speak to your wife, and let us see and make her favourable —

Chrisalus. 'Tis enough, I accept him for a son-in-law.

Aristus. Yes, but to support your consent, brother, 'tis not amiss to have her agree to it. Come —

Chrisalus. You jest. It is not necessary, I'll answer for my wife, and take the business upon myself.

Aristus. But —

Chrisalus. Let me alone, I say, and don't be apprehensive; I'll go immediately and set things in order.

Aristus. Be it so. I'll go sound Henrietta upon this, and will return to know —

Chrisalus. 'Tis a done thing, and I'll go to my wife to talk to her of it without delay.

SCENE V.

CHRISALUS, MARTINA.

MARTINA.

I'M mighty lucky, indeed! Alas! 'tis a true saying, he that would drown a dog accuses him of madness; another's service is no inheritance.

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Chrisalus. What's the matter? What ails you, Martina?

Martina. What ails me?

Chrisalus. Yes.

Martina. My ailment is, that I'm discharg'd to-day, Sir.

Chrisalus. Discharg'd?

Martina. Yes. Madam has turn'd me away.

Chrisalus. I don't understand that. How is it?

Martina. They threaten me with a sound beating, if I don't march off.

Chrisalus. No, you shall stay; I am satisfy'd with you; my wife is often a little hot-headed; and I won't—

SCENE VI.

PHILAMINTA, BELISA, CHRISALUS, MARTINA.

PHILAMINTA seeing Martina.

WHAT! Do I see you, huffy? quick, be gone, jade; go, leave this place, and never come into my sight again.

Chrisalus. Softly.

Philaminta. No, 'tis done.

Chrisalus. Hey!

Philaminta. I'll have her be gone.

Chrisalus. But what has she done, that you resolve in this manner —

Philaminta. What, do you uphold her?

Chrisalus. By no means.

Philaminta. Do you take her part against me?

Chrisalus. Lack-a-day! no. I only ask what her crime is.

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Philaminta. Am I one that would turn her away without just cause?

Chrisalus. I don't say that; but I ought, with respect to the servants, to———

Philaminta. No, she shall be gone out of our house, I say.

Chrisalus. Well, yes. Does any body say any thing to the contrary to you?

Philaminta. I'll have no obstacle to my desires.

Chrisalus. Agreed.

Philaminta. And you ought, if you'd be like a reasonable husband, to take my part against her, and join in my anger.

Chrisalus turning towards Martina.] So I do. Yes, my wife turns you away with reason, gipsy, and your crime is unworthy of pardon.

Martina. What is it I have done then?

Chrisalus aside.] Faith I don't know.

Philaminta. She's in a humour still to make it of no consequence.

Chrisalus. Has she occasion'd your hatred by breaking some looking-glass, or China?

Philaminta. Would I turn her away, do you imagine, and put myself in a passion for so small a matter?

Chrisalus to Martina.] What does this mean? [to Philaminta.] The thing is considerable then?

Philaminta. Undoubtedly. Am I an unreasonable woman?

Chrisalus. Has she, thro' negligence, suffer'd some ewer, or piece of plate, to be stole?

Philaminta. That would be nothing.

Chrisalus to Martina.] Oho! Plague! Gipsy! [to

Philaminta.] What, have you surpris'd her in some dishonesty?

Philaminta. Worse than all that.

Chrisalus. Worse than all that?

Philaminta. Worse.

Chrisalus to Martina.] What the duce! Jade. [to Philaminta.] Hey? has she committed —

Philaminta. She has, with an unparallel'd insolence, after thirty lectures about it, insulted my ear with the impropriety of a vulgar savage word, which Vaugelas condemns in express terms.

Chrisalus. Is that —

Philaminta. What, in spite of our remonstrances, continually to shock the foundation of all the sciences; grammar, which even rules over kings, and makes 'em with an high hand obey it's laws?

Chrisalus. I thought she had been guilty of a much greater offence.

Philaminta. What, don't you think this crime unpardonable?

Chrisalus. Yes indeed.

Philaminta. I should wish you'd excuse her.

Chrisalus. I shall take care of that.

Belisa. 'Tis a pity, 'tis true, that all construction should be destroy'd by her, when she has a hundred times been instructed in the laws of language.

Martina. All you preach is fine and good, I believe; but I can't talk your jargon, not I.

Philaminta. O impudence! To call a language founded upon reason and polite custom, jargon.

Martina. When one makes one's self understood, one always speaks well, and all your fine terms are not of no use.

Philaminta. So, her own style still, *are not of no use*.

Belisa. O indocible animal! Shall we never be able to teach you to talk congruously, with all the pains we incessantly take? *Not* put with *no* makes a recidivation, and is, as we have told you, too much of a negative.

Martina. Zooks! I are not a scollard like you, I speak just as they speak in our country.

Philaminta. Ah! Can this be endur'd!

Belisa. What a horrible solecism!

Philaminta. 'Tis enough to kill a sensible ear.

Belisa. Thy genius is very gross, I must own. *I* is but singular, *are* is plural. Wilt thou all thy life offend grammar thus?

Martina. Who talks of offending either grand-mother or grand-father?

Philaminta. O heav'ns!

Belisa. You take grammar in a wrong sense, and I have told you already whence that word comes.

Martina. Let it come from Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, 'tis nothing to me.

Belisa. What a clownish soul 'tis! Grammar teaches us the laws of the Nominative case, and the Verb, as well as of the Adjective and Substantive.

Martina. I must tell you, madam, that I don't know these people.

Philaminta. What a torment this is!

Belisa. These are the names of words, and you ought to take notice in what it is that they must be made to agree together.

Martina. What matter is it whether they agree together, or quarrel?

Philaminta to Belisa. Ah! heav'ns, let us put an end to

to such a discourse. [To Chrisalus.] You will not make her be gone from me then, will you?

Chrisalus: Yes, yes. [Aside.] I must consent to her humour. Go, don't provoke her; retire, Martina.

Philaminta. How! Are you afraid of offending the jade? You speak to her in a mighty obliging tone.

Chrisalus, I? not at all. [In a rough tone.] Go, be gone. [In a milder tone.] Go thy ways, poor girl.

SCENE VII.

PHILAMINTA, CHRISALUS, BELISA.

CHRISALUS.

YOU are satisfy'd, and she's gone; but I don't approve of her going in this manner; she's a girl fit for her business, and you turn her out of my house for a trifling cause.

Philaminta. Would you have me always keep her in my service, to put my ear incessantly to torment? To break all the laws of custom and reason by a barbarous heap of vices in speech, of lame expressions, intermix'd between times with proverbs taken from Billingsgate?

Belisa. It is true, it makes one sweat to bear her discourse. She pulls Vaugelas to pieces every day, and the least blunders of her gross genius are either Pleonasm, or Cacophony.

Chrisalus. What matter is it if she does fail in the laws of Vaugelas, provided she does not fail in the kitchen? For my part, I had much rather that she join'd the Nouns and Verbs falsely, and repeated a servile bad word a hundred times in picking her herbs, than have

her burn my meat or oversalt my broth. I live by good soup, and not by fine language. Vaugelas does not teach how to make good soup; and Malherbe and Balzac, so learned in fine words, would have been blockheads perhaps in the kitchen.

Philaminta. How terribly this gross discourse shocks me! And how unworthy it is of one who calls himself a man, to be continually bent to material cares instead of raising himself up towards spiritual ones! Is the body, that rag, of importance enough, of a value to merit a single thought? And ought we not to leave that far behind?

Chrisalus. Ay, but my body is myself, and I'll take care of it. A rag, if you please, but my rag is dear to me.

Belisa. The body with the mind, brother, makes a figure; but if you'll believe all the learned world in the case, the mind ought to have the precedency over the body; and our greatest care, our first concern, should be to nourish it with the juice of science.

Chrisalus. I'faith, if you think about nonrishing your mind, 'tis with very airy diet, as every one says; and you have no care, no solicitude for——

Philaminta. Ah! Solicitude is coarse to my ear, it smells strangely of antiquity.

Belisa. 'Tis true the word is of high date.

Chrisalus. Will ye let me speak? In short I must be plain, pull off the mask, and discharge my spleen; people treat you as if you were mad, and I'm heartily troubled——

Philaminta. How?

Chrisalus to Belisa.] 'Tis to you that I speak, sister. The least solecism in speech provokes you; but you

make strange ones yourself in conduct. Your eternal folio's don't please me; and, except a great Plutarch which I put my bands in, you ought to burn all this useless lumber, and leave learning to your great doctors about town; to do right, you should remove out of the garret that long telescope enough to frighten people, and a hundred knick-knacks the sight of which are offensive: Not to look after what is done in the moon, but to mind a little what's done at home, where we see every thing go topsy-turvy. It is not right for a great many reasons, that a wife should study and know so many things. To form the minds of her children to good-manners, to see her family go on well, to have an eye over her servants, and to regulate with oeconomy what is expended, ought to be her study and philosophy. Our forefathers were very wise people in this point, who said that a wife always knew enough when the capacity of her genius rais'd her to understand a doublet and a pair of breeches. Their wives did not read, but they liv'd well; their families were all their learned discourse, and their books, a thimble, thread, and needles, with which they work'd amidst their knot of maids. But the women of this age are very far from behaving themselves in that manner, they must write and turn authors. No science is too profound for 'em; and in my house, more than in any other place in the world, the most lofty secrets are conceiv'd, and they understand every thing but what they ought to understand. They know the motions of the moon, the polar star, Venus, Saturn, and Mars, whom I have no business with; and with all this vain knowledge, which they go so far to look for, they don't know how my pot goes on, which I have occasion for. My servants too aspire after learning, to please you, and

they all do nothing less than what they have to do; reasoning is the business of all my house, and reasoning banishes all reason out of it. One burns my roast-meat while she's reading some history, the other raves in verse when I call for drink: In short, I perceive your example follow'd by 'em, and I have servants and yet am not serv'd. One poor wench alone was left me who was not infected with this villanous air, and here's she turn'd away with a great clutter, because she did not speak according to Vaugelas. I tell you, sister, for 'tis to you, as I said, that I address myself, all this proceeding offends me. I don't like all your scholars should come to my house, and especially this Mr. Trissotin. 'Twas he who lampoon'd you in verse; all his discourses are foolish trash; one's at a loss for what he says after he has spoke; and I believe, for my part, that he's crack-brain'd.

Philaminta. What meanness, good heav'n, both of soul and language!

Belisa. Can there be a more stupid assemblage of corpuseula? or a mind compos'd of more city-like atoms? Is it possible that I am of the same blood? I heartily hate myself for being of your stock, and leave the place in confusion.

SCENE VIII.

PHILAMINTA, CHRISALUS.

PHILAMINTA.

HAVE you still some other arrow to shoot?

Chrisalus. I? No. Let's talk no more of dispute, 'tis over. Let us discourse of another affair. As for

your eldest daughter, she discovers a distaste for the marriage-knot; in short she's a philosopher, I say nothing more of her; she's well manag'd; and you do very right. But her younger sister is of quite another humour, and I believe 'tis good to provide Henrietta with a proper husband, that —

Philaminta. 'Tis what I have thought on; and will discover my intention to you. This Mr. Trissotin whom we are accus'd about, and who has not the honour to be in your esteem, is the person I pitch on for a husband for her, and I know better than you how to judge of his merit. All dispute is superfluous in this case; and I have fully resolv'd on the thing. However, don't say a word of the choice of this husband, I'll speak to your daughter about it before you. I have reasons to make my conduct approv'd of, and I shall know very well if you have instructed her.

SCENE IX.

ARISTUS, CHRISALUS.

ARISTUS.

WELL? Your wife's gone, brother, and I see that you have just had some discourse together.

Chrisalus. Yes.

Aristus. What's the success of it? Shall us have Henrietta? Has she consented? Is the business done?

Chrisalus. Not quite yet.

Aristus. Does she refuse?

Chrisalus. No.

Aristus. Does she stay to consider?

Chrisalus. Not at all.

Aristus. What then?

Chrisalus. She offers me another man for a son-in-law.

Aristus. Another man for a son-in-law!

Chrisalus. Another.

Aristus. What's his name?

Chrisalus. Mr. Trissotin.

Aristus. What, that Mr. Trissotin——

Chrisalus. Yes, that always talks Latin and verses.

Aristus. Have you accepted of him?

Chrisalus. I! no, heav'n forbid.

Aristus. What answer did you make?

Chrisalus. None; and I am very glad I did not speak, lest I should have run myself into a scrape.

Aristus. The reason is very fine, and you have made a grand-step. Did you propose Clitander to her however?

Chrisalus. No; for finding she talk'd of another son-in-law, I thought 'twas better for me not to make any advances.

Aristus. Your prudence is vastly extraordinary truly. Are you not ashamed of your effeminacy? Is it possible a man can be so weak to let his wife have an absolute power, and not to dare to oppose what she has resolv'd on?

Chrisalus. Lack-a-day! You talk of it, brother, with a great deal of ease, and don't know how noise weighs me down. I love repose, peace and tranquillity, very much, and my wife is of a terrible humour; she makes a great ado about the name of philosopher, but she is not less passionate for that; and her morality, which despises wealth, has no effect on the eagerness of her choler; for the least opposition to what comes in her

head we have a horrible tempest for eight days. She makes me tremble whenever she begins her note; she's such a perfect dragon, that I know not where to hide myself; and yet, with all her devilish temper, I'm oblig'd to call her, My heart, and My life.

Aristus. Go, 'tis a jest. Between us, your wife is an absolute mistress over you, through your cowardice. Her power is founded upon nothing but your weakness. 'Tis from you she takes the title of mistress. You give up yourself to her haughty command, and suffer your self to be led by the nose like an ass. What, can't you for once resolve to be a man, seeing you are call'd so? To make a wife condescend to your wishes, and take heart enough to say once, I will have it so. Can you, without shame, leave your daughter to be sacrific'd to the foolish visions which the family are possess'd with; and to invest a nicompoop with all your wealth for six words of Latin which he bellows out to 'em? A pedant, whom your wife compliments every turn with the name of fine wit, and great philosopher, of a man that was never equall'd for galant verses, when every body knows he's nothing of all this? Come, come; once more, 'tis a joke; and your cowardice deserves to be laugh'd at.

Chrisalus. You are in the right of it, and I find that I am in the wrong. Come, I'll now shew a stouter heart, brother.

Aristus. That's well said.

Chrisalus. 'Tis an infamous thing to be so subject to the power of a wife.

Aristus. Very well.

Chrisalus. She has gain'd too much by my mildness.

Aristus. True.

Chrisalus. Play'd too much upon my easiness.

Aristus. Certainly.

Chrisalus. And I'll make her know this day that my daughter is my daughter, and that I am her master, and will choose a husband for her which shall be according to my mind.

Aristus. Now you are reasonable, and as I would have you.

Chrisalus. You are for Clitander, and know where he lives; bring him to me, brother, this moment.

Aristus. I'll run and do it immediately.

Chrisalus. 'Tis bearing too long, and I'll be a man in the face of the world.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA, BELISA,
TRISSOTIN, L'EPINE.

PHILAMINTA.

AH, let us sit down here, to hear at ease these verses, which we have need to weigh word by word.

Armanda. I burn to see 'em.

Belisa. And we are dying for it.

Philaminta to Trissotin.] Whatever comes from you are charms to me.

Armanda. 'Tis an unparallel'd pleasure to me.

Belisa. 'Tis a delicious repaste it affords to my ear.

Philaminta. Don't let us languish under such pressing desires.

Armanda. Make haste.

Belisa. Be quick, and hasten our pleasure.

Philaminta. Offer your epigram to our impatience.

Trissotin to Philaminta.] Alas, madam, 'tis a quite

new-born babe. It's fate certainly ought to touch you, for 'twas in your court-yard that I brought it forth.

Philaminta. It's father is sufficient to make it dear to me.

Trissotin. Your approbation may serve for a mother to't.

Belisa. How witty he is!

SCENE II.

HENRIETTA, PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA,
BELISA, TRISSOTIN, L'EPINE.

PHILAMINTA to Henrietta who is going away,

HEY day, why do you run away again?

Henrietta. For fear of disturbing such a sweet conversation.

Philaminta. Come hither, and come with both your ears to share the pleasure of hearing wonders.

Henrietta. I know but little of the beauties of writing, and things of genius are not my province.

Philaminta. No matter, I have a secret besides to tell you afterwards, which 'tis necessary you should be inform'd of.

Trissotin to Henrietta.] The sciences have nothing in 'em to inflame you, you don't pique yourself upon any thing but to charm.

Henrietta. One as little as t'other, and I have no desire —

Belisa. Ah, pray let us think of the new-born babe.

Philaminta to L'Epine.] Come, boy, quickly, something to sit on. [L'Epine falls down.] Do you see the

impertinent thing! ought people to fall after having learnt the equilibrium of things?

Belisa. Do'sn't thou see the cause of thy fall, ignorance? and that it proceeded from thy deviating from the fix'd point, which we call the center of gravity?

L'Epine. I perceiv'd it, madam, when I was on the ground.

Philaminta to L'Epine, who goes out.] The booby!

Trissotin. 'Twas happy for him he was not made of glafs.

Armanda. Ah! Wit for ever!

Belisa. That's never dry'd up.

Philaminta, all sit down.] Serve up to us quickly your amiable repaste.

Trissotin. A plate of only eight verses is a small matter, I think, for such a great hunger as you discover to me, and I believe I should not do amiss in this case if I join'd to the epigram, or rather madrigal, the ragoos of a sonnet which has been esteem'd by a certain princess to have something of delicacy in it. It is season'd with Attic salt throughout, and you'll think it, I believe, of a pretty good taste.

Armanda. Oh, I don't doubt it.

Philaminta. Let us give attention immediately.

Belisa interrupting Trissotin as often as he begins to read.] I feel my heart leap for joy before-hand. I love poetry to distraction, and especially when the verses are gallantly turn'd.

Philaminta. If we talk continually, he can say nothing.

Trissotin. So———

Belisa to Henrietta.] Silence, niece.

Armanda. Ah! let him read then.

TRISSOTIN.

A SONNET to the princess URANIA upon her fever.

ASLEEP your prudence sure must be,
Magnificently thus to treat,
And sumptuously lodge in state,
 Your most pernicious enemy.

Belisa. Ah, what a lovely beginning!

Armanda. What a galant turn it has!

Philaminta. He alone possesses the talent of making easy verses.

Armanda. We must give up the day to *prudence asleep*.Belisa. *Lodge her enemy*, is full of charms to me.Philaminta. I like *sumptuously* and *magnificently*:
 Those two adverbs join'd do admirably.

Belisa. Let's hearken to the rest.

TRISSOTIN.

Asleep your prudence sure must be,
Magnificently thus to treat,
And sumptuously lodge in state,
 Your most pernicious enemy.

Armanda. *Prudence asleep*!Belisa. *Sumptuously lodge her enemy*!Philaminta. *Sumptuously! magnificently!*

TRISSOTIN.

Whate'er is said, the serpent send
 From your apartment rich and great;
Where insolently the ingrate
 Your precious life attempts to end.

Belisa. Ah! softly, pray let me breathe.

Armanda. Pray give us time to admire.

Philaminta. One feels at hearing these verses some-

thing run at the very bottom of one's heart, I don't know what that makes one faint.

ARMANDA.

*Whate'er is said the serpent send,
From your apartment rich and great.*

How finely said is, *apartment rich and great!* And with what wit is the metaphor introduc'd!

PHILAMINTA.

Whate'er is said the serpent send.

Ah! that *whate'er is said* is admirable for taste! 'tis in my opinion an invaluable passage.

Armanda. I am likewise in love with *whate'er is said*.

Belisa. I'm of your opinion, *whate'er is said* is a happy expression.

Armanda. I wish I had written it.

Belisa. 'Tis worth a whole piece.

Philaminta. But do you really comprehend the *Finesse* of it as I do?

Armanda and Belisa.] Oh! oh!

PHILAMINTA.

Whate'er is said the serpent send.

Tho' they should take the fever's part, don't regard it, laugh at their babbling.

Whate'er is said the serpent send. Whate'er is said, whate'er is said. This *whate'er is said*, says a great deal more than one thinks. I don't know, for my part, if every one be like me, but I understand a million of words under it.

Belisa. 'Tis true, it says more things than it seems to do.

Philaminta to Trissotin.] But when you wrote this charming *whate'er is said*, did you yourself comprehend all its energy? Did you really conceive yourself all that

it says to us; and did you then think you were writing so much wit?

Trissotin. Ha, ha!

Armanda. I have likewise *the ingrate* in my head: that *ingrate* of a fever, unjust, uncivil, to treat people ill who entertain'd it.

Philaminta. In short, both the stanzas of four lines are admirable. Let's come quickly to the triplets, pray.

Armanda. Ah, once more *whate'er is said*, pray now.

TRISSOTIN.

Whate'er is said the serpent send.

PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA, and BELISA.

Whate'er is said!

TRISSOTIN.

From your apartment rich and great.

PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA, and BELISA.

Apartment rich and great!

TRISSOTIN.

Where insolently the ingrate

PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA, and BELISA.

That ingrate of a fever!

TRISSOTIN.

Your precious life attempts to end.

PHILAMINTA.

Your precious life!

ARMANDA, and BELISA. Ah,

TRISSOTIN.

Who not respecting your high rank,

Your noble blood has basely drank,

PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA, and BELISA. Ah!

TRISSOTIN.

And hourly plays some cruel prank?

*The next time to the bath you go,
There take it without more ado,
And in the cruel mischief throw.* }

Philaminta. I can hold no longer.

Belisa. I faint!

Armanda. I die with pleasure.

Philaminta. One find one's self seiz'd with a thousand gentle thrillings.

ARMANDA.

The next time to the bath you go,

BELISA.

There take it without more ado,

PHILAMINTA.

And in the cruel mischief throw.

Take and drown it in the bath.

Armanda. Every step in your verse one meets with some charming beauty.

Belisa. One goes through it all with rapture.

Philaminta. One can't tread but upon fine things.

Armanda. They are paths strew'd with roses.

Trissotin. The sonnet then you think ———

Philaminta. Admirable, new, and no body ever made any thing so fine.

Belisa to Henrietta.] What, without emotion during what has been read? You make a strange figure there, niece.

Henrietta. Every one here below, aunt, makes such a figure as they can; and one can't be a wit at will.

Trissotin. Perhaps my verses are troublesome to the lady.

Henrietta. No, I don't hearken to 'em.

Philaminta. Ah! let us see the epigram.

Trissotin. *Upon a coach of an amarant colour, given to a lady of his acquaintance.*

Philaminta. His titles have always something uncommon in 'em.

Armanda. The novelty of 'em prepares one for a hundred witty strokes.

TRISSOTIN.
Love has so dearly sold to me his band,

BELISA, ARMANDA, and PHILAMINTA. Ah!

TRISSOTIN.
Already it has cost me half my land,

And when this beauteous coach you do behold,

Wherein there lies imbossed so much gold,

That all the country round it does amaze,

And yields a pompous triumph to my lays,

PHILAMINTA. Ah, my lays. There's erudition!

BELISA. The cover is pretty, and worth a million.

TRISSOTIN.
And when this beauteous coach you do behold,

Wherein there lies imbossed so much gold,

That all the country round it does amaze,

And yields a pompous triumph to my lays;

No longer say that it is amaranth,

But much, much rather say that 'tis my rent.

Armanda. Oh, oh, oh! she there does not attend to it at all.

Philaminta. No body, but he, can write in this taste.

BELISA.
No longer say that it is amaranth,

But much, much rather say that 'tis my rent.

This may be declin'd, my rent, of my rent, to my rent.

Philaminta. I don't know whether my mind might be prepossess'd in your favour from the moment I knew you, but I admire your verse and prose throughout.

Trissotin to Philaminta.] If you would shew us something of yours, we likewise might admire it in our turn.

Philaminta. I have done nothing in verse, but I have room to hope that I may in a little time be able to shew you as a friend eight chapters of the plan of our academy. Plato foolishly forbore the subject when he writ the treatise of his Republic; but I'll carry the idea, which I have upon paper form'd in prose, to the full effect: For in short I am strangely vex'd at the wrong they do us with regard to wit; and I'll revenge every one of us of the unworthy class men rank us in, by bounding our talents to trifling things, and shutting the door of sublime lights against us.

Armanda. 'Tis offering a great offence to our sex, to make the force of our understanding extend no farther than to judge of a petticoat, and the air of a mantua, or the beauties of a point, or a new brocade.

Belisa. We must get above this shameful condition, and bravely set our genius at liberty.

Trissotin. My respect for the ladies is every where known, and if I pay homage to the brilliant of their eyes, I likewise honour the brightness of their wit.

Philaminta. Our sex likewise do you justice in those things; but we would shew certain wits whose pride makes 'em use us with contempt, that women are likewise furnish'd with learning; that, like them, they can hold learned assemblies, regulated in that case by better rules; that they'll unite there what's separated elsewhere, join fine language with sublime sciences, discover nature in a thousand experiments; and upon any questions that may be propos'd, bring in each sect and espouse none.

Trissotin. For order, I am fond of Peripateticism.

Philaminta. For abstractions, I love Platonism.

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Armanda. Epicurus pleases me, for his Dogma's are strong.

Belisa. For my part, I agree mightily to the Atomical philosophy; but I think the Vacuum difficult to be endur'd, and relish much better the subtle matter.

Trissotin. Descartes, for the Magnetism, gives much into my opinion.

Armanda. I love his Vortexes.

Philaminta. And I his falling worlds.

Armanda. I long to see our assembly open'd, and to signalize ourselves by some discovery.

Trissotin. We expect it much from your lively lights, there's little of obscurity in nature to you.

Philaminta. For my part, without flattering myself, I have made one already, and have plainly seen men in the moon.

Belisa. I have not yet seen men, I think; but I have seen steeples as plain as I see you.

Armanda. We'll likewise dive into the profundity of grammar, history, poetry, morality and politics, as well as of physics.

Philaminta. Morality has charms that my heart is smitten with, and 'twas formerly the admiration of great genius's; but I give the superiority to the Stoics, and I think nothing so fine as their wise man.

Armanda. As for language, they shall soon see our regulations in that, and we intend to make great changes in't. By either a just or natural antipathy, we have each of us taken a mortal hatred to a number of words, either Verbs or Nouns, which we shall mutually abandon; we are preparing deadly sentences against 'em, and design to open our learned conferences by the pro-

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scription of all those diverse words from which we would purge both verse and prose.

Philaminta. But the finest project of our academy, which is a noble enterprize, and with which I'm transported, a design full of glory, and which will be extoll'd amongst all the great genius's of posterity, is the retrenching those filthy syllables, which in the finest words produce scandal; those eternal jests of the fools of all times; those nauseous common-place things of our wretched buffoons; those sources of a heap of infamous equivocations with which they insult the modesty of women.

Trissotin. These are certainly admirable projects.

Belisa. You shall see our statutes when they are all made.

Trissotin. They can't fail of being all beautiful and wise.

Armanda. We shall by our laws be the judges of performances: By our laws prose and verse will be both subject to us; none shall have wit but we and our friends; we'll search every where to find something to blame, and will think no one knows how to write well but ourselves.

S C E N E III.

TRISSOTIN, PHILAMINTA, BELISA,
ARMANDA, HENRIETTA, L'EPINE.

L'EPINE to Trissotin.

SIR, here's a man would speak with you; he's dress'd in black, and speaks in a soft tone. [They rise up.

Trissotin. 'Tis that learned friend who has press'd me so much to procure him the honour of your acquaintance.

Philaminta. You have all liberty, Sir, to introduce him.

SCENE IV.

PHILAMINTA, BELISA, ARMANDA,
HENRIETTA.

PHILAMINTA to Armanda and Belisa.

LET us do him the honour of our wit at least.
Hearkye. [to Henrietta who is going out.] I told you
in very plain words that I wanted you.

Henrietta But for what?

Philaminta. Come hither, you shall know presently.

SCENE V.

PHILAMINTA, BELISA, ARMANDA,
HENRIETTA, VADIUS, TRISSOTIN.

TRISSOTIN presenting Vadius.

THIS is the man that dies with desire to see you.
When I introduce him to you, I don't fear being blam'd
for having admitted a profane person to you, madam;
he may hold his place amongst the *Beaux esprits*.

Philaminta. The hand that presents him speaks his
value sufficiently.

Trissotin. He has a perfect knowlege of the ancient
authors, and understands Greek, madam, as well as any
man in France.

Philaminta to Belisa.] Greek! O heav'ns! Greek!
He understands Greek, sister.

Belisa to Armanda.] Ah! Niece, Greek!

Armanda. Greek! What sweetness!

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Philaminta. What, does the gentleman understand Greek? Ah! pray let me embrace you, Sir, for Greek's sake.

[Vadius embraces both Belisa and Armanda.

Henrietta to Vadius, who would embrace her likewise.] Excuse me, Sir, I don't understand Greek.

[They sit down, Philaminta. I have a wonderful respect for Greek books.

Vadius. I'm afraid of being troublesome through the great desire which engag'd me to pay you my homage to-day, madam, and I have disturbed some learned discourse.

Philaminta. Sir, with your Greek you can spoil nothing.

Trissotin. He likewise does wonders in verse, as well as prose, and might, if he would, shew you something.

Vadius. The fault of authors in their productions is to tyrannize over conversation with them; to be at the palace, in courts, streets, or at table, indefatigable readers of their tiresome verses. For my part, I see nothing more ridiculous in my opinion, than an author who goes every where mumping for praise; who seizing the ears of the very first comers, makes 'em often martyrs to his lucubrations. They never saw me such a conceited fool; and in this I'm of the opinion of a certain Greek, who, by an express dogma, forbids all his wise men the unbecoming forwardness of reading their works. Here's some little verses for young lovers, upon which I wou'd gladly have your sentiments.

Trissotin. Your verses have beauties which all others want.

Vadius. Venus and the Graces reign in all yours.

Trissotin. You have the free turn, and the fine choice of words.

Vadius. We see every where the Ethos and Pathos with you.

Trissotin. We have seen eclogues from you in a style which surpasses Virgil and Theocritus for sweetness.

Vadius. Your odes have a noble, galant, and tender air, which leaves your own Horace far behind.

Trissotin. Is there any thing so amorous as your lays?

Vadius. Can one find any thing equal to the sonnets you write?

Trissotin. Any thing more charming than your little Rondeaus?

Vadius. Any thing so full of wit as all your madrigals?

Trissotin. At ballads especially, you are admirable.

Vadius. And I think you adorable in your Crambo's.

Trissotin. If France could but know your worth.

Vadius. If the age did but render justice to men of wit.

Trissotin. You'd ride thro' the streets in a gilt coach.

Vadius. We should see the public erect statues to you. Hum. [To Trissotin.] Here's a ballad, and I desire that you'll frankly —

Trissotin to Vadius.] Have you seen a certain little sonnet upon the princess Urania's fever?

Vadius. Yes, 'twas yesterday read to me in company.

Trissotin. Do you know the author of it?

Vadius. No; but I know very well that, not to flatter him, his sonnet's worth nothing.

Trissotin. A great many people, however, think it admirable.

Vadius. That don't hinder its being miserable; and if you had seen it you would be of my opinion.

Trissotin. I know I should not be at all so in that; and that few are capable of such a sonnet.

Vadius. Heav'n preserve me from making such.

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Trissotin. I maintain that a better can't be made; and my grand reason is, because I am the author of it.

Vadius. You?

Trissotin. I.

Vadius. I can't tell then how the thing was.

Trissotin. It was, that I was so unhappy as not to be able to please you.

Vadius. I must have had my mind wandering when I heard it, or else the reader spoilt the sonnet. But let's leave this discourse, and see my ballad.

Trissotin. A ballad, in my opinion, is an insipid thing; 'tis no longer in fashion, it smells of antiquity.

Vadius. A ballad however charms a great many people.

Trissotin. That don't hinder but it may displease me.

Vadius. It may be ne'er the worse for that.

Trissotin. It has wonderful charms for pedants.

Vadius. And yet it does not please you, we see.

Trissotin. You foolishly give your qualities to others.

[They all rise.]

Vadius. You very impertinently cast yours upon me.

Trissotin. Go, schoolboy, paper-blotter.

Vadius. Go, pitiful rhimer; shame to thy profession!

Trissotin. Go, verse-stealer, impudent plagiarist.

Vadius. Go, pedant ———

Philaminta. Oh, gentlemen, what do you intend to do?

Trissotin to Vadius.] Go, go, restore the shameful thefts which the Greeks and Latins challenge from you.

Vadius. Go, go, and do penance on Parnassus for having lam'd Horace in your verses.

Trissotin. Remember your book, and the little noise it made.

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Vadius. Remember your bookseller, reduc'd to an hospital.

Trissotin. My glory is establish'd, in vain you endeavour to mangle it.

Vadius. Yes, yes, I send you to the author of the satires again.

Trissotin. I send you thither again likewise.

Vadius. I have the satisfaction that people see he has treated me more honourably. He cursorily gives me a slight touch amongst many authors that are esteem'd at court, but he never leaves you at peace in his verses, and we see you throughout the but of his lashes.

Trissotin. I hold the more honourable rank there for that. He puts you in the croud for a miserable wretch, thinks it sufficient to crush you with one blow, and never does you the honour to redouble it; but he attacks me apart as a noble adversary, against whom he thinks all his effort necessary; and his redoubling his blows against me in all places, shews that he never thinks himself victorious.

Vadius. My pen shall teach you what sort of a man I am.

Trissotin. And mine shall make you know your master.

Vadius. I defy you in verse, prose, Greek, and Latin.

Trissotin. Well, we shall see one another alone at Barbin's.

SCENE VI.

TRISSOTIN, PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA,
BELISA, HENRIETTA.

TRISSOTIN.

DON'T blame my passion; 'tis your judgment that

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I defend, madam, in the sonnet which he had the boldness to attack.

Philaminta. I'll endeavour to reconcile you. But let us talk of another affair. Come hither, Henrietta, I have been a long time disturb'd in mind because I could never discover any genius in you; but I have found a method of imparting some to you.

Henrietta. You take an unnecessary care for me; learned discourses are not my business; I love to live at ease, and one must be at too much pains in every thing one says to have wit; 'tis an ambition that I han't in my head. I am very well satisfy'd, mother, in being a blockhead; and had rather have only a common way of talking, than torment myself to speak fine words.

Philaminta. Yes, but I am offended by it, and 'tis not my intention to suffer such a stain in my blood. The beauty of the face is a frail ornament, a fading flower, a moment's lustre, and which only cleaves to the Epidermis; but that of the mind is inherent and firm. I have therefore sought a long time a way to give you the beauty which time cannot mow down, to inspire you with the love of learning, to insinuate into you fine knowledge; and the resolution my wishes have at last fix'd on, is to join you to a man that's full of wit; [pointing to Trissotin.] And that man is this gentleman, whom I determine to have you look on as the husband destin'd you by my choice.

Henrietta. I, mother?

Philaminta. Yes, you. Play the fool a little, do.

Belisa to Trissotin.] I understand you. Your eyes beg my consent to engage elsewhere a heart which I am in possession of. Come, I will so. I give you up to this union. 'Tis a match which will be the making of you.

Trissotin

Trissotin to Henrietta.] I know not what to say to you in my transport, madam; and this match which I see myself honour'd with, puts me——

Henrietta. Softly, Sir, 'tis not yet done; don't be in so much hurry.

Philaminta. How you answer! Do you know that if——'Tis enough, you understand me. [To Trissotin.] She'll grow wise. Come, let's leave her.

SCENE VII.

HENRIETTA, ARMANDA.

ARMANDA.

YOU may see how your mother's care for you shines forth; and she could not have chose a more illustrious spouse——

Henrietta. If the choice is so lovely, why don't you take him?

Armanda. 'Tis to you, not to me, that his hand is given.

Henrietta. I yield him up all to you, as my eldest sister.

Armanda. If matrimony appear'd as charming to me as it does to you, I would accept of your offer with rapture.

Henrietta. If I had pedants in my head, as you have, I should think it a very good match.

Armanda. However different our tastes may be, we ought to obey our parents, sister. A mother has an absolute power over us, and in vain you think by your resistance——

S C E N E VIII.

CHRISALUS, ARISTUS, CLITANDER,
HENRIETTA, ARMANDA.

CHRISALUS to Henrietta, presenting Clitander.

COME, daughter, I'll have my intention approv'd of. Pull off this glove. Give the gentleman your hand, and consider him henceforth in your heart as the man whose wife I intend you shall be.

Armanda. On this side, sister, your inclinations are strong enough.

Henrietta. We ought to obey our parents, sister; a father has an absolute power over our desires.

Armanda. A mother has her share in our obedience.

Chrisalus. What do you mean by this?

Armanda. I say that I very much apprehend my mother and you won't agree in this, and there's another husband ———

Chrisalus. Hold your peace, Mrs. Pedantrefs; go, philosopher, whom she's so full of, and don't concern yourself with my actions. Tell her my mind, and advise her not to come and set my ears on fire; go quickly.

S C E N E IX.

CHRISALUS, ARISTUS, HENRIETTA,
CLITANDER.

ARISTUS.

MIGHTY well; you do wonders.

Clitander. What transport! What joy! How gentle is my fortune!

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Chrisalus to Clitander.] Come, take her hand, and go before us; lead her into her chamber. What soft caresses! [To Aristus.] Hold, my heart is mov'd with all these tenderesses; this cheers up my old age wonderfully, and I begin to remember my youthful amours.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA.

ARMANDA.

YES, she did not in the least hesitate but made a vanity of her obedience, her heart scarce gave itself time to receive the order of surrendring, and seem'd less to follow the will of a father than to affect to outbrave the orders of a mother.

Philaminta. I'll let her see to whose commands the laws of reason subject all her desires; and who ought to govern, her father or her mother, spirit or body, form or matter.

Armanda. They ow'd you at least a compliment upon it; and this little gentleman uses you strangely, to resolve to be your son-in-law in spite of your teeth.

Philaminta. He is not so now in the way his heart might have had pretensions to it. I thought him handsome, and approv'd of your loves; but he always pleas'd me by his proceedings; he knew that, thank heav'n, I undertook to write; and yet never desir'd me to read any thing to him.

SCENE II.

CLITANDER *entring softly, and listning unseen,*
ARMANDA, PHILAMINTA.

ARMANDA.

I WOULD not suffer, if I were you, that he should ever be Henrietta's husband. They would do me much wrong to have the least thought that I speak like an interested person in this case, and that the base trick which people find he has serv'd me has occasion'd any secret indignation in my heart. The soul is fortify'd against any such blows by the solid succour of philosophy, and by that one may raise one's self above every thing; but to treat you so, is putting you to a nonplus. You are oblig'd by honour to be contrary to his inclinations, and in short, he's a man you ought not to be pleas'd with. I never found, by talking together, that he has any esteem for you at the bottom.

Philaminta. Poor blockhead!

Armanda. Notwithstanding the noise your fame makes, he always appear'd cold in praising you.

Philaminta. Brute!

Armanda. And I have twenty times read some of your verses as new things, which he did not think fine.

Philaminta. Impertinence!

Armanda. We often quarrell'd about it, and you would not think how many follies ———

Clitander to Armanda.] Oh, softly, pray. A little charity, madam, or at least a little honesty. What injury have I done you? And what is my offence, that

you should arm all your eloquence against me? That you should endeavour to destroy me, and take so much pains to render me odious to those I stand in need of? Speak. Say whence this terrible wrath proceeds? I am desirous that this lady should be an impartial judge in the case.

Armanda. If I had the wrath you would accuse me of, I could find enough to authorize it. You would be too deserving of it; for first flames fix themselves by such sacred rights on the heart, that one ought to lose fortune, and renounce the light rather than burn with the fires of another love; no horror is equal to the changing one's vows, and every faithless heart is a monster in morality.

Clitander. Do you call that infidelity, madam, which the fierceness of your soul enjoin'd me; I only obey the laws it imposes on me, and if I offend you, that alone is the cause of it. Your charms had at first got entire possession of my heart; it burnt for two years with a constant ardor; there's no assiduous care, duty, respect, service, which it did not make amorous sacrifices of to you. But all my fires, all my care, could do nothing with you, I found you still contrary to my softest addresses. That which you refuse, I offer to the choice of another. See, Is it my fault, madam, or yours? Did my heart run to a change, or did you drive it? Is it I that leave you, or you that turn me away?

Armanda. Do you call it, being contrary to your addresses, Sir, to deprive 'em of what they had of vulgar in 'em; and to endeavour reducing 'em to that purity in which the beauty of perfect love consists? You can't for me keep your thought clear and disentangled from the commerce of sense; and you don't taste in the greatest of it's charms that union of hearts, where the

bodies are not concern'd. You can't love but with a gross passion, but with all the train of material ties; and to nourish the fires which are produc'd in you, there must be marriage, with all that follows it. Foh! What strange love! How far are great souls from burning with these terrestrial flames! The senses have no share in all their ardors; this amiable passion would marry nothing but the heart, and leaves the rest behind as nothing worth; 'tis a fire pure and clear, like the celestial fires; with this they breathe only virtuous sighs, and never incline to base desires. Nothing impure has to do with the end they propose. They love for the sake of loving, and for nothing else; their transports are only to the mind; and none can perceive that they have a body.

Clitander. For my part, madam, I perceive, with your leave, that I have unluckily a body as well as a soul, and find it sticks too close to it to leave it behind; I don't understand the art of these separations; heav'n has deny'd me that philosophy, and my body and soul go together. There's nothing finer, as you have observ'd, than these purify'd desires which regard the mind only, that union of hearts, and those tender thoughts, so thoroughly disentangled from the commerce of sense: But these amours are too refin'd for me; I am a little grosser, as you accuse me; I love entire, myself, and I'm desirous, I must confess, that the love which any body has for me, should be to my whole person. This is not a matter worthy of such great punishments, and, without doing any wrong to your fine sentiments, I see that my method is very much follow'd in the world, and that marriage is sufficiently in fashion, passes for a tie virtuous and tender enough to warrant the desire I

had of becoming your husband, without giving you cause to appear offended at the liberty of such a thought.

Armanda. Mighty well, Sir, extremely well, since your brutish sentiments will be satisfy'd without hearkning to me; since there must be carnal ties and corporeal chains to reduce you to a faithful ardor, if my mother consents to't, I'll bring my mind to agree with you in what we are speaking of.

Clitander. 'Tis too late, madam, another has taken place; and by such a return I should basely abuse my asylum, and wrong the goodness to which I fled from your haughtiness.

Philaminta. But in short, do you reckon upon my consent, Sir, when you promise yourself this other match? Be pleas'd to know then, in your visions, that I have another husband ready for Henrietta.

Clitander. Pray, madam, consider of your choice; expose me, I beg you, to less disgrace; and don't doom me to the shameful fate of finding myself a rival of Mr. Trissotin's. The love of wits, which makes you so contrary to me, could not oppose to me a less noble adversary. There are many whom the ill taste of the age has reputed wits; but Mr. Trissotin has not been able to deceive any body, and every one does justice to his writings. They take him every where, but here, for what he is, and I have been twenty times surpris'd to see you raise to the skies silly verses which you would have disown'd had you made 'em yourself.

Philaminta. If you judge of him quite otherwise than we, 'tis because we see him with other eyes than you.

SCENE III.

TRISSOTIN, PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA,
CLITANDER.

TRISSOTIN to Philaminta.

I'M come to tell you a great piece of news, madam. We have escap'd finely while we slept. A world has pass'd along just by us, is fallen across our Vortex, and if it had met our earth in the way, it had been dash'd to pieces like glass.

Philaminta. Let us lay aside this discourse for another season, this gentleman finds neither rhyme nor reason in it; he professes to cherish ignorance, and to hate wit and learning above any thing.

Clitander. This truth wants some softning. I must explain myself, madam; I only hate that wit and learning which spoil people. These are things which in themselves are fine and good; but I would rather chuse to be in the rank of the ignorant, than see myself learn'd like some people.

Trissotin. For my part, I don't hold, whatever effect may be suppos'd, that learning can spoil any thing.

Clitander. And 'tis my opinion that learning often makes very great fools, both in word and deed.

Trissotin. That's a great paradox.

Clitander. The proof of it would be easy enough, I believe, without being very wise. If reasons should fail, I am sure famous examples won't fail me however.

Trissotin. You may cite, that will conclude nothing.

Clitander. I'll not go very far to find one to my purpose.

Trissotin. For my part, I don't see these famous examples.

Clitander. I see 'em so plain, that they almost strike me blind.

Trissotin. I have thought hitherto that 'twas ignorance which made great fools, not learning.

Clitander. You have thought very wrong; and I assure you that a learned fool is more foolish than an ignorant fool.

Trissotin. Common opinion is against your maxims, since ignorant and foolish are synonymous terms.

Clitander. If you'll take it according to the use of words, the alliance is greater between pedant and fool.

Trissotin. Folly in the one appears perfectly pure.

Clitander. And study in the other adds to nature.

Trissotin. Learning in itself has eminent merit.

Clitander. Learning in a blockhead becomes impertinent.

Trissotin. Ignorance must have very great charms for you, since you take up arms so eagerly in her defence.

Clitander. If ignorance has very great charms for me, 'tis because certain learned people offer themselves to my view.

Trissotin. Those certain learned people might, if we knew 'em, be as good as certain other people that we see appear.

Clitander. Yes, if it was to be left to those certain learned people; but the certain other people would not agree to this.

Philaminta to Clitander.] I think, Sir —

Clitander. Good now, madam, the gentleman is able enough without your coming to his assistance; I have

but too rough an assailant already, and I can only defend myself by retreating.

Armanda. But the offensive eagerness of each repartee which you——

Clitander. Another second! I have done then.

Philaminta. One may bear these sort of combats in conversation, provided the person be not attack'd.

Clitander. Oh! lack-a-day, all this has nothing in it to offend him; he understands raillery as well as any man in France; and he can feel himself piqu'd with many other strokes, and yet his glory do nothing but make a jest of 'em.

Trissotin. I don't wonder in the combat I have undertaken, to see the gentleman take the thesis he maintains; he's much in at court, that's enough; the court, 'tis well known, does not stand up for wit; it has an interest in supporting ignorance, and 'tis as being a courtier that he undertakes its defence.

Clitander. You wish very ill to the poor court, and its unhappiness is very great, to see you wits declaim against it every day; that when any thing chagrins you, you quarrel with it; and arraigning its bad taste, accuse it alone for your ill success. Give me leave, Mr. Trissotin, to tell you with all the respect your name inspires me with, that you and your brethren would do very well to speak of the court in a more tender manner; that, take it at the bottom, it is not so ignorant as you gentlemen imagine; that it has common sense to judge of every thing; that something of good taste may be form'd there; and that without flattery, the natural wit there is worth all the obscure learning of pedantry.

Trissotin. We see the effects of its good taste, Sir.

Clitander. Do you see, Sir, that it has so bad a one?

Trissotin. What I see, Sir, is, that Rains and Baldus for learning do honour to France; and that all their merit, which is very visible, don't attract either the eyes or gifts of the court.

Clitander. I see your uneasiness, and that 'tis through modesty you don't place yourself, Sir, with them: Not to bring you therefore into the discourse, what do your able heroes do for the state? What service do their writings do it, that they accu'e the court of horrible injustice, and complain in all places that it fails to pour down the favour of its gifts upon their learned names. Their learning is mighty necessary to France, and the court has much to do with the books they write. Three beggarly fellows get it into their pitiful heads, that if they are but printed, and bound in calf, they are important persons in the state; that the destiny of crowns depends on their pen; that at the least rumour of their productions they should see pensions flying about 'em; that the eyes of the universe are fix'd upon them; that the glory of their name is spread every where; and that they are famous prodigies in learning for knowing what others have said before 'em, for having had ears and eyes for thirty years, for having employ'd nine or ten thousand nights labour to perplex themselves with Greek and Latin, and load their mind with an unintelligible booty of all the old trash that lies scatter'd in books; men that always appear drunk with their learning; meritoriously rich in importunate babble; unskilful in every thing, void of common-sense, and full of ridicule and impertinence to decry true wit and learning every where.

Philaminta. Your warmth is very great, and this transport shews the movement of nature in you. 'Tis the name of rival that excites in your breast——

SCENE IV.

TRISSOTIN, PHILAMINTA, CLITANDER,
ARMANDA, JULIAN.

JULIAN.

THE learned person that paid you a visit just now, madam, and whose humble servant I have the honour of being, exhorts you to read this letter.

Philaminta. However important this may be which I am desired to read, know, friend, that 'tis a piece of rudeness to come and interrupt discourse; and that a servant who knows how to behave should have recourse to the people of the house to be introduc'd.

Julian. I'll note down that in my book, madam.

PHILAMINTA.

Trissotin boasts, madam, that he's to marry your daughter. I give you notice that his philosophy only aims at your wealth, and that you would do well not to conclude the match, till you have seen the poem which I am composing against him. While you wait for this picture, in which I intend to set him forth to you in all his colours, I send you Horace, Virgil, Terence, and Catullus, where you'll see all the passages he has pilfer'd, mark'd in the margin.

Here's a merit attack'd by a great many enemies, on account of the marriage I had promis'd myself; and this railing invites me to do an action directly which may confound envy, which may let him see that this endeavour of his has brought the sooner to effect [to Julian.] what it thought to have broke off. Relate all this to your master directly, and tell him, that in order to let him know what great value I set on his noble advice,

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and how worthy I think it to be follow'd, [pointing to Trissotin.] I'll marry my daughter to the gentleman this night.

SCENE V.

PHILAMINTA, ARMANDA, CLITANDER.

PHILAMINTA to Clitander.

YOU, Sir, as friend to all the family, may assist at the signing of their contract, and I, on my part, invite you to it. Armanda, take care to send to a notary, and to go and give your sister notice of the business.

Armanda. There's no occasion to give my sister any notice, that gentleman there will take care to run and carry her this news immediately, and to dispose her heart to be rebellious to you.

Philaminta. We shall see who has most power over her, and if I am able to bring her back to her duty.

SCENE VI.

ARMANDA, CLITANDER.

ARMANDA.

I AM very sorry, Sir, to see that things are not altogether disposed according to your intentions.

Clitander. I'll go and labour, madam, with diligence, that this great sorrow mayn't remain long at your heart.

Armanda. I'm afraid that your labour won't have too good an issue.

Clitander. Perhaps you may see your fear mistaken.

Armanda. I hope I shall.

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Clitander. I'm persuaded of it; and that I shall be seconded by your assistance.

Armanda. Yes, I'm going to serve you with all my might.

Clitander. And that service is sure of my acknowledgement.

SCENE VII.

CHRISALUS, ARISTUS, HENRIETTA,
CLITANDER.

CLITANDER.

WITHOUT your assistance, Sir, I shall be unhappy. Your wife has rejected my inclinations, and her heart is prepossessed in favour of Trissotin for a son-in-law.

Chrisalus. What maggot has she got in her head then? Why the duce wou'd she have this Mr. Trissotin?

Aristus. 'Tis by the honour he has of rhyming in Latin, that he gains the advantage over his rival.

Clitander. She'll have the wedding this very evening.

Chrisalus. This evening?

Clitander. This evening.

Chrisalus. And this evening I'm resolv'd, in order to thwart her, that you two shall be married.

Clitander. She has sent to the Notary to draw up the contract.

Chrisalus. And I'll fetch him to draw up that which he should do.

Clitander pointing to Henrietta.] And the lady is to

be inform'd by her sister of the match she must prepare her heart for.

Chrisalus. And I command her with full power to prepare her hand for this other alliance. I'll let 'em see that there's no other master to command in my house but myself. [To Henrietta.] We'll return presently, be sure stay for us. Come, follow me, brother; and you, son-in-law.

Henrietta to Aristus.] Alas! keep him but always in this humour.

Aristus. I'll make use of ev'ry thing to serve your love.

SCENE VIII.

HENRIETTA, CLITANDER.

CLITANDER.

WHATEVER powerful succours are promis'd my passion, my most solid hope is in your heart, madam.

Henrietta. As for my heart, you may assure yourself of that.

Clitander. I can't but be happy when I have that support.

Henrietta. You see to what ties they intend to constrain it.

Clitander. As long as it is for me, I see nothing to fear.

Henrietta. I'll go and try every thing in favour of our tender desires; and if all my endeavours can't give me to you, there's one retreat my heart's resolv'd on, which will hinder me from being any one's else.

Clitander. Just heav'n, defend me from ever receiving from you that proof of your love.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

HENRIETTA, TRISSOTIN.

HENRIETTA.

TIS about the marriage, Sir, for which my mother is preparing, that I was desirous to talk to you in private; thinking that in the confusion the house is in, I might be able to make you hearken to reason. I know that you think me capable of bringing you a very considerable fortune in marriage; but money, which we see so many people esteem, has charms unworthy of a true philosopher: And the contempt of wealth and frivolous greatness ought not to shine in your words alone.

Trissotin. Neither is it that which I am charm'd with in you; your sparkling charms, your eyes piercing and amorous, your gracefulness and air, are the wealth, the riches, which have attracted my tenders and addresses to you; 'tis with those treasures alone that I am enamour'd.

Henrietta. I am much indebted to your generous passion. This obliging affection confounds me, and I'm griev'd, Sir, that I am not able to answer it. I esteem you as much as one can esteem any one, but I find an obstacle that hinders me from loving you. A heart, you know, cannot be possess'd by two, and I perceive that Clitander is master of mine. I know that he has much less merit than you, that I have ill eyes to chuse him for a husband, and that you have a hundred fine talents which ought to please me. I see plainly that I'm in the wrong, but can't help it; and all the effect reason has upon me is to wish myself far enough for being so blind.

Trissotin. The gift of your hand, which I'm encourag'd to make pretensions to, will deliver me that heart which Clitander now possesses; and I have room to presume, that by a thousand soft cares I shall be able to find the art of making myself belov'd.

Henrietta. No; my soul is fix'd to it's first vows, and cannot be touch'd, Sir, by your tenderneffes. I dare to explain myself freely here to you, and my confession has nothing in it that should shock you. This amorous ardour which springs up in hearts is not, you know, the effect of merit; caprice has a share in it, and when any one pleases us, we are often at a loss to say why he does. If people lov'd, Sir, through choice and wisdom, you would have had my whole heart, and my whole affection; but one sees that love directs itself otherwise. I beg you'd leave me to my blindness, and not make use of the violence that for your sake is put upon my obedience. A man of honour will owe nothing to the power which parents have over us; he refuses to let what he loves be sacrificed to him, and will not obtain a heart from any one but itself. Don't spur on my mother to exercise, by her choice, the rigour of her power upon my inclinations. Remove your love from me, and bear to some other the homage of a heart so precious as yours.

Trissotin. What way can this heart be able to satisfy you? Impose on it any commands that may be executed. Can it be capable of not loving you, unless you cease, madam, to be amiable, and to display in your eyes celestial charms —

Henrietta. Nay, Sir, let us leave this idle stuff. You have so many Iris's, Phillis's, and Amaranthe's, whom

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you every where paint so charming in your verses, and for whom you vow such an amorous ardour —

Trissotin. 'Tis my wit that speaks, and not my heart. I'm only in love with them as a poet; but I love the adorable Henrietta in earnest.

Henrietta. O, pray, Sir — —

Trissotin. If this offends you, I am not likely to give over my offence towards you. This ardour, hitherto unknown to you, consecrates vows of eternal duration to you; nothing can put a stop to their amiable transports; and notwithstanding your beauty may condemn my endeavours, I cannot refuse the assistance of a mother who intends to crown so dear a flame; and provided I obtain so great a happiness, provided I have you, 'tis no matter how.

Henrietta. But do you know that people run a greater risque than they imagine in using violence to a heart? That 'tis not very secure, let me tell you plainly, to marry a woman against her will; and that finding herself under constraint, she may be hurry'd to resentments which a husband ought to fear.

Trissotin. Such a discourse has nothing in it to make me alter my purpose. The wise man is prepar'd for all events; cur'd, by reason, of vulgar weaknesses, he sets himself above these sort of things, and does not take the least shadow of trouble about any thing which is not to depend on himself.

Henrietta. In truth, Sir, I'm transported with you; and I did not think that philosophy was so fine a thing as it is, to teach people to bear such accidents with constancy. This firmness of soul, so singular in you, deserves to have an illustrious subject given it; is worthy to find one who may take with pleasure continual pains

to place it in full light; and as I dare not, to say the truth, think myself very proper to give it the whole lustre of its glory, I leave it to some other person, and swear to you, between ourselves, that I renounce the happiness of seeing you my husband.

Trissotin going.] We shall see by and by, how the affair will go; for they have got the Notary within already.

SCENE II.

CHRISALUS, CLITANDER, HENRIETTA,
MARTINA.

CHRISALUS.

DAUGHTER, I'm glad to see you. Come, come and do your duty, and submit your desires to the will of a father. I'll, I'll teach your mother how to behave; and to brave her the more, here I bring back Martina, and will fix her in the house again in spite of her teeth.

Henrietta. Your resolutions deserve praise. Take care that this humour don't change, father. Be firm in resolving on what you wish, and don't suffer yourself to be seduc'd from your good intentions. Don't slacken; but act so as to hinder my mother from getting the better of you.

Chrisalus. What? Do you take me for a booby?

Henrietta. Heav'n forbid!

Chrisalus. Am I a simpleton, pray?

Henrietta. I don't say so.

Chrisalus. Am I thought incapable of the firm sentiments of a reasonable man?

Henrietta. No, father.

Chrisalus. At the age I am of, have not I sense enough to be master of my house?

Henrietta. Certainly.

Chrisalus. Have I such a weakness of soul to suffer myself to be led by the nose by my wife?

Henrietta. Oh! no, father.

Chrisalus. How now! What do you mean then? I think you are very merry in talking to me thus.

Henrietta. If I have offended you, it was not my intention.

Chrisalus. My will ought to be follow'd intirely in this house.

Henrietta. Very well, father.

Chrisalus. None besides myself has a right to govern in the house.

Henrietta. True, you are in the right.

Chrisalus. 'Tis I that hold the place of chief of the family.

Henrietta. Agreed.

Chrisalus. 'Tis I who ought to dispose of my daughter.

Henrietta. Yes.

Chrisalus. Heav'n gives me a full authority over you.

Henrietta. Who says the contrary?

Chrisalus. And I'll let you see that in taking a husband, 'tis your father you must obey, not your mother.

Henrietta. Alas! In that you flatter my softest desires; all that I wish is to obey you.

Chrisalus. We shall see if my wife prove rebellious to my desires —

Clitander. Here she brings the Notary with her.

Chrisalus. Second me, all of you.

Martina. Let me alone; I'll take care to encourage you, if there be any occasion for it.

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SCENE III.

PHILAMINTA, BELISA, ARMANDA, TRISSOTIN,
THE NOTARY, CHRISALUS, CLITANDER,
HENRIETTA, MARTINA.

PHILAMINTA to the Notary.

CAN'T you change your savage style, and draw up
a contract in good language?

The Notary. Our style is very good, and I should
be a blockhead, madam, if I attempted to change the
least word in it.

Belisa. Ah! What barbarism in the middle of France!
But however, Sir, for learning's sake, instead of pounds,
shillings, and pence, let the portion be express'd in mines
and talents; and date by the words ides and kalends.

The Notary. I? Why if I was to agree with your
demands, I should have all my companions hiss at me.

Philaminta. In vain we complain of this barbarism.
Come, Sir, take the table and write. [Seeing Martina.]
How, how! Dares that impudent hussy shew her face a-
gain? Pray, why do you bring her to my house again?

Chrisalus. We shall tell you why by and by, at lei-
sure. We have another thing to determine now.

The Notary. Let us proceed to the contract. Where's
the bride that is to be?

Philaminta. She I marry is the younger daughter.

The Notary. Good.

Chrisalus pointing to Henrietta.] Ay, here she is, Sir;
her name is Henrietta.

The Notary. Very well. And where's the bridegroom?

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Philaminta pointing to Trissotin.] The husband I give her is this gentleman.

Chrisalus pointing to Clitander.] And he that I myself intend she shall marry, is this gentleman.

The Notary. Two husbands! that's too many according to custom.

Philaminta to the Notary.] What do you stop for! set down, set down Mr. Trissotin for my son-in-law.

Chrisalus. For my son-in-law, set down, set down Mr. Clitander.

The Notary. Be at concord then; and upon mature judgment see and agree between yourselves upon a bridegroom.

Philaminta. Follow, Sir, follow the choice I have fix'd on.

Chrisalus. Do, Sir, do what I have resolv'd on.

The Notary. Tell me first which of the two I must obey.

Philaminta to Chrisalus.] What, do you dispute my will then?

Chrisalus. I can't bear that my daughter should be sought after only for love of the wealth that's in my family.

Philaminta. Truly your riches are much thought of here; and 'tis a very worthy suspicion for a wise man.

Chrisalus. In short, I have made choice of Clitander for her husband.

Philaminta. And here's the person, [pointing to Trissotin.] I have pitch'd on for her husband; and my choice shall be follow'd, that's a resolv'd point.

Chrisalus. Heyday! You pitch on him there in a very absolute manner!

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Martina. 'Tis not for the wife to prescribe; and I are for giving the upper part in every thing to the men.

Chrisalus. That's well said.

Martina. My discharge was given me a hundred times, that's certain; but the hen ought not to crow before the cock.

Chrisalus. Certainly.

Martina. And we see that people jeer at a man when his wife wears the breeches.

Chrisalus. True.

Martina. If I had a husband, I must needs say I would have him be master of the house; I should not love him if he prov'd a booby; and if I contested with him out of whim, or spoke too loud, I should think it right if he lower'd my tone with a few stripes.

Chrisalus. She speaks as she ought to do.

Martina. My master is in the right to design an agreeable husband for his daughter.

Chrisalus. Yes.

Martina. For what reason should he refuse her Clitander, young and handsome as he is? And why, pray, should he give her a scholar, who is always a criticizing? She must have a husband, not a school-master; and not desiring to understand Greek or Latin, she has no need of Mr. Trissotin.

Chrisalus. Very well.

Philaminta. We must suffer her to prate at her ease.

Martina. Scholars are good for nothing but to preach in a pulpit; and I have said it a thousand times, that I would never have a man of learning for my husband. Learning is not at all what is wanted in a family; books agree ill with matrimony; and if ever I plight my troth, I'll have a husband that has no other book but me;

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who, no offence to my mistress, knows neither A, nor B; and, in one word, is a doctor only for his wife.

Philaminta to Chrisalus.] Have you done? And have I long enough hearken'd quietly to your worthy interpreter?

Chrisalus. She has spoke truth.

Philaminta. To cut short all this dispute, I will absolutely have my desire executed. [Pointing to Trissotin.] Henrietta and the gentleman shall be join'd immediately; I have said it, and I'll have it so; make me no reply. If you have given your word to Clitander, offer him her elder sister for a match.

Chrisalus. Here's an accommodation of this affair. See; [To Henrietta and Clitander.] do you give your consent?

Henrietta. What, father!

Clitander to Chrisalus.] How, Sir!

Belisa. She might easily have proposals made to her which would please her much better; but we establish a kind of love which must be as refin'd as the morning-star; the thinking substance may be admitted into it, but we banish from it the extended substance.

S C E N E IV.

ARISTUS, CHRISALUS, PHILAMINTA, BELISA,
HENRIETTA, ARMANDA, TRISSOTIN, A
NOTARY, CLITANDER, MARTINA.

ARISTUS.

I AM sorry to disturb these joyful rites by the grief I am oblig'd to bring hither. These two letters make

me

me the bearer of two pieces of news, on account of which I have felt very great concern for you; [to Philaminta.] one for you, came to me from my attorney; [to Chrisalus.] the other, for you, came to me from Lyons.

Philaminta. What misfortune can be sent us word of, that ought to trouble us?

Aristus. This letter contains one, as you may read.

PHILAMINTA.

Madam, I have desired your brother to deliver you this letter, which will inform you of what I durst not come to tell you: Your great negligence in your affairs has been the cause that the clerk of your reporting-judge did not give me notice; and you have absolutely lost your suit, which you might have gain'd.

Chrisalus to Philaminta.] Your suit lost!

Philaminta to Chrisalus.] You are too much concern'd! My heart is not at all shaken with this blow. Shew a less common soul, and brave, like me, the strokes of fortune.

Your want of care costs you forty thousand crowns; and 'tis to pay that sum with the charges, that you are condemn'd by the order of court.

Condemn'd? Ah! That word is shocking, and was made for criminals only.

Aristus. He's in the wrong indeed, and you justly exclaim against him. He ought to have said, that you are desired by order of court to pay only forty thousand crowns, and the necessary charges.

Philaminta. Let us see the other.

CHRISALUS.

The friendship which binds me to your brother, makes me interest myself in all that concerns you. I know that you

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have put your money in the hands of Argantes and Damon, and I must acquaint you that they both became bankrupts on the same day.

O heav'ns! to lose all my money at once thus!

Philaminta to Chrisalus.] Ah! What a shameful transport! Fie. All this is nothing; to a truly wise man, no change of fortune is fatal; and tho' he lose every thing, he still remains firm to himself. Let us finish our affair, and quit your concern. His wealth, [pointing to Trissotin.] may suffice both for us and himself.

Trissotin. No, madam, forbear to press this affair. I see the whole world is averse to this match, and I have no intention to put a force upon people.

Philaminta. This reflexion came suddenly to you! It follows very close, Sir, upon our misfortune.

Trissotin. At last I am tir'd with so much resistance. I had rather renounce all this confusion, and don't desire a heart that won't surrender itself.

Philaminta. I see, I see in you, not for your honour, what I have hitherto refus'd to believe.

Trissotin. You may see in me what you please, and I little regard how you take it: But I am not a man who would suffer the infamy of an injurious refusal, which I must have undergone here; I would have people set a greater value on me, and whoever will not, I kiss their hand.

SCENE THE LAST.

ARISTUS, CHRISALUS, PHILAMINTA, BELISA,
ARMANDA, HENRIETTA, CLITANDER, A
NOTARY, MARTINA.

PHILAMINTA.

HOW plainly has he discover'd his mercenary soul!
And how little philosophical is this action of his!

Clitander. I don't pretend to be one; but yet, madam, I cleave to your destiny; and dare offer you with my person whatever wealth fortune is known to have given me.

Philaminta. You charm me, Sir, by this generous act; and I'll therefore crown your amorous desires. Yes, I grant Henrietta to the eager ardour——

Henrietta. No, mother, I now change my mind; suffer me to resist your intention.

Clitander. What, do you oppose my felicity? And when I find every one agree to my love——

Henrietta. I know the smallness of your fortune, Clitander, and I always desired you for a husband, when I found that my marrying you would settle your affairs at the same time that it satisfy'd my tender desires; but since the fates are so contrary to us, I love you so much in this extremity as not to load you with our adversity.

Clitander. Any destiny with you would be agreeable to me; and, without you, none would be supportable.

Henrietta. Love always talks thus in its transports, but let us avoid the disquiet of vexatious reflexions. Nothing wears out so much the ardour of the knot that ties

us, as the grievous want of necessary possessions; and people often accuse one another of the direful sorrow which proceeds from such engagements.

Aristus to Henrietta.] Is what we have just now learnt, the only motive which makes you refuse to marry Clitander?

Henrietta. Otherwise you should see me fly to it with all my heart; and I only refuse to take him, because I love him too well.

Aristus. Suffer yourself then to be bound by such an amiable union. The news I brought you was false; 'twas a stratagem, a surprising device which I resolv'd to try, in order to serve your love, to undeceive my sister, and let her see what her philosopher would prove upon trial.

Chrisalus. Heav'n be prais'd!

Philaminta. I'm glad at heart for the vexation which the base deserter will feel. To see this match concluded in a splendid manner, will be the greatest punishment to his sordid avarice.

Chrisalus to Clitander.] I knew very well that you would have her.

Armanda to Philaminta.] Will you sacrifice me then in this manner to their inclinations?

Philaminta. It will not be you that I sacrifice to 'em; you have the support of philosophy, and can see their ardour crown'd with a contented eye.

Belisa. Let him take care however to retain me in his heart. People often marry thro' a sudden despair, which they afterwards repent of as long as they live.

Chrisalus to the Notary.] Come, Sir, follow the order I gave you, and draw up the contract as I said.

T H E E N D.

THE
CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

COMEDY.

D 1

A C T O R S.

ARGANTE, father to Octavio and Zerbinetta.

GERONTE, father to Leander and Hiacintha.

OCTAVIO, son to Argante, and in love with Hiacintha.

LEANDER, son to Geronte, and in love with Zerbinetta.

ZERBINETTA, suppos'd a gipsy, and discover'd to be daughter to Argante.

HIACINTHA, daughter to Geronte.

SCAPIN, valet to Leander.

SILVESTER, valet to Octavio.

NERINA, nurse to Hiacintha.

CARLOS, friend to Scapin.

Two Porters.



SCENE NAPLES.

T H E

CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

O C T A V I O, S I L V E S T E R.

O C T A V I O.

SAD news to an enamour'd heart! What cruel extremities am I reduc'd to! You have just heard, Silvester, at the port, that my father is upon his return?

Silvester. Yes.

Octavio. That he arriv'd this very morning?

Silvester. This very morning.

Octavio. And that he comes back with a resolution to marry me?

Silvester. Yes.

Octavio. To a daughter of Signior Geronte?

Silvester. Of Signior Geronte.

Octavio. And that this young lady is order'd hither from Tarentum for that purpose?

Silvester. Yes.

Octavio. And you have this news from my uncle?

Silvester. From your uncle.

Octavio. Whom my father acquainted with this, by letter?

Silvester. By letter.

Octavio. And this uncle, you say, knows all our affairs.

Silvester. All our affairs.

Octavio. Psha! Pr'ythee speak, and don't act on this fashion, catching the words out of my mouth.

Silvester. What can I say more? You forget not one circumstance, and you tell things just as they are.

Octavio. Advise me, at least, and tell me what I must do in this cruel conjuncture.

Silvester. Troth, I find myself as much embarrass'd here as you are, and I've a good deal of occasion that somebody should give advice to me.

Octavio. I am kill'd by this plaguy return.

Silvester. And I am no less so.

Octavio. When my father comes to be let into affairs, I shall have a sudden storm of impetuous reprimands pour upon me.

Silvester. Reprimands are nothing, wou'd heav'n I were quit at that rate! But for my part I am like to pay much dearer for your follies, I see a cloud of cudgel-blows forming at a distance which will burst upon my shoulders.

Octavio. Heavens! which way shall I get clear of the perplexity I find myself in?

Silvester. You shou'd have thought of that before you had brought yourself into't.

Octavio. Poh! you teize me to death with your unreasonable lectures.

Silvester. And you me much more, by your giddy actions.

Octavio. What must I do? What am I to resolve on? What remedy can I have recourse to?

SCENE II.

OCTAVIO, SCAPIN, SILVESTER.

SCAPIN.

HOW now, Signior Octavio? What's the matter with you? What ails you? What disorder is this? You're much disturb'd I see.

Octavio. Ah! my dear Scapin, I'm undone, I'm lost irrecoverably, I am the most unfortunate of men.

Scapin. How so?

Octavio. Hast thou heard nothing in regard to me?

Scapin. No.

Octavio. My father's just a coming with Signior Geronte, and they are determin'd to marry me.

Scapin. Well, what is there so horrible in that?

Octavio. Alas, you know the cause of my uneasiness.

Scapin. No, but 'tis your fault if I don't know it very soon, and I'm a man of consolation, one who interest myself in young people's affairs.

Octavio. Oh! Scapin, if thou couldst find any invention, forge any plot, to deliver me from the misery I'm in, I should think myself indebted to thee for more than life.

Scapin. To tell you the truth, there are few things impossible to me, when I am pleas'd to engage in 'em. Heav'n has doubtless bestow'd on me a fine genius enough for all those clean turns of wit, and those ingenious galantries, to which the ignorant vulgar give the name of imposture; and without vanity, I can say that there has scarce been a man seen who was a more dextrous

artist at expedients and intrigues, who acquir'd more glory in that noble profession, than myself: But in truth, merit is too ill rewarded now-a-days, and I have renounc'd all these things ever since the chagrin of a certain affair which happen'd to me.

Octavio. How! What affair, Scapin?

Scapin. An adventure in which I was embroil'd with justice.

Octavio. With justice?

Scapin. Yes. We had a trifling quarrel together.

Octavio. You, and justice?

Scapin. Yes, she us'd me but scurvily, and I was piqu'd to such a degree at the ingratitude of the age, that I resolv'd to act no longer. But enough. Go on with the story of your adventure.

Octavio. You know, Scapin, 'tis two months ago that Signior Geronte and my father embark'd together upon a voyage which regards a certain commerce, wherein both their interests were concern'd.

Scapin. I know it.

Octavio. And that Leander and I were left by our fathers; I under the conduct of Silvester, and Leander under thy direction.

Scapin. Yes. I have acquitted myself very well of my charge.

Octavio. Some time after, Leander met with a young gipsy, with whom he fell in love.

Scapin. That I know too.

Octavio. As we are great friends, he presently let me into the secret of his amour, and carry'd me to see this girl, whom I thought handsome, 'tis true, but not to such a degree as he wou'd have had me thought her. He entertain'd me with nothing but her, from day to

day, at every turn exaggerated her beauty and her gracefulness to me; he extoll'd her wit, and spoke to me with transport of the charms of her conversation, which he reported to me even to the least word, and took pains to make me think 'em the most sprightly in the world. He sometimes quarrell'd with me for not being sufficiently sensible of things he had told me, and blam'd me for ever for the indifference I shew'd to the flames of love.

Scapin. I don't as yet see whither this tends;

Octavio. One day, as I accompany'd him to visit the people in whose custody the dear object of his passion is, we heard, in a little house of a by-street, some lamentations mix'd with a good deal of sobbing. We ask'd what it was. A woman told us, sighing, that we might there see something most piteous in the persons of foreigners; and that, except we were insensible, we shou'd be touch'd with it.

Scapin. Whither will this lead us?

Octavio. Curiosity made me press Leander to see what it was. We enter into a hall, where we see an ancient woman dying, assisted by a maid servant, who was making lamentation, and a young girl dissolv'd in tears, the handsomest and most touching that ever was seen.

Scapin. Oh! Hoh!

Octavio. Another wou'd have appear'd frightful in the condition she was in; for she had nothing on but a wretched scanty petticoat, with a night waistcoat of plain dimmety; and her head-dress a yellow corner, turn'd back upon the top of her head, which let her hair fall in disorder upon her shoulders; and yet thus dress'd, she shone with a thousand allurements, and there was nothing but what was agreeable and charming in her whole person.

Scapin. I perceive things come towards.

Octavio. Hadst thou seen her, Scapin, in the condition I tell thee, thou hadst thought her admirable.

Scapin. Oh! I don't doubt it; and without seeing her, I see very plain she was absolutely charming.

Octavio. Her tears were none of those disagreeable tears which disfigure a face. She had a most winning gracefulness in weeping; and her sorrow was the most beautiful in the world.

Scapin. I see all this.

Octavio. She melted every body into tears, by throwing herself in the most tender manner upon the body of the dying woman, whom she call'd her dear mother; there was not a person there but was pierc'd to the soul to see so good a disposition.

Scapin. Really, this is very moving, and I see plainly this good disposition of hers made you in love with her.

Octavio. Ah! Scapin, a barbarian wou'd have lov'd her.

Scapin. Certainly. How cou'd one avoid it?

Octavio. After some words, with which I endeavour'd to soften the grief of the afflicted charmer, we went from thence; and asking Leander what he thought of this person, he answer'd me coldly, that he thought she was tolerably pretty. I was vex'd at the indifference with which he spoke of her, and wou'd not discover the effect her beauty had upon my heart.

Silvester to Octavio.] If you don't abridge this narrative, we are in for't till to-morrow morning. Let me finish it in two or three words. [To Scapin.] His heart takes fire from this moment. He can't live, if he goes not to comfort the amiable afflicted. His frequent visits are rejected by the maid-servant, who is become gover-

nante, by the death of the mother. Behold my gentleman in despair. He presses, supplicates, conjures; not a bit. They tell him the girl, tho' destitute of means or support, is of a good family; and that, without marrying her, they cannot allow of his addresses. His love is augmented by difficulties. He racks his brain, debates, reasons, ponders, takes his resolution: And lo! he has been marry'd to her these three days.

Scapin. I understand.

Silvester. Now add to this the unthought-of return of the father, who was not expected this two months; the discovery the uncle has made of the secret of our marriage; and the other marriage intended between him and the daughter which Signior Geronte had by a second wife whom they say he marry'd at Tarentum.

Octavio. And more than all this, add also the indigence this lovely creature labours under, and the incapacity I am in to get wherewithal to relieve her.

Scapin. Is that all! You are both mightily perplex'd about a mere trifle. Is that a matter to be so much alarm'd at? Art not asham'd to be caught short in such a small business? What the deuce! Thou art as large and as bulky as father and mother together; and canst thou not find in thy noddle, nor forge in thy invention, some galant wile, some honest little stratagem, to adjust your affairs? Fie! Plague o' the booby. I shou'd have been heartily glad formerly, would they but have given me our old fellows to bubble; I shou'd have play'd 'em off with a jirk: I was no higher than this, when I had signaliz'd myself by a hundred tricks of fine address.

Silvester. I confess that heav'n has not given me thy talents; and that I have not the wit, like thee, to be embroil'd with justice.

Octavio. See here my lovely Hiacintha.

SCENE III.

HIACINTHA, OCTAVIO, SCAPIN, SILVESTER.

HIACINTHA.

AH! Octavio, is it true what Silvester has just told Nerina, that your father is upon his return, and intends to marry you?

Octavio. Yes, fair Hiacintha, and these tidings have struck me cruelly. But what do I see? Do you weep. Why these tears? Tell me, do you suspect me of any unfaithfulness? And have you not assurance of my love?

Hiacintha. Yes, Octavio, I am sure you love me; but I am not so that you will love me always.

Octavio. What, can one love you, and not love you for life?

Hiacintha. I've heard say, Octavio, that your sex loves not so long as ours does; and that the ardours men discover, are flames which are as easily extinguish'd as they are kindled.

Octavio. Ah! my dear Hiacintha, my heart then is not made like that of other men; I plainly perceive, for my part, that I shall love you till death.

Hiacintha. I'm willing to believe you think what you say, and I make no doubt but your words are sincere. But I fear a power which may oppose, in your heart, the tender sentiments you may have for me. You depend on a father who would marry you to another; and I'm sure, should this misfortune happen, 'twill be the death of me.

Octavio. No, lovely Hiacintha, there's no father shall force me to break my faith with you; and I am determin'd to quit my country, and even life itself, if 'tis necessary, rather than quit you. I have already, without having seen her, conceiv'd a horrible aversion for her they have appointed me; and, without cruelty, I could with the sea would drive her far hence for ever. Therefore pray, my lovely Hiacintha, weep not, for your tears kill me, and I cannot see 'em but they stab me to the heart.

Hiacintha. Since you will have it so, I will then dry up my tears, and wait with a fixed eye for what it shall please heav'n to determine about me.

Octavio. Heav'n will be favourable to us.

Hiacintha. It cannot be averse to me, if you are faithful.

Octavio. I certainly shall be so.

Hiacintha. Then I shall be happy.

Scapin aside.] She's not so much of a fool, in troth; and I think she's tolerably well to pass.

Octavio pointing to Scapin:] Here's a man could be a marvellous help to us in all our necessities, were he but so pleas'd.

Scapin. I have made great protestations to meddle no more with the world; but if you intreat me very powerfully, both of you, perhaps —

Octavio. Nay, if it sticks only at strong intreaties to obtain thy assistance, I conjure thee, with all my heart, to take upon thee the conduct of our bark.

Scapin to Hiacintha.] And have you nothing to say to me?

Hiacintha. I conjure you, according to his example,

by all in the world that's most dear to you, that you would assist us in our love.

Scapin. I must suffer myself to be overcome, and have a little humanity. Go, I'll employ myself in your favour.

Octavio. Be assur'd that——

Scapin to Octavio.] Hush. [To Hiacintha.] Get you hence, and make yourself easy.

SCENE IV.

OCTAVIO, SCAPIN, SILVESTER.

SCAPIN to Octavio.

AND you prepare yourself firmly to endure the meeting of your father.

Octavio. I confess to thee, that this meeting makes me tremble beforehand; and I have such a natural timorousness as I don't know how to overcome.

Scapin. You must however appear firm at first encounter, for fear he takes the advantage of your faint-heartedness, and lead you about like a child. There, endeavour by study to compose yourself. A little boldness, and think how to answer resolutely upon every thing I can say to you.

Octavio. I shall do the best I can.

Scapin. Come on, let's try a little to inure you to it. Let us con over your part, and see whether you'll act it well. Come. Your mind resolute, your head aloft, your looks bold.

Octavio. In this manner?

Scapin. A little more still.

Octavio. So?

Scapin. Good. Imagine me to be your father, just arriv'd, and only answer me as if I were he himself. How, scoundrel, worthless, infamous rascal, son unworthy of such a father as I am! dare you appear before my face after this fine deportment of yours, after this base trick you have play'd me during my absence? Is this the fruit of all my cares, varlet? Is this the fruit of my cares? The respect that's due to me? The respect you retain for me? Come then. Have you the insolence, knave, to engage yourself without the consent of your father, to contract a clandestine marriage? Answer me, rogue, answer me. Let me see your fine reasons.—What a plague! you're absolutely non-plus'd.

Octavio. 'Tis because I imagine 'tis my father I hear.

Scapin. Why, yes. 'Tis for that reason you must not look like an idiot.

Octavio. I shall take upon me to be more resolute now, and shall answer more stoutly.

Scapin. Certainly?

Octavio. Certainly.

Scapin. Here's your father a coming.

Octavio. Heav'ns! I'm undone.

SCENE V.

SCAPIN, SILVESTER.

SCAPIN.

SOHO! Octavio, stay, Octavio. There he's fled, What a poor sort of man it is! Let's not delay waiting upon the old gentleman.

Silvester. What shall I say to him?

Scapin. Leave me to speak to him, and only follow me.

SCENE VI.

ARGANTE, SCAPIN and SILVESTER at the farther part of the stage.

ARGANTE thinking himself alone.

DID ever any body hear of an action like this?

Scapin to Silvester.] He has learn'd the affair already; and he has taken it so strongly into his head, that he talks on't aloud now he's alone.

Argante thinking himself alone.] Here's an instance of great rashness!

Scapin to Silvester.] Let's hearken to him a little.

Argante thinking himself alone.] I would be glad to know what they can say to me upon this fine marriage.

Scapin aside.] We have thought of that.

Argante thinking himself alone.] Will they endeavour to deny the thing?

Scapin aside.] No. we don't think of that.

Argante thinking himself alone.] Or will they undertake to excuse it?

Scapin aside.] That may possibly be.

Argante thinking himself alone.] Will they pretend to amuse me with impertinent stories?

Scapin aside.] Perhaps so.

Argante thinking himself alone.] All their speeches will be to no purpose.

Scapin aside.] We shall see that.

THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN. 91

Argante thinking himself alone.] They shan't impose upon me.

Scapin aside.] Let us not swear to any thing.

Argante thinking himself alone.] I shall take care to secure my rascal of a son in a safe place.

Scapin aside.] We shall see to that.

Argante thinking himself alone.] And for that rogue, Silvester, I'll cudgel him to mummy.

Silvester to Scapin.] I shou'd have been much astonish'd had he forgot me.

Argante seeing Silvester.] Oh! Hoh! Are you there then, most sage governor of a family? Fine director of young folks!

Scapin. Sir, I rejoice to see you return'd.

Argante. A good day to you, Scapin. [To Silvester.] You have follow'd my orders, truly, in a pretty manner; and my son has behav'd himself very sagely during my absence.

Scapin. You are mighty well, as far as I can see.

Argante. Pretty well. [To Silvester.] Dost not say a word, rascal? Dost not say one word?

Scapin. Have you had a good voyage?

Argante. Psha! A very good one. Let me alone a little, that I may have leisure to quarrel with the rascal.

Scapin. Wou'd you quarrel?

Argante. Yes, I will quarrel.

Scapin. With whom, Sir?

Argante pointing to Silvester.] With that varlet there.

Scapin. Why so?

Argante. Have you not heard what has past in my absence?

Scapin. I've heard indeed some trifling matter.

Argante. How! some trifling matter? An action of this nature!

Scapin. You are in some measure in the right.

Argante. So daring a thing as this!

Scapin. That's true.

Argante. A son marry without the consent of his father!

Scapin. Yes, there is something to be said to that. But I'm of opinion you shou'd make no noise about it.

Argante. I'm not of that opinion, for my part; I will have my belly-full of making a noise. What, don't you think I've all the reason in the world to be in a passion?

Scapin. Yes. So was I at first, when I heard the thing; and so far interested myself in your favour, as to quarrel with your son. Ask him but what fine reprimands I gave him, and how I lectur'd him upon the little respect he retain'd for a father, whose footsteps he ought to kiss. One could not talk better to him, tho't had been your own self. But what of that? I submitted to reason, and consider'd, that at the bottom he might not be so much in the wrong as one wou'd be apt to think.

Argante. What's this you tell me? Is there no great wrong in going to marry himself, point blank, to a stranger?

Scapin. What wou'd you have? He was push'd to't by his destiny.

Argante. Ho! ho! The prettiest reason, that, in the world! One has no more to do but to commit the greatest crimes imaginable, to cheat, steal, murder, and say for excuse, One was push'd to't by one's destiny.

Scapin. Lack-a-day! Sir, you take my words in too philosophical a sense. I mean that he was fatally engag'd in this affair,

Argante. And why did he engage in it?

Scapin. Wou'd you have him as wise as yourself? Young folks are young, and have not all the prudence they should have, to do nothing but what's reasonable. Witness our Leander, who, notwithstanding all my lessons, notwithstanding all my remonstrances, has gone and done worse still than your son has done. I would be glad to know whether you yourself were not once young, and have not play'd as many pranks in your time as other people. I've heard say that formerly you were an excellent companion among the ladies; that you play'd the wag with the galanteft of 'em all at that time; and that you never made your approaches but you gain'd your point.

Argante. That's true. I grant it; but I always confin'd myself to galantry, and never went so far as to do what he has done.

Scapin. What wou'd you have had him done? He sees a young girl who had a kindness for him, for he takes after you to have all the women in love with him, he thinks her charming, he pays her visits, makes love to her, sighs after a galant manner, acts the passionate lover. She yields to his addresses; he pushes his fortune. When, lo! he is caught with her by her relations, who by force of arms oblige him to marry her.

Silvester aside.] What a dextrous knave it is!

Scapin. Wou'd you have had him suffer himself to be murder'd? 'Tis much better to be marry'd than to be dead.

Argante. They did not tell me the thing was done in this manner.

Scapin pointing to Silvester.] Ask him rather; he won't say to the contrary.

Argante to Silvester.] Was it by force that he was marry'd?

Silvester. Yes, Sir.

Scapin. Wou'd I tell you a lye?

Argante. He shou'd have gone therefore immediately, and have enter'd his protest with a Notary against the violence.

Scapin. That is what he wou'd not do.

Argante. That wou'd have made it easier for me to dissolve the marriage.

Scapin. Dissolve the marriage?

Argante. Yes.

Scapin. You won't dissolve it.

Argante. Shan't I dissolve it?

Scapin. No.

Argante. What, shan't I have the rights of a father, and have satisfaction for the violence they have done my son?

Scapin. 'Tis certain he'll by no means consent to't.

Argante. He not consent to it?

Scapin. No.

Argante. My son?

Scapin. Your son. Would you have him confess that he was capable of fear, and that they made him do things by force? He'll take care how he owns that. That were to injure himself, and shew himself unworthy of such a father as you.

Argante. I care not for that.

Scapin. He must, for his own honour and yours, tell the world that he marry'd her voluntarily,

Argante. And for my honour and his own I'll have him say the contrary.

Scapin. No, I am sure he won't do it.

Argante. I shall make him.

Scapin. He won't do't, I tell you.

Argante. He shall do it, or I'll disinherit him.

Scapin. You?

Argante. Yes, I.

Scapin. Good.

Argante. How, good?

Scapin. You shan't disinherit him.

Argante. Shan't I disinherit him?

Scapin. No.

Argante. No?

Scapin. No.

Argante. Ahah! That's merry enough; I shan't disinherit my son?

Scapin. No, I tell you.

Argante. Who shall hinder me?

Scapin. You yourself.

Argante. I myself?

Scapin. Yes. You won't have the heart to do it.

Argante. I shall.

Scapin. You're only in jest.

Argante. I am not in jest.

Scapin. Fatherly tenderness will prevail.

Argante. 'Twill do nothing at all.

Scapin. Yes, yes.

Argante. I tell you this shall be done.

Scapin. Trifles?

Argante. You mustn't call it trifles.

Scapin. Lack-a-day! I know ye, you are naturally good-humour'd.

Argante. Let's have done with this discourse, for it provokes my choler. [To Silvester.] Get thee gone,

hang-dog; get thee gone, and find out my rascal, while I join Signior Geronte, and tell him my misfortune.

Scapin. Sir, if I can serve you in any thing, you need only command me.

Argante. I thank you. [Aside.] Oh! why was he an only son? And why have I not now the daughter which heaven depriv'd me of, that I might make her my heir?

SCENE VII.

SCAPIN, SILVESTER.

SILVESTER.

THOU art a great man, I confess, and the affair is in a fine way. But the money, on the other hand, presses us sore for our subsistence, and we have people too on all hands barking after us.

Scapin. Let me alone, the plot is hatch'd; I'm only casting about in my noddle for a man who will be trusty to us, to act a part that I have occasion for. Stay. Hold a little. Pull thy hat over thy eyes like a bully. Bear upon one foot. Thy hand upon thy side. Thy eyes furious. Strut a little like a theatrical king. Very well. Follow me. I have some secrets to disguise thy face and thy voice.

Silvester. I conjure thee, however, engage me not in any broils with justice.

Scapin. Go, go. We share our dangers like brothers; and three years in the galleys, be they more or less, shou'd not curb a noble spirit.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

GERONTE, ARGANTE.

GERONTE.

YES, without doubt, by the time, we should have our folks here to-day; a sailor who comes from Tarentum, assur'd me he had seen my man, who was ready to embark; but my daughter's arrival will find things but in an ill disposition for what we propos'd to ourselves; and what you have told me concerning your son, strangely breaks the measures we had concerted.

Argante. Give yourself no pain about that; I will be answerable to you for the removal of that obstacle; and I am going directly about it.

Geronte. In good truth, Signior Argante, give me leave to tell you; the education of children is a thing that requires the strongest application.

Argante. Doubtless. But to what purpose is this?

Geronte. To this purpose, that the bad behaviour of young people most frequently proceeds from the bad education their fathers give 'em.

Argante. This happens sometimes. But what do you mean by that?

Geronte. What do I mean by that?

Argante. Yes.

Geronte. That if you, like a brave father, had well tutor'd your son, he wou'd not have play'd you the trick he has done.

Argante. Mighty well. So that therefore you have tutor'd your son well?

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Geronte. Without dispute; and I should be very sorry had he done any thing that approaches to this.

Argante. And this son of yours, whom you like a brave father have so well tutor'd, has done still worse than mine. Heh!

Geronte. How!

Argante. How?

Geronte. What means this?

Argante. This means, Signior Geronte, that we shou'd not be too hasty in condemning the conduct of others; and that they who will be carping, should look well at home whether there is not something lame there.

Geronte. I don't understand this riddle.

Argante. You'll have it explain'd.

Geronte. What, have you heard any thing about my son?

Argante. It may be so.

Geronte. And what, pray?

Argante. In my vexation, your Scapin told me the thing only in gross; and you may, by him, or somebody else, be let into the detail. For my part, I go in haste to consult a lawyer, and advise what course I am to steer. Adieu.

SCENE II.

GERONTE alone.

WHAT can this same affair be? Worse still than his! For my part, I don't see what one can do worse; and I think, that to marry without a father's consent, is an action which exceeds all that can be imagin'd.

SCENE III.

GERONTE, LEANDER.

GERONTE.

HAH! You there.

Leander running to embrace his father.] Oh! Father,
What joy is it to me to see you return'd.

Geronte refusing to embrace him.] Softly. Let us
talk over the affair a little.

Leander. Permit me to embrace you, and —

Geronte still thrusting him away.] Softly, I tell you.

Leander. What, father, do you refuse me expressing
my transport by my embraces?

Geronte. Yes. We have a certain matter to unravel
together.

Leander. And what may that be?

Geronte. Hold still, that I may look you in the face.

Leander. How?

Geronte. Your eyes full upon mine a little.

Leander. Well.

Geronte. What is it that has pass'd here?

Leander. What has pass'd here?

Geronte. Yes. What have you done during my ab-
sence?

Leander. What is't you wou'd have had me done,
father?

Geronte. 'Tis not I who wou'd have had you done;
but who ask you, what it is you have done?

Leander. I? I have done nothing that you have rea-
son to complain of.

Geronte. Nothing?

Leander. No.

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Geronte. You are very resolute.

Leander. 'Tis because I am sure of my innocence.

Geronte. Scapin, for all that, has told some news about you.

Leander. Scapin?

Geronte. Hoh! hoh! This word makes you blush.

Leander. Did he tell you any thing about me?

Geronte. This place is not altogether proper to determine this affair, and we shall examine into't elsewhere. Go home. I shall be back there presently. Ah! traitor, if it must be so that you disgrace me, I renounce you for my son, and you may well resolve to fly from my presence for ever.

SCENE IV.

LEANDER alone.

TO betray me in this manner! A rascal, who, for a hundred reasons, ought to be the first to conceal the things I trust to him, is the first to discover 'em to my father. I vow to heav'n this treachery shall not remain unpunish'd.

SCENE V.

OCTAVIO, LEANDER, SCAPIN.

OCTAVIO.

MY dear Scapin, what don't I owe to thy pains! What an admirable fellow art thou! And how propitious is heav'n to me in sending thee to my succour!

Leander. Hoh! hoh! Are you there? I'm glad I've found you, Mr. Rascal.

Scapin. Sir, your servant. You do me too much honour.

Leander drawing his sword.] You railly in a paltry manner. O! I shall teach you——

Scapin falling on his knees.] Sir.

Octavio stepping between them, to hinder Leander from striking him.] Nay, Leander.

Leander. No, Octavio, pray don't hold me.

Scapin to Leander.] Oh, Sir.

Octavio holding Leander.] Pray.

Leander wanting to strike Scapin.] Let me satisfy my resentment upon him.

Octavio. In the name of friendship, Leander, don't use him ill.

Scapin. Sir, what have I done to you?

Leander going to strike him.] What hast thou done to me, rascal.

Octavio still holding Leander.] Nay, gently.

Leander. No, Octavio, I will have him instantly confess to me himself the perfidy he has been guilty of. Yes, rascal, I know the trick you've play'd me, they have just told me of it, and you did not think, perhaps, they shou'd have blab'd the secret; but I'll have the secret from thy own mouth, or I'll whip my sword thro' thy body.

Scapin. Oh! Sir, could you possibly have the heart?

Leander. Speak then.

Scapin. Have I done any thing t'ye, Sir?

Leander. Yes, rascal; and thy conscience tells it thee but too plainly what it is.

Scapin. I assure you, I don't know what 'tis.

Leander advancing to strike him.] Don't you know?

Octavio holding him.] Leander!

Scapin. Well, Sir, since you will have it so, I confess that I drank with my friends that small vessel of Spanish wine that somebody made you a present of a few days ago; and that 'twas I who made a vent in the cask, and pour'd water round about, to make you believe the wine was run out.

Leander. Was it thee, villain, who drank my Spanish wine, and was the occasion of my scolding the maid to such a degree, thinking 'twas she who had play'd me the trick?

Scapin. Yes, Sir; I beg your pardon for it.

Leander. I'm very glad to find this; but that's not the affair in question at present.

Scapin. Isn't that it, Sir?

Leander. No, 'tis another affair which concerns me much more; and I must have thee tell it me.

Scapin. I don't remember to have done any thing else, Sir.

Leander going to strike him.] Won't you speak?

Scapin. Oh!

Octavio holding him.] Softly.

Scapin. Yes, Sir, 'tis true about three weeks ago you sent me in the evening to carry a watch to a young gipsy you were in love with. I came back to my lodging, my cloths all cover'd with dirt, and my face bloody, and told you I had met with thieves, who had beat me unmercifully, and robb'd me of the watch. 'Twas I, Sir, who kept it.

Leander. Did you keep the watch?

Scapin. Yes, Sir, that I might see what o'clock it is.

Leander. So, so, these are fine things I learn here, and I have a most faithful servant, in good truth. But this is not all I want still.

Scapin. Isn't that it?

Leander. No, scoundrel, 'tis another thing yet that I must have thee confess.

Scapin aside.] Plague!

Leander. Out with it, quick. I'm in haste.

Scapin. Sir, that's all I have done.

Leander going to strike him.] Is that all?

Octavio getting before Leander.] Nay.

Scapin. Well, yes, Sir. You remember the hobgoblin six months ago, that gave you such a confounded drubbing one night, and you thought you shou'd have broke your neck in a cave you fell into as you were running away.

Leander. Well?

Scapin. 'Twas I, Sir, who acted the hobgoblin.

Leander. Was it thee, traitor, who acted the hobgoblin?

Scapin. Yes, Sir, only to fright you, and cure you of the fancy of making us ramble o'nights, as you were us'd to do.

Leander. I shall remember all I've learnt, in a proper time and place. But I must come to the fact, and have you confess what 'twas you told my father.

Scapin. Your father?

Leander. Yes, knave, my father.

Scapin. I han't so much as seen him since his return.

Leander. Han't you seen him?

Scapin. No, Sir.

Leander. Really?

Scapin. Really. 'Tis what he himself will tell you.

Leander. I have it from his own mouth however—

Scapin. With your leave, he did not speak truth.

SCENE VI.

LEANDER, OCTAVIO, CARLOS, SCAPIN.

CARLOS.

I BRING you cruel news, Sir, in regard to your amour.

Leander. What?

Carlos. Your gypsies are upon the point of carrying off Zerbinetta; and she herself, with tears in her eyes, charg'd me to come and tell you in all haste, that if you don't think of carrying 'em the money they demanded for her in two hours, you'll lose her for ever.

Leander. In two hours?

Carlos. In two hours.

SCENE VII.

LEANDER, OCTAVIO, SCAPIN.

LEANDER.

OH! my dear Scapin, I implore thy assistance.

Scapin getting up, and walking by him with a haughty air.] Oh! My dear Scapin! I am my dear Scapin now you've occasion for me.

Leander. Go, I pardon every thing thou hast told me, and worse still, if thou hast done it.

Scapin. No, no, don't pardon me any thing; run your sword thro' my body. I shou'd be glad you'd kill me.

Leander. No, rather I conjure thee to give me life, by serving me in my amour.

Scapin. No, no, you'd do better to kill me.

Leander. Thou art too precious to me; and pr'ythee employ for me that admirable genius, which brings every thing to bear.

Scapin. No, kill me, I tell you.

Leander. Nay, for heav'n's sake think of it no more, and contrive to give me the succour I ask of thee.

Octavio. Scapin, you must do something for him.

Scapin. But how, after an insult of this kind?

Leander. I beseech thee forget the passion I was in, and lend me thy dexterity.

Octavio. I join my petition to his.

Scapin. I have that insult at heart.

Octavio. You must quit your resentment.

Leander. Wo't abandon me, Scapin, in the cruel extremity to which my love is reduc'd?

Scapin. To come upon me with such an affront as that, unawares!

Leander. I'm in the wrong, I own it.

Scapin. To treat me as a rogue, a knave, a hang-dog, a scoundrel!

Leander. It gives me all the regret in the world.

Scapin. To design running me thro' the body!

Leander. I ask thy pardon for it with all my heart; and if it only sticks at falling down at thy feet, thou fect me there, Scapin, to conjure thee once more not to abandon me.

Octavio. Nay, faith, Scapin, you must yield to this.

Scapin. Rise up. Don't be so hasty another time.

Leander. Dost promise me to go to work for me?

Scapin. We shall consider of it.

Leander. But you know the time presses us

Scapin. Give yourself no trouble. How much must you have?

Leander. Five hundred crowns.

Scapin. And you?

Octavio. Two hundred pistoles.

Scapin. I shall get these out of your dads. [To Octavio.] As to what concerns yours, the plot is all form'd already; [To Leander.] and for yours, tho' covetous to an excess, there will need less ceremony still; for as to wit, thank heav'n, he has no great stock; and I give him up for a sort of mortal that one may at any time make believe any thing one pleases. This is no scandal to you, there's not a suspicion of a resemblance betwixt him and you; and you know well enough the opinion of the world, which will have it that he's only your father for forms sake.

Leander. Soft, Scapin.

Scapin. Right, right; there's a good deal of scruple made about it. Don't you care for that? But I see Octavio's father a coming. Let's begin with him, since he offers himself. [To Octavio.] And you, give your Silvester notice to come quickly and play his part.

SCENE VIII.

ARGANTE, SCAPIN.

SCAPIN aside.

THERE he is ruminating.

Argante thinking himself alone.] To have so little conduct and consideration! To run headlong into an engagement like this! Ah! Ah! the extravagance of youth!

Scapin. Sir, your servant.

Argante. A good day to you, Scapin.

Scapin. You are thinking of your son's affair.

Argante. I own to thee it gives me a plaguy uneasiness.

Scapin. Life, Sir, is mixt with disappointments. 'Tis good to be always prepar'd for them. And I have heard, a long while ago, the saying of an ancient, which I have always retain'd.

Argante. What?

Scapin. That be a master of a family ever so little absent from home, he should run over in his mind all the vexatious accidents that may meet him at his return: to imagine with himself, his house burnt, his money stole, his wife dead, his son crippled, his daughter debauch'd; and what he finds has not happen'd to him, to impute it to good-fortune. For my part, I have always practis'd this lesson in my little philosophy; and I never return'd home but I held myself in readiness for the anger of my masters, for reprimands, hard language, kicks o' the posteriors, bastinadoes and strappadoes; and whatever did not happen, I thank'd my good destiny for it.

Argante. This is very well; but this silly marriage, which breaks in upon that we are about, is a thing I can't suffer, and I have been consulting lawyers about dissolving of it.

Scapin. In good truth, Sir, if you believe me, you'll try some way or other to accommodate the affair. You know what law-suits are in this country, and you are going to plunge yourself in strange perplexities.

Argante. You're in the right. But what other way?

Scapin. I think I have found one. The compassion your uneasiness lately gave me, oblig'd me to cast about with myself some means to free you from your trouble; for I can't see honest fathers griev'd by their children,

but it moves me; and I always perceiv'd in myself a particular inclination for your person.

Argante. I'm oblig'd to thee.

Scapin. I have been therefore to find out the brother of this wench he has marry'd. 'Tis one of those bravoes by profession, one of those people who are all for foining; who talk of nothing but cutting and slashing, and make no more conscience of killing of a man, than of swallowing a glass of wine. I got him upon this marriage; I shew'd him how easy it wou'd be to dissolve it, on account of the violence; your prerogative from the name of father, and the countenance your right, your mony and your friends wou'd give you in a court of justice. In short, I so work'd him about on all sides, that he gave ear to the propositions I made of adjusting the affair with a certain sum; and he gave his consent to dissolve the marriage, provided you'd give him mony.

Argante. And what did he demand?

Scapin. Oh! At first very high things.

Argante. But what?

Scapin. Extravagant things.

Argante. But what pray?

Scapin. He talk'd of no less than five or six hundred pistoles.

Argante. Five or six hundred quartan agues seize him. Does he banter one?

Scapin. That's what I said to him. I utterly reject-ed all such-like propofals; and I gave him pretty well to understand you were no dupe, that he shou'd demand five or six hundred pistoles of you. At last, after a great deal of discourse, the result of our conference was reduc'd to this. Time draws nigh, says he to me, when I must set out for the army. I am about equipping my

self; and the occasion I have for some money makes me consent, in spite of me, to what is propos'd. I must have a regimental horse, and I can't have one, that's ever so tolerable, under sixty pistoles.

Argante. Well, as to the sixty Pistoles, I give 'em.

Scapin. There must be accoutrements and pistols, and that will amount to twenty pistoles more.

Argante. Twenty pistoles, and sixty, that makes four-score.

Scapin. Just.

Argante. 'Tis a great deal; but be it so. I consent to that.

Scapin. He must have a horse too, to mount his servant on, which will likely cost thirty pistoles.

Argante. How the deuce! Let him walk. He shall have none.

Scapin. Sir.

Argante. No, he's an extravagant fellow.

Scapin. Wou'd you have his servant walk o' foot?

Argante. Let him walk as he pleases, and the master too.

Scapin. Lack-a-day, Sir, don't stand upon small matters; pray don't go to law, but give it all to save your self from the hand of justice.

Argante. Well, be it so. I resolve to give the thirty pistoles more.

Scapin. Further, says he, I must have a mule to carry —

Argante. Oh! let him and his mule go both to the devil; 'tis too much, and we must go before the judge.

Scapin. Pray, Sir —

Argante. No, I'll do nothing.

Scapin. Sir, a small mule.

Argante. I won't give him so much as an ass.

Scapin. Consider ———

Argante. No, I chuse rather to go to law.

Scapin. Pho! Sir, what do you talk of here, and what is't you resolve upon? Cast your eyes upon the windings and turnings of justice. See how many appeals, and degrees of jurisdiction, how many perplexing courses of pleadings, how many rapacious animals, thro' whose talons you are to pass; sergeants, attorneys, council at law, registers, substitutes, reporters, judges and their clerks. There's not one of all these folks but is capable of blowing up the best cause in the world for a trifle. A sergent shall deliver a false summons, upon which you'll be cast without knowing of it. Your attorney shall have an understanding with your adversary, and shall sell you for good ready money. Your council, bought off by the same, will not be found when he should plead your cause; or will give reasons that only beat about and about the bush, and never come home to the point. The register will issue out sentences and arrets against you for contumacy. The reporter's clerk will purloin some of your writings; or the reporter himself will not say what he has seen. And when, by all the precaution in the world, you have warded off all this, you will be surpriz'd that your judges shall be solicited against you, either by your devout people, or by the women they love. Ah! Sir, save yourself, if you can, from this hell. 'Tis damnation in this world to be at law; and the thought alone of a law-suit were enough to make me fly to the very Indies.

Argante. How much does the mule amount to?

Scapin. Sir, for the mule, for his horse, and that of his man, for accoutrements and pistols, and to discharge

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some trifling things he owes his land-lady, he demands in all two hundred pistoles.

Argante. Two hundred pistoles!

Scapin. Yes.

Argante walking about in a passion.] Come, come, we'll stand it at law.

Scapin. Reflect——

Argante. I'll go to law.

Scapin. Don't go throw yourself——

Argante. I will try my cause.

Scapin. But to go to law, you must have mony. You must have mony for the summons; mony for the rolls; mony for the letter of attorney; mony for appearance, council, evidence, and the solicitor's journeys. There must go some to the consultations and pleadings of council; for the right of dislodging your writings; for an engrossed copy of the instruments. You'll want mony for the reports of the substitutes; for judges fees in determination; for the enrollment of the register, the form of a decree, sentences, arrets, controllis, signings, and the dispatches of their clerks. Without mentioning all the presents you must make. Give this man the mony, and you are quit of the affair.

Argante. How! Two hundred pistoles?

Scapin. Yes, you will gain by it. I have made a small calculation within myself, of all the law charges; and I have found that, in giving your chap two hundred pistoles, you will have at least a hundred and fifty over and above, without reckoning the anxiety, the weary steps and vexation that you will spare. Were there nothing in it but being expos'd to the impertinent things those wicked wags, the lawyers, will say before all the

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world, I'd rather give three hundred pistoles than go to law.

Argante. I despise all this, and defy the lawyers to say any thing of me. *

Scapin. You may do what you please; but if I were as you, I wou'd avoid a law-suit.

Argante. I won't give two hundred pistoles.

Scapin. Here comes the man we're talking of.

SCENE IX.

ARGANTE, SCAPIN, SILVESTER
dress'd like a bully.

SILVESTER.

SCAPIN, bring me acquainted a little with that Argante, who is father to Octavio.

Scapin. Why, Sir?

Silvester. I have just heard he intends to sue me, and dissolve by law the marriage of my sister.

Scapin. I don't know whether that be his intention; but he won't consent to the two hundred pistoles you expect, and he says 'tis too much.

Silvester. 'Sdeath, blood and guts, if I find him I'll make minc'd meat of him, were I to be broke alive on the wheel for it.

[Argante, for fear of being seen, stands trembling behind Scapin.

Scapin. Sir, this father of Octavio has courage, and perhaps he won't fear you.

Silvester. He? He? Blood and thunder! I'd whip my sword thro' his body in an instant. [Seeing Argante.] Who is that man there?

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Scapin. 'Tis not he, Sir, 'tis not he.

Silvester. Is't not one of his friends?

Scapin. No, Sir; on the contrary, 'tis his mortal enemy.

Silvester. His mortal enemy?

Scapin. Yes.

Silvester. Hah! mass, I'm glad on't. Are you an enemy, Sir, [To Argante.] to that scoundrel Argante? Heh?

Scapin. Yes, yes, I answer for it.

Silvester seizing Argante's hand in a rough manner.] Shake hands, boy; shake hands. I give you my word, and swear to you by my honour, by the sword I wear, by all the oaths I can take, that before the day's at an end I'll rid you of that arrant villain, that scoundrel, Argante. Depend upon me.

Scapin. Violence is not allow'd of, Sir, in this country.

Silvester. I value nothing; I have nothing to lose.

Scapin. He will certainly be upon his guard; and he has relations, friends and domestics, who will be a protection from your resentment.

Silvester. That's what I want, 'Sbud, that's what I want. [Drawing his sword.] 'Sdeath and furies! Why have I him not here, with all his succours! Why does he not appear surrounded with thirty myrmidons! Why don't they pour upon me sword in hand! [Standing upon his guard.] How, villains, have you the insolence to attack me? 'Sheart, come on, kill and slay, no quarter. [Pushing on every side, as if he had several persons to attack.] Lay on. Firm. Push home. A sure foot, a quick eye. Hah! Rascals, hah! Raggamuffins, if that's your play, I'll give you your bellies full. Stand to't,

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varlets, stand to't. Come on. Have at you here. Have at you there. [Pushes as at Argante and Scapin.] How? d'ye flinch? Stand your ground, pox, stand your ground.

Scapin. Nay, nay, nay, Sir, we are none of 'em.

Silvester. This shall teach you to dare to play upon me.

SCENE X.

ARGANTE, SCAPIN.

SCAPIN.

WELL, you see how many people are kill'd for two hundred pistoles. Pray come away, I wish you a good escape.

Argante trembling.] Scapin.

Scapin. Your pleasure?

Argante. I determine to give the two hundred pistoles.

Scapin. I'm glad of it, out of respect to you.

Argante. Let's go find him out, I have 'em about me.

Scapin. You need only to give 'em to me. It won't be proper for your own honour that you shou'd appear there, after having pass'd here for another person than what you are; and besides I shou'd be afraid, lest upon your discovering yourself, he shou'd take it into his head to demand more.

Argante. Yes; but I shou'd have been very glad to see how I bestow my money.

Scapin. What, do you mistrust me?

Argante. No, no; but——

Scapin. 'Sbud, Sir, I am a rogue, or I am an honest man; 'tis one of the two. Shou'd I deceive you, and have I any other interest in all this, but yours and my

master's; to whom you wish to be ally'd? If you suspect me, I shall meddle no more with any thing; and from this time forward you have only to look out a person who will make up your affairs.

Argante. Take it then.

Scapin. No, Sir; don't trust your mony with me. I shall be very glad you'd employ somebody else.

Argante. Psha! Take it.

Scapin. No, I tell you, don't trust me. Who knows whether I mayn't trick you out of your mony?

Argante. Take it, I say, and don't make me dispute any longer. But take care to have good securities along with you.

Scapin. Let me alone; he has no fool to deal with.

Argante. I shall go wait for thee at home.

Scapin. I shall not fail being there. [Alone.] One caught. I have only to seek for the other. There he is. It looks as if heav'n brought 'em both, one after t'other, into my net.

SCENE XI.

GERONTE, SCAPIN.

SCAPIN making as if he saw not Geronte.

OH heav'ns! unlook'd for misfortune! miserable father! Poor Geronte, what will you do?

[Geronte aside.] What says he there of me, with that sorrowful face?

Scapin. Can no body tell me where Signior Geronte is?

Geronte. What's the matter, Scapin?

Scapin. O, that I cou'd meet with him, to tell him this unhappy accident!

[Geronte running after Scapin.] What is it then?

Scapin. In vain do I run all about to find him.

Geronte. Here I am.

Scapin. He must be hid in some corner, no body can guess where.

Geronte stopping Scapin.] Hola! Art thou blind, that thou dost not see me?

Scapin. Oh! Sir, there's no possibility of meeting with you.

Geronte. I've been an hour here just at thy nose. What is the matter therefore?

Scapin. Sir ———

Geronte. What?

Scapin. Sir, your son ———

Geronte. Well, my son ———

Scapin. Has fallen into the strangest misfortune in the world.

Geronte. What is it?

Scapin. I found him a little while ago very melancholy at I don't know what that you'd been saying to him, wherein you've very unseasonably involv'd me; and striving to divert this pensive mood, we took a turn upon the key. There, among many other things, we fix'd our eyes upon a Turkish galley very well equip'd. A young Turk, of a very good mien, invited us aboard, and presented us his hand. Aboard we went, he shew'd us a thousand civilities, gave us a cold collation, where we eat the most excellent fruit that ever was seen, and drank wine which we thought the best in the world.

Geronte. What is there so grievous in all this?

Scapin. Stay, Sir, there we were. While we were eating, he order'd the galley to put to sea; and when he was got off at some distance from the harbour, he put

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me into the skiff, and sends me to tell you, that if you don't send him immediately by me five hundred crowns, he'll carry your son to Algiers.

Geronte. How the plague, five hundred crowns!

Scapin. Yes, Sir; and more than that, he gave me but two hours for it.

Geronte. Oh! that villain of a Turk, to murder me in this manner!

Scapin. 'Tis your business, Sir, to advise quickly in what way to save a son from slavery whom you so tenderly love.

Geronte. What the deuce had he to do aboard that galley?

Scapin. He ne'er thought of what has happen'd.

Geronte. Go, Scapin, be gone, quick, and tell this Turk I'll send and arrest him.

Scapin. Arrest him in open sea! Have you a mind to joke with people?

Geronte. What the deuce had he to do aboard that galley?

Scapin. An evil destiny guides folks sometimes.

Geronte. You must, Scapin, you must in this case perform the part of a faithful servant.

Scapin. What, Sir?

Geronte. Go, bid this Turk send me my son, and put thyself in his place, till such time as I have rais'd the sum he demands.

Scapin. Lack-a-day, Sir, d'ye consider what you say? Do you imagine with yourself that this Turk has so little sense, to receive such a poor wretch as I am, in the place of your son?

Geronte. What the deuce had he to do aboard that galley?

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Scapin. He didn't dream of this misfortune. Consider, Sir, he gave me but two hours.

Geronte. You say that he asks—

Scapin. Five hundred crowns.

Geronte. Five hundred crowns! Has he no conscience?

Scapin. Truly, yes; the conscience of a Turk.

Geronte. Does he know what five hundred crowns is?

Scapin. Yes, Sir, he knows 'tis fifteen hundred livres.

Geronte. Does the villain think that fifteen hundred livres are to be pick'd up in the highway?

Scapin. They are a people who have no notion of reason.

Geronte. But what the deuce had he to do aboard that galley?

Scapin. 'Tis true; but what then? One cou'd not foresee things. For goodness sake, Sir, dispatch.

Geronte. Stay, here's the key of my chest of drawers.

Scapin. Good.

Geronte. You'll open it.

Scapin. Very well.

Geronte. You'll find a large key on the left hand, which is that of my garret.

Scapin. Yes.

Geronte. You'll go and take all the goods that are in that great hamper, and you'll sell 'em to the brokers to redeem my son.

Scapin giving him back the key.] Why, Sir, are you dreaming? I shou'd not get a hundred livres for all that you speak of; and besides, you know how little time is allow'd me.

Geronte. But what the deuce had he to do aboard that galley?

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Scapin. How many words lost! Drop this galley; think we are straiten'd for time, and that you run the risque of losing your son. Alas! my poor master, perhaps I shall never set eyes on you again while I live, and the moment I am speaking they are carrying you a slave to Algiers. But heav'n shall be my witness, I have done all I cou'd for you, and that if you are not ransom'd, there is nothing to blame but the too little affection of a father.

Geronte. Stay, Scapin, I'll go fetch this sum.

Scapin. Dispatch then quickly, Sir, I tremble for fear the clock shou'd strike.

Geronte. Isn't it four hundred crowns you said?

Scapin. No, five hundred crowns.

Geronte. Five hundred crowns?

Scapin. Yes.

Geronte. What the dence had he to do in that galley?

Scapin. You're right; but make haste.

Geronte. Had he no other place to walk in?

Scapin. 'Tis true, but do it quickly.

Geronte. Oh, this cursed galley!

Scapin aside.] This galley sticks at his stomach.

Geronte. Stay, Scapin, I did not remember I had just now receiv'd that sum in gold, and little did I think it wou'd be so soon taken from me. [Taking his purse out of his pocket and presenting it to Scapin.] Here, go thy ways, redeem my son.

Scapin holding out his hand.] Yes, Sir.

Geronte holding the purse fast, which he pretends to be going to give Scapin.] But tell this Turk he is a villain.

Scapin holding his hand out again.] Yes.

Geronte. A scoundrel.

Scapin keeping his hands held out.] Yes.

Geronte. A man of no faith, a robber.

Scapin. Let me alone.

Geronte. That he extorts five hundred crowns from me against all right and reason.

Scapin. Yes.

Geronte. That I don't give 'em to him, either dying or living.

Scapin. Very well.

Geronte. And that if ever I catch him, I'll have my revenge of him.

Scapin. Yes.

Geronte putting his purse in his pocket again, and going.] Go, go quick, and fetch back my son.

Scapin running after Geronte.] Hola! Sir!

Geronte. What?

Scapin. Where is the money then?

Geronte. Did I not give it thee?

Scapin. No truly; you put it into your pocket again.

Geronte. Alas! grief disturbs my senses.

Scapin. I plainly see it does.

Geronte. What the deuce had he to do in that galley? Cursed galley! The devil take this traitor of a Turk!

Scapin alone.] He can't digest the five hundred crowns I have wrested from him; but he's not quit with me yet; I'll make him pay, in other sort of coin, for the slander he has put upon me with his son.

SCENE

SCENE XII.

OCTAVIO, LEANDER, SCAPIN.

OCTAVIO.

WELL, Scapin, hast thou succeeded for me in thy enterprise?

Leander. Hast thou done any thing to rescue my amour from the difficulty it labours under?

Scapin to Octavio.] There are the two hundred pistoles I have got out of your father.

Octavio. What joy dost thou give me!

Scapin to Leander.] As for you, I cou'd do nothing.

Leander offering to go.] Then must I go die; I have nothing to do with life, if I am depriv'd of Zerbinetta.

Scapin. Soho! soho there! softly. How plaguy quick you go!

Leander returning.] What wou'dst have me done with!

Scapin. Go, I've here what will do your business.

Leander. You have restor'd life to me.

Scapin. But on condition that you allow me a little vengeance upon your father, for the trick he has play'd me.

Leander. Every thing you please.

Scapin. You promise me before witness?

Leander. Yes.

Scapin. Hold, there are five hundred crowns.

Leander. Let us be gone quickly, and purchase the dear creature I adore.

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A C T III. S C E N E I.

ZERBINETTA, HIACINTHA, SCAPIN,
SILVESTER.

SILVESTER.

YES, your lovers have agreed betwixt themselves, that you should be together; and we acquit our selves of the order they have given us.

[Hiacintha to Zerbinetta.] Such an order has nothing in it but what is very agreeable to me. I receive with joy a companion of this kind; and it shall not be my fault if the friendship betwixt the persons we love, does not diffuse itself to us two.

Zerbinetta. I accept the proposal, and am not a person who give way when I am attack'd with friendship.

Scapin. And when you are attack'd with love?

Zerbinetta. As to love, that's another affair; one runs a little more risque there, and I am not so courageous in that.

Scapin. I think you are at present, against my master; and what he has just done for you shou'd give you courage to answer his passion in a proper manner.

Zerbinetta. I trust him as yet but upon his good behaviour; and what he has now done is not sufficient intirely to convince me. I am of a gay humour, and laugh for ever; but for all my laughing, I am serious upon certain subjects; and your master mistakes himself if he thinks his having bought me is sufficient to make me absolutely his own. It will cost him something else besides mony; and to answer his passion in the manner he wishes, he must plight me his faith, which is to be

season'd with certain ceremonies thought necessary upon these occasions.

Scapin. That's what he designs too. He makes no pretensions t'ye but in sober sadness, and with all honour; had he had any other thought, I shou'd not have been one to have meddled in the affair.

Zerbinetta. That's what I wou'd believe, because you tell me so; but, on the father's part, I foresee some impediments.

Scapin. We shall find means of accommodating matters.

Hiacintha to Zerbinetta.] The resemblance of our fortunes ought also to contribute to the growth of our friendship; we have both the same alarms, and are expos'd to the same misfortune.

Zerbinetta. You have, at least, this advantage, that you know who gave you birth; and that the countenance of your relations, whom you can discover, is capable of adjusting every thing, can insure your happiness, and command an assent to a marriage already solemniz'd. But for my part, I meet with no relief from what I am, and am in a condition that cannot mollify the temper of a father who regards nothing but wealth.

Hiacintha. But you have this advantage, at least, that they don't tempt your lover with another match.

Zerbinetta. A change of inclination is not what one has most to fear in a lover. One may naturally enough believe one's merit sufficient to maintain one's conquest; and what I look upon as most formidable in these sort of affairs, is the paternal power, with which merit is of no consequence at all.

Hiacintha. Alas! Why must our just inclinations be cross'd? How delightful a thing it is to love, when there

is no obstacle to those amiable chains with which two hearts are united together!

Scapin. You're under a mistake; tranquillity in love is a disagreeable calm. A happiness intirely uniform grows tedious to us; there must be *ups* and *downs* in life; and difficulties mixt with our affairs awake our ardors, and augment our pleasures.

Zerbinetta. Pray, Scapin, give us a short account, which they say is so diverting, of the stratagem you invented to get money from your covetous old fellow? You know 'tis not labour lost to tell me a story, and that I sufficiently reward it by the joy it gives me.

Scapin. Here is Silvester will acquit himself in that as well as myself. I have a certain petty vengeance in my head, that I am about to relish the pleasure of.

Silvester. But why won't contrive to bring these scurvy affairs upon thee, out of mere wantonness?

Scapin. I take pleasure in attempting hazardous enterprizes.

Silvester. I've told thee already thou'dst quit the design thou hast in hand, wou'dst thou be rul'd by me.

Scapin. Yes; but I shall be rul'd by myself.

Silvester. What a deuce art' going to amuse thyself about?

Scapin. What a deuce art thou in pain about?

Silvester. Why this, that I see you're going to run the risque of a shower of blows, without any manner of necessity.

Scapin. Well, 'tis at the expence of my own back, and not of thine.

Silvester. 'Tis very true, you're master of your own shoulders, and may dispose of 'em as you please.

Scapin. These sort of perils never stopp'd me, and I

hate your dastardly spirits who dare not attempt any thing, because they too well foresee the consequences of things.

Zerbînetta to Scapin.] We shall want your assistance.

Scapin. Go, I shall be with you again by and by. It shall never be said that they've brought me with impunity to betray myself, and discover secrets it had been well no body had known.

SCENE II.

GERONTE, SCAPIN.

GERONTE.

WELL, Scapin, how goes the affair of my son?

Scapin. Your son is safe, Sir; but you yourself, at this very time, run the greatest danger in the world, and I'd give a good deal you were at home.

Geronte. Why, how so?

Scapin. The moment I'm speaking, they are seeking every where to murder you.

Geronte. Me?

Scapin. Yes.

Geronte. Who pray?

Scapin. The brother of the person Octavio has marry'd. He thinks the design you have of placing your daughter in the room of his sister, is the strongest inducement to dissolve the marriage; and with this thought he has peremptorily resolv'd to discharge his vexation upon you, and take away your life to revenge his honour. All his friends, who are gentlemen of the blade, are in search for you, and demand tidings of you every where. I myself saw, here and there, some soldiers of his com-

pany, who examine people they meet with, and have seiz'd by files all the avenues to your house. So that you can't go home; you can't take a step to right or left, without falling into their hands.

Geronte. My dear Scapin, what shall I do?

Scapin. I don't know, Sir, 'tis a strange affair. I tremble for you from head to foot, and — Stay. [pretends to go to the farther part of the stage, to see whether any body was there.

Geronte trembling.] Heh?

Scapin coming back again.] No, no, no, 'tis nothing.

Geronte. Canst thou find no way to put me out of my pain?

Scapin. I have one in my thoughts; but I shou'd run the risque of being knock'd o' the head myself.

Geronte. Ah, Scapin, shew thyself a faithful servant. Don't abandon me, I beseech thee.

Scapin. I will help you; I have such an affection for you, that I can't leave you without assistance.

Geronte. You shall be rewarded for it, I assure you; I promise you this coat, when I have wore it a little.

Scapin. Stay. Here's a thing I have thought of very *a propos* to save you; you must get into this sack, and —

Geronte fancying he sees somebody.] Oh!

Scapin. No, no, no, no, 'tis nobody. I say, you must get in here, and take care not to stir in the least. I shall take you upon my back, as if it were a bundle of something, and so I can carry you through your enemies quite to your own house; when we are once there, we can barricade ourselves, and send for a body of men strong enough to withstand the violence.

Geronte. The invention is good.

Scapin. The best in the world. You shall see. [Aside.]
You shall pay for your tricks.

Geronte. Eh?

Scapin. I say, your enemies will be finely trick'd.
Get you in quite to the bottom, and take care above all
things not to shew yourself, and not to stir; whatever
may happen.

Geronte. Let me alone. I shall be still.

Scapin. Hide yourself: Here's a bully in quest of you.
[in a feign'd voice.] *Fat, me not 'ave de pleasure to kill
dis Geronte, and vill no body in sharity mak me know vere
is he?* [to Geronte with his usual voice.] Don't ye stir.
*Begar, me sal find him, if he ide himself at the center of
de eart.* [to Geronte with his natural tone.] Don't shew
yourself. *O dere! You man vide de sack! Sire, me give
you one gine you will sow me vere be dis Geronte. Do you
want Signior Geronte? Yes, pardi me vant him. And
what for, Sir? Wat far? Yes. Begar me tresh him to
death void one cudgel. Oh! Sir, cudgelling is not for
such gentlemen as he, he is not a man to be treated in
that manner. Vo? dat ninny Geronte, dat rascal, dat
scoundrel? Signior Geronte, Sir, is neither ninny, nor
rascal, nor scoundrel; and you ought, if you please, to
speak in another manner. How, you treat me vid dat
insolence? I defend, as I ought to do, a man of honour
who is abus'd. Vat? you be one friend of Geronte? Yes,
Sir, I am. Hab! begar you be one of his friends, me be
glad of it.* [striking the sack several times.] *Dere, me
give dat for him.* [crying out as if he had receiv'd the
blows of the cudgel.] Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! Sir, oh!
oh! Softly, Sir. Oh! gently. Oh! oh! oh! Begone,
carry dat to him from me. Farewel. Pox take the Gascon.
Oh!

Geronte thrusting his head out of the sack. Oh! Scapin, I can endure it no longer.

Scapin. Oh! Sir, I'm beat to mummy, my shoulders pain me horribly.

Geronte. How so? 'Twas on my shoulders the blows were laid.

Scapin. No, indeed, Sir, they were laid on my back.

Geronte. What dost mean? I felt the strokes pretty plainly, and feel 'em plainly still.

Scapin. No, 'twas only the end of the stick, I tell you, that reach'd your shoulders.

Geronte. You shou'd have retir'd then, at a little farther distance, to spare me.—

Scapin making Geronte go into the sack again. Take care. Here's another of 'em, who has the appearance of a stranger. *Begar, me scip about like a marsh-bare, and me no find dis devilish Geronte all dis day. Lie snug. You, Sir, dere you tell me, if you please, vether you no see dis Geronte me seek for?* No, Sir, I don't know where Geronte is. *Tell me in a good sadness, me have no great matter vid him; me only want to give him one litel regale of one dozen blows o'er de back vid one cudgel, and tree or four trusts thro' do guts vid my sword. I do assure you, Sir, I don't know where he is. Me fancy me see something move in dat sack. Pardon me, Sir. Dere be some merry story vidin dere. None at all, Sir. Me ave one grand inclinationg to vip my sword tro dat sack. Oh! Sir, take care what you do. You sow me vat dat be. Softly, Sir. How softly? You have nothing to do, to see what I carry. And me vill see, so me vill. You sha'n't see. Hey! hey vat nonsense is dis!* They are goods that belong to me. *Sow me den, me tell dee. I won't do it. You won't do it? No. Me give dee one bastonnade upon*

de shoulders. I don't value it. *Ha!* you be one drole. [beating the sack, and crying out as if he had receiv'd the blows.] Oh, ho, oh! oh! Sir, Oh! oh! oh! oh! *Fare de vell.* Dis be one litel leffion for teash dee/to speak insolantly. Plague take the jabbering rascal. Oh!

Geronte popping his head out of the sack.] Oh! I am mau'd to death.

Scapin. Oh! I am kill'd!

Geronte. Why the deuce must they lay me o'er the back?

Scapin thrusting his head into the sack again.] Take care, here's half a dozen soldiers all together. [counterfeiting the voice of several persons.] Come, let us endeavour to find out this Geronte, let us search every where. Let us not be sparing of our steps. Let's run the whole town over. Forget no place. Visit every where. Ferret every quarter. Where shall we go? Let us turn this way. No, here. To the left. To the right. No, no. Yes. Hide yourself well. *Soho!* my comrades, here's his valet — Come, rascal, you must inform us where your master is. Nay, gentlemen, don't abuse me. Come, tell us where he is. Speak. Make haste, let's have done. Dispatch quick. Immediately. Nay, gentlemen, softly. [Geronte steals his head out of the sack, and discovers Scapin's roguery.] If thou dost not find us out thy master immediately, we shall rain an inundation of blows upon thee. I choose rather to suffer every thing than discover my master. *We shall beat out thy brains.* Do what you please. Dost itch for a beating? What, wou'd feel it a little? There — Oh!

[Just as he is going to strike, Geronte gets out of the sack, and Scapin runs off.

THE END

Geronte alone.] Oh! scoundrel. Oh! traitor. Oh! villain. What, assassinate me after this manner!

SCENE III.

ZERBINETTA, GERONTE.

ZERBINETTA laughing, and not perceiving Geronte.

HA, ha, I must take a little air.

Geronte aside, not seeing Zerbinetta.] I'll swear thou shalt pay for this.

Zerbinetta not seeing Geronte.] Ha, ha, ha, ha, a droll story, a most excellent dupe of an old fellow.

Geronte. There's no joke in this, and you have no business to laugh at it.

Zerbinetta. How? what d'ye mean, Sir?

Geronte. I mean that you ought not to make a jest of me.

Zerbinetta. Of you?

Geronte. Yes.

Zerbinetta. Why? who intends to make a jest of you?

Geronte. Why d'ye come here to laugh at me, to my face?

Zerbinetta. This has no regard to you; I was laughing to myself at a story that has just been told me, and the pleasantest that ever was heard. I don't know whether 'tis because I am interested in the thing; but I never knew any thing so droll as a trick that has lately been play'd by a son upon his father, to cheat him of his money.

Geronte. By a son upon his father, to cheat him of his money?

Zerbinetta. Yes. Should you press me ever so lit

tle, you'll find me ready enough to tell you the affair; and I've a natural itch of communicating the stories I know.

Geronte. Pray tell me this story.

Zerbinetta. I will readily do it. I shall run no great risque in telling it to you, for 'tis an adventure not long to be kept a secret. Fate wou'd have it that I should fall amongst a gang of those people who are call'd gipsies, who strolc from province to province, and employ 'em-selves in telling o' fortunes, and sometimes in many other things. Arriving at this town, a young gentlemen saw me, and conceiv'd a passion for me: From that moment he was always after me, and was presently, as all other young fellows are, who think they have nothing to do but speak, and that upon the least word they say to us, the business is done. But he met with a pride and disdain that made him correct a little his former thoughts. He discover'd his passion to the people whose hands I was in, and found them dispos'd to resign me to him, on payment of a certain sum: But the mischief of the affair was, that my spark was in that condition which we very often observe the generality of sons are, that is to say, he was a little bare of mony. He has a father, who, tho' he is rich, is an arrant curmudgeon, a most sordid mortal. Stay, can't I remember his name? Heh! help me out a little. Can't you name me a person in this town who is noted for being avaricious to the utmost degree?

Geronte. No.

Zerbinetta. There is a ron in his name — ronte. Or—Oronte. No. Ge—Geronte; yes Geronte; the same; this is my hunks, I ha' found him out; 'tis this same stingy mortal I'm speaking of. To come to our

story, our people have determin'd to-day to leave this town, and my lover was going to lose me for want of mony, had he not been reliev'd by the industry of a servant he has, to get it out of his father. As to the name of the servant, I know it wondrous well. His name is Scapin; and 'tis an incomparable fellow, and merits all the praises one can bestow on him.

Geronte aside.] Oh! Rascal as thou art!

Zerbinetta. This is the stratagem therefore he made use of to catch his dupe. Ha, ha, ha, ha. I can't remember it but I must laugh from my very heart. Ha, ha, ha. He goes and finds out this covetous cur. Ha, ha, ha, and tells him, that walking upon the key with his son, ha, ha, they saw a Turkish galley which they were invited aboard of. That a young Turk had given 'em a collation there, ha, that while they were eating, the galley put to sea; and that the Turk had sent him ashore alone in the skiff, with order to tell the father of his master, that he wou'd carry his son to Algiers, if he did not immediately send him five hundred crowns. Ha, ha, ha! Behold my miser, my sordid wretch, under the most furious pangs; and the tenderness he had for his son, occasion'd a strange combat with his avarice. The five hundred crowns they demand of him, are to him five hundred stabs with a ponyard given him. Ha, ha, ha! He cou'd not resolve to tear this sum from his entrails, and the pain he suffers, makes him find a hundred ridiculous ways of getting his son again. Ha, ha, ha! He'll send a warrant after the Turkish galley when got to sea. Ha, ha, ha! He solicits his valet to go offer himself in the place of his son, till such time as he has rais'd the mony that he had no mind to give. ha, ha, ha. To make up the five hundred crowns, he abandons

five or six old suits not worth thirty. ha, ha, ha. The valet at every turn lets him see the impertinence of his propositions, and every reflexion is accompany'd in a dolorous manner with a, *But what the deuce had he to do in that galley? Oh cursed galley! Traitor of a Turk!* In short, after many windings and turnings, after having a long while sigh'd and groan'd——But methinks you don't laugh at my story. What say ye to't?

Geronte. I say the young fellow is a rascal, an insolent blockhead, who shall be punish'd by his father for the trick he has play'd him. That the gipsy is an inconsiderate, impertinent hussy, to abuse a man of honour, who will teach her to come here and debauch people's children. And that the valet is a villain, who shall be sent to th' gallows, by Geronte, before to-morrow morning.

SCENE IV.

ZERBINETTA, SILVESTER.

SILVESTER.

WHY do you go out? Are you well aware that you have just been talking to your lover's father?

Zerbinetta. I began to doubt it; I address'd myself to him, without thinking of it, to tell him his own story.

Silvester. What, his own story?

Zerbinetta. Yes, I was quite full of it, and long'd to be quit of it again. But what does it signify? So much the worse for him. I don't see that matters can either be better or worse to us.

Silvester. You had a great desire to be babbling; they

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must have a good deal of tongue who can't keep their own affairs secret.

Zerbinetta. Won'd'n't he been told it by somebody else?

SCENE V.

ARGANTE, ZERBINETTA, SILVESTER.

ARGANTE.

SOHO! Silvester.

Silvester to Zerbinetta.] Get you within doors again. Here's my master calls me.

SCENE VI.

ARGANTE, SILVESTER.

ARGANTE.

WHAT, have you agreed together, rascal, have you agreed together, Scapin, you and my son, to cheat me, and d'ye think I shall bear it?

Silvester. Troth, Sir, if Scapin cheats you, I wash my hands of it; and I do assure you, I neither meddle nor make in it.

Argante. We shall see that, rascal, we shall see that; I shan't suffer myself to be made a dupe of.

SCENE VII.

GERONTE, ARGANTE, SILVESTER.

GERONTE.

AH! Signior Argante, you see me oppress'd with misfortunes.

THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN. 135

Argante. You see me too under a horrible oppression.

Geronte. That villain of a Scapin, by a piece of roguery, has got five hundred crowns out o' me.

Argante. That same villain of a Scapin, by a piece of roguery also, has got two hundred pistoles out of me.

Geronte. He did not content himself with cheating me of the five hundred crowns; he has treated me in a manner I am asham'd to mention. But he shall pay for't.

Argante. I'll have satisfaction of him for the trick he has play'd me.

Geronte. I intend to take an exemplary vengeance of him.

Silvester aside.] Would to heav'n I had not had my share in all this!

Geronte. But still this is not all, Signior Argante; one misfortune is always the forerunner of another. I pleas'd myself to-day with the hope of having my daughter, in whom I plac'd all my consolation; and I have just now been inform'd by my man, that she set out a great while ago from Tarentum, and they believe she there perish'd in the vessel that she embark'd aboard.

Argante. But why, pray, did you keep her at Tarentum, and not give yourself the pleasure of having her with you?

Geronte. I had my reasons for that, and the interests of my family have hitherto oblig'd me to keep this second marriage a great secret. But whom do I see?

SCENE VIII.

ARGANTE, GERONTE, NERINA, SILVESTER.

GERONTE. His old name?

WHAT, are you there, nurse?

Nerina falling on her knees.] Oh! Signior Pandolph, that —

Geronte. Call me Geronte, and use that name no longer. The reasons have ceas'd which oblig'd me to take it amongst you at Tarentum.

Nerina. Alas! What troubles and uneasinesses has this change of name occasion'd us, in the pains we have taken to find you out here.

Geronte. Where's my daughter, and her mother?

Nerina. Your daughter, Sir, is not far off. But before I let you see her, I must ask your pardon for having marry'd her, in the abandon'd condition we were both in, for want of meeting with you.

Geronte. My daughter marry'd?

Nerina. Yes, Sir.

Geronte. And to whom?

Nerina. To a young gentleman named Octavio, son of one Signior Argante.

Geronte. Oh heav'n's!

Argante. What an accident!

Geronte. Shew us; shew us quickly where she is.

Nerina. You need only go into that house.

Geronte. Go, lead the way, Follow me, follow me, Signior Argante.

Silvester alone.] What a surprising adventure is this!

SCENE IX.

SCAPIN, SILVESTER.

SCAPIN.

WELL, Silvester, what are our folks a doing?

Silvester. I have two things to inform you of. One is, that the affair of Octavio is accommodated. Our Hiacintha is found to be daughter to Signior Geronte; and chance has perform'd what the prudence of the fathers had concerted. The other piece of news is, that the two old gentlemen threaten thee in a most horrible manner, and especially Geronte.

Scapin. That's nothing. Threatnings never did me any harm; they are clouds which pass very high over our heads.

Silvester. Take care o' thyself. The sons may very likely be reconcil'd to the fathers, and thou left in the lurch.

Scapin. Let me alone, I shall find way to appease their wrath, and —

Silvester. Retire, here they're a coming out.

SCENE X.

GERONTE, ARGANTE, HIACINTHA, ZERBINETTA, NERINA, SILVESTER.

GERONTE.

COME, daughter, go home with me. My joy had been complete cou'd I have seen your mother with you.

Argante. Here comes Octavio, quite a *propos*.

S C E N E XI.

ARGANTE, GERONTE, OCTAVIO, HIACINTHA, ZERBINETTA, NERINA, SILVESTER.

ARGANTE.

COME, son, come and rejoice with us at the happy adventure of your marriage. Heaven —

Octavio. No, father, all your propositions of marriage will signify nothing. I ought to take off the mask with you, and you have been told of my engagement.

Argante. Yes, but you don't know —

Octavio. I know all I need know.

Argante. I wou'd tell you that the daughter of Geronte —

Octavio. The daughter of Geronte shall never be any thing to me.

Argante. 'Tis she —

Octavio to Geronte.] No, Sir, I ask your pardon; my resolution is fix'd.

Silvester to Octavio.] Hear —

Octavio. No, hold thy tongue; I'll hear nothing.

Argante to Octavio.] Your wife —

Octavio. No, I tell you, father, I'd rather die than quit my lovely Hiacintha. Yes, all you do signifies nothing. [Crossing the stage to Hiacintha.] This is she to whom my faith is engag'd; I will love her for life, and won't have any other wife.

Argante. Lack-a-day, 'tis her we give you. What a hair-brains 'tis! Always true to his point.

Hiacintha pointing to Geronte.] Yes, Octavio, this is

my father whom I have found, and now we are out of pain.

Geronte. Let us go to my house, we shall discourse matters over better there than here.

Hiacintha pointing to Zerbinetta.] Ah! Father, I beg it as a favour of you, that I mayn't be parted from the amiable person you see here. She has merit that will make you conceive an esteem for her when you come to know it.

Geronte. Wou'd you have me keep a person in my house whom your brother is in love with; and who told me, just now to my face, a thousand foolish things of myself?

Zerbinetta. Sir, I beg you wou'd excuse me. I shou'd not have spoke in that manner, had I known it was you; and I knew you only by report.

Geronte. How, only by report?

Hiacintha. Father, the passion my brother entertains for her has nothing criminal in it; and I answer for her virtue.

Geronte. A pretty fancy indeed. Wou'd they not have me marry my son to her? A wench that no body knows, and by profession a stroller?

SCENE XII.

ARGANTE, GERONTE, LEANDER, OCTAVIO,
HIACINTHA, ZERBINETTA, NERINA, SIL-
VESTER.

LEANDER.

DON'T complain, father, that I love a person who is unknown, without birth, or portion. The people I

purchas'd her of have just discover'd to me that she was of this city, and of a worthy family; that they stole her at the age of four years; and here is a bracelet they gave me, that may help us to find her parents.

Argante. Alas! By this bracelet, it must be my daughter, that I lost at the age you speak of.

Geronte. Your daughter?

Argante. Yes, and I see all the features in her that can give me assurance of it. My dear child——

Hiacintha. Heav'n's! What extraordinary adventures!

S C E N E XIII.

ARGANTE, GERONTE, LEANDER, OCTAVIO,
HIACINTHA, ZERBINETTA, NERINA, SIL-
VESTER, CARLOS.

CARLOS.

AH! Gentlemen, a strange accident has happen'd.

Geronte. What?

Carlos. The poor Scapin——

Geronte. 'Tis a villain that I'll have hang'd.

Carlos. Alas! Sir, you need be in no pain about that. Passing by a new building, a stone-cutter's hammer fell upon his head, which has fractur'd the skull, and laid his brains bare. He's a dying, and desired to be brought hither, that he might speak with you before he dies.

Argante. Where is he?

Carlos. Here he is.

SCENE THE LAST.

ARGANTE, GERONTE, LEANDER, OCTAVIO,
HIACINTHA, ZERBINETTA, NERINA, SCAPIN,
SILVESTER, CARLOS.

SCAPIN carry'd by two men, and his head wrap'd
round with linnen, as if he had been wounded.

OH! oh! gentlemen, you see me.—Oh! You see
me in a strange condition.—Oh! I was not willing to
die without asking pardon of all persons that I may have
ever offended. Oh! Yes, gentlemen, before I give up
my last breath, I conjure you from my heart, to par-
don me whatever I have done to you; and principally
Signior Argante and Signior Geronte. Oh!

Argante. For my part, I pardon thee; go die in
peace.

Scapin. 'Tis you, Sir, whom I have most offended
by the blows of a cudgel that——

Geronte. Speak no more of it, I pardon thee too.

Scapin. 'Twas a very great rashness in me, to cud-
gel——

Geronte. Let us drop that.

Scapin. Now I am dying, it gives me inconceivable
sorrow that I shou'd cudgel——

Geronte. Lack-a-day! Hold thy tongue.

Scapin. Those unhappy blows with a cudgel that
I——

Geronte. Hold thy tongue, I say; I forget all.

Scapin. Alas! What goodness! But is it from the
heart, Sir, that you pardon me the cudgelling that——

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Geronte. Pho! Yes. Let us talk no more of it; I pardon thee, that's enough.

Scapin. Ah! Sir, how am I refresh'd by that word!

Geronte. Yes; but I pardon you on condition that you die.

Scapin. How, Sir?

Geronte. I revoke my word, if you recover.

Scapin. Oh! Oh! My weakness seizes me again.

Argante. Signior Geronte, in favour of our mirth, you must pardon him without condition.

Geronte. Be it so.

Argante. Come, let us go to supper, that we may relish our pleasure more.

Scapin. And as to me, carry me to the lower end of the table, that I may wait my fate.

THE END.

MELICERTA,

AN

HEROIC PASTORAL.

A C T O R S.

MELICERTA, a shepherdess.

DAPHNE, a shepherdess.

EROXENA, a shepherdess.

MYRTILLO, in love with Melicerta.

ACANTES, in love with Daphne.

TYRENES, in love with Eroxena.

LYCARSIS, a shepherd, thought to be Myrtillo's father.

CORINNA, confidante to Melicerta.

NICANDER, a shepherd

MORSUS, a shepherd, thought to be Melicerta's uncle.

SCENE Thessaly, in the valley of Tempe.



MELICERTA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DAPHNE, EROXENA, ACANTES, TYRENES.

ACANTES.

A H! Charming Daphne.
Tyrenes. Too amiable Eroxena!
Daphne. Acantes, leave me.

Eroxena. Don't follow me, Tyrenes.

Acantes to Daphne.] Why do ye drive me away?

Tyrenes to Eroxena.] Why do you fly from me?

Daphne to Acantes.] You please me most when you are from me.

Eroxena to Tyrenes.] I take pleasure where you are not.

Acantes. Will you never give over this deadly rigour?

Tyrenes. Will you never give over being so cruel to me?

Daphne. Will you never give over your useless addresses?

Eroxena. Will you never give over being so impertinent to me?

Acantes. Unless you pity it, I sink under my pain.

Tyrenes. Unless you succour me, my death is too certain.

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Daphne. Unless you'll be gone, I'll leave the place.

Eroxena. If you will stay, I'll bid you adieu.

Acantes. Well, I will satisfy you by going from you.

Tyrenes. My departure shall take away what displeases you.

Acantes. Generous Eroxena, vouchsafe for pity's sake to speak a word or two to her in favour of my flame.

Tyrenes. Obliging Daphne, speak to that inhuman fair, and learn from whence so great a hatred to me proceeds.

SCENE II.

DAPHNE, EROXENA.

EROXENA.

ACANTES has merit, and loves you tenderly; how comes it that you give him such severe usage?

Daphne. Tyrenes is a very valuable man, and languishes for your charms; how comes it that you behold his flowing tears without pity?

Eroxena. Since I ask'd the question before you, reason condemns you to answer before me.

Daphne. I am inflexible to all Acantes can do, because I am sensible to other desires.

Eroxena. I shew nothing but rigour to Tyrenes, because another is master of my heart.

Daphne. May I know this choice which you conceal?

Eroxena. Yes, if you'll let me into the mystery of yours.

Daphne. I can easily satisfy your request, without naming to you the person whom love has caused me to chuse; I have in my pocket an admirable picture of him,

done by Atis, that inimitable painter, which has so great a resemblance, even in the least feature, that your eyes will certainly find out who 'tis at the first view.

Eroxena. I can satisfy you by the same means, and repay your secret in a like coin. I too, by the hand of that famous painter, have an amiable picture of the object of my wishes, so full of his charms and gracefulness, that you'll immediately be able to name him.

Daphne. The box which the painter has made for me, is exactly like that of yours.

Eroxena. 'Tis true, they intirely resemble each other, and Atis certainly had 'em both made at one time.

Daphne. Let us at the same time, by means, of a few colours, entrust our eyes with the secret of our hearts.

Eroxena. Let us see which soonest will understand this language, and which work speaks plainest.

Daphne. This is a comical mistake, and you blunder finely; instead of your picture, you have restor'd me my own.

Eroxena. 'Tis true; I don't know how I came to do it.

Daphne. Give it me. Your thoughtfulness was the cause on't.

Eroxena. What's the meaning of this? We make a jest of each other, I think. You make the same blunder with these pictures as I did.

Daphne. 'Tis enough to make one laugh, give it me again.

Eroxena [putting the two pictures by each other.] This is the true way not to be mistaken.

Daphne. Is this an illusion of my prepossess'd senses?

Eroxena. Does my soul make an impression upon my eyes?

Daphne. Myrtillo is offer'd to my view in this work.

Eroxena. I find Myrtillo's image in these lines.

Daphne. 'Tis young Myrtillo that kindles my flame.

Eroxena. 'Tis to young Myrtillo that all my wishes tend.

Daphne. I came now to you to desire you to tell him the cares his merit inspires me with.

Eroxena. I came to get you to serve my ardor in the design I have of securing his heart to myself.

Daphne. Is this ardor which inspires you, so powerful?

Eroxena. Do you love with so violent a love?

Daphne. There is no coldness but what he is able to enflame; and his growing beauties have wherewithal to charm every one.

Eroxena. There is no nymph but what might esteem herself happy in loving him, and Diana might be enamour'd with him without shame.

Daphne. Nothing but his charming air now touches me; and if I had a hundred hearts they shou'd all be his.

Eroxena. He effaces all things else that I can see; and if I had a scepter, he shou'd be master of it.

Daphne. Then 'twou'd be in vain for any body to endeavour to wrest this love from our breasts. Our souls are too well confirm'd in their wishes; let us truly endeavour, if possible, to remain friends; and since at the same time, for the same cause, we both form'd the same project, let us use freedom in this debate, take no base advantage of each other, and let us run and open ourselves

together to Lycarſis, concerning the tender ſentiments his ſon inſpires us with.

Eroxena. I can't conceive, ſo great is the ſurprize, how ſuch a ſon ſhou'd come from ſuch a father. His ſhape, his mien, his ſpeech and his eyes, wou'd make one think that he was iſſued from the blood of the gods. But I conſent, let us run to find his father, diſcover to him the ſecret of our hearts, and agree that Myrtillo afterwards decide between us this combat of our wiſhes by his choice.

Daphne. Be it ſo; I ſee Lycarſis with Mopſus and Nicander; they may leave him; let's hide ourſelves till they do.

SCENE III.

LYCARSIS, MOPSUS, NICANDER.

NICANDER to Lycarſis.

TELL us your news.

Lycarſis. Alas! you preſs me! that's not ſo eaſily told as you imagine.

Mopſus. What ſilly ſcruples and trifling are here! Menalcas don't make more to ſing.

Lycarſis. Amongſt us ſtateſmen, 'tis of great moment to tell a ſecret: I'll put myſelf upon the foot of an important man a little, to enjoy your impatience awhile.

Nicander. Will you vex us both thus with your delays?

Mopſus. Do you take delight in being impertinent?

Nicander. Pr'ythee ſpeak, and lay aſide this ſhuſſing.

Lycarſis. Then do you both deſire me in a handſom

manner, and tell me each of you what present you'll make me, to obtain of me what you desire.

Mopsus. Plague take the booby; let him alone, Nicander, he is much more desirous to tell it than we are to hear it. His news is burthensom to him, he wants to discharge himself of it, and 'twill plague him if we don't give him the hearing.

Lycarsis. Ah ha?

Nicander. You are rightly punish'd for the manner you do things in.

Lycarsis. Well, I'll tell it you; hear me.

Mopsus. No.

Lycarsis. What! You won't hear me?

Nicander. No.

Lycarsis. Well then, I won't tell you a word on't, and you shall know nothing.

Mopsus. With all my heart.

Lycarsis. You shan't know that the king is coming magnificently to honour Tempe with his presence; that he enter'd Larissa yesterday noon; that I saw him there, with all his court; that these woods will to day enjoy the sight of him, and that there's mighty surmises about his coming.

Nicander. Nor we don't care whether we know any thing or no.

Lycarsis. There I saw an hundred things which were ravishing to behold. There's nothing but lords, who from head to foot are as glittering and fine as if 'twere a holiday; they surprize the sight, and our meadows in Spring, with all their flowers, are much less gawdy. As for the prince, he is easily known from all, and looks like a great monarch a furlong off; he has, in all his person, I don't know what myself, which presently gives one

to understand that 'tis a master king; he plays it with an unparallel'd grace; and indeed it sits mighty well upon him. One wou'd not think how all his court watch on every side to get his eyes; 'tis nothing but comical confusion all about him; and one wou'd think it a multitude of shining flies which every where follow a honeycomb. In short, nothing finer is under heav'n; and the feast of Pan, which we admire so, is a piece of beggary to this sight; but since you are so haughty, I'll keep my news to myself and tell you none on't.

Mopsus. And we'll not hear thee at all.

Lycarhis. You may troop.

Mopsus. Go hang yourself.

SCENE IV.

EROXENA, DAPHNE, LYCARHIS.

LYCARHIS thinking himself alone.

THUS people are punish'd, when they are foolish and impertinent.

Daphne. May heav'n, shepherd, always keep your sheep sound.

Eroxena. May Ceres always keep your barns full of corn.

Lycarhis. May great Pan give each of you an husband, who may love you much, and be worthy of you.

Daphne. Ah! Lycarhis, our wishes aim at the same mark.

Eroxena. 'Tis for the same object that both our hearts sigh.

Daphne. And Cupid, that boy who causes our lan-

guishing, has borrow'd from you the dart with which he wounds our hearts.

Eroxena. We come hither to seek your alliance, and to see which of us two will be prefer'd.

Lycarhis. Nymphs—

Daphne. For that good fortune only we sigh.

Lycarhis. I am—

Eroxena. To that happiness do all our desires tend.

Daphne. 'Tis explaining our thoughts a little too freely.

Lycarhis. Why so?

Eroxena. Decency seems to be a little offended in it.

Lycarhis. Oh! Not at all.

Daphne. But when the heart burns with a noble fire, one may certainly, without shame, make a free confession on't.

Lycarhis. I—

Eroxena. This liberty may be allow'd us, and the beauty of our choice authorises it.

Lycarhis. You offend my modesty by flattering me thus.

Eroxena. No, no, don't affect modesty here.

Daphne. In short, all our happiness is in your power.

Eroxena. 'Tis on you that our only hope depends.

Daphne. Shall we find any scruples in you?

Lycarhis. Oh!

Eroxena. Tell me, shall our wishes be rejected?

Lycarhis. No, heav'n has bestow'd on me no very cruel heart; I am like my late wife for soft-heartedness, and I feel, like her, a great deal of humanity for the desires of another, and am not one of a cruel disposition.

Daphne. Grant Myrtillo then to our amorous zeal.

Eroxena. And let his choice decide our quarrel.

Lycarhis. Myrtillo?

Daphne. Yes, 'tis Myrtillo we wou'd have of you.

Eroxena. Who did you think we meant?

Lycarhis. I don't know; but Myrtillo is not old enough for the yoke of marriage.

Daphne. His growing merit may strike others eyes, and we have a mind to engage so precious a jewel to our selves, prevent other hearts, and defy fortune under the firm ties of a mutual chain.

Eroxena. As by his wit and his other perfections he breaks common order, and out-strips time, so our flame for him will do the same, and regulate all its desires according to his great merit.

Lycarhis. 'Tis true, he's sometimes a little surprising for his age; and that Athenian, who was at my house twenty months, and who finding him notable took it into his head to fill his brain with his philosophy, has made him so profound in certain things, that as big as I am, he often puzzles me. But yet, he is still in his infancy, and what he does is mix'd with a great deal of innocency.

Daphne. As much an infant as he is, I believe, by what he daily does, he is already a little touch'd with love, and I have seen more than one accident which shew'd me that he follows the young Melicerta.

Eroxena. They may well love, and I see—

Lycarhis. A down-right mistake; she's two years older than him, and two years in her sex is a great deal; but as for him, nothing but sport takes him up, I think, and he loves nothing but to be dress'd like the shepherds of quality.

Daphne. In short, we desire to bind his fortune to ours by the marriage-knot.

Eroxena. We wou'd both with equal ardor assure our selves of the empire of his heart.

Lycarlis. I esteem myself incredibly honour'd by it. I am a poor shepherd, and 'tis too great a glory for me that two of the greatest nymphs in the country shou'd dispute for my son's being a husband to one of them. Since you are pleased to have the thing executed in this manner, I consent that his choice end your dispute; and she whom this decree sets aside may, if she will, marry me. 'Tis still the same blood, and almost the same thing. But here he comes; let me dispose him a little. He has got some sparrow which he has newly taken; that's all his delight and engagement.

SCENE V.

EROXENA, DAPHNE and LYCARLIS, at the farther part of the stage, MYRTILLO.

MYRTILLO thinking himself alone, and holding a sparrow in a cage.

THOU harmless little thing which, in thy prison, Dost flutter thus, and beat thyself before me, Wail not thy loss of liberty, thy fate Is glorious; thou art caught for Melicerta. She'll take thee in her lily hands, and kiss thee; Nay, condescend to put thee in her bosom. Is there in all the world a sweeter lot? What king alas! thou happy little bird, But would be willing to supply thy place?

Lycarlis. Myrtillo, Myrtillo, a word with you. Leave such trifles; there's something else in the case now besides sparrows. These two nymphs, Myrtillo, both lay

claim to you at once; and demand you, young as you are, for an husband. I must engage you to 'em by marriage, and they'll have you choose which of 'em you'll have.

Myrtillo. These nymphs?

Lycarlis. Yes, you may choose one of the two. See how happy you are, and bless your fortune.

Myrtillo. Can this offer'd choice be an happiness to me, if 'tis not in the least desired by me?

Lycarlis. Receive it at least, and answer properly, without confusion, to the honour they do you.

Eroxena. Notwithstanding the natural haughtiness which reigns amongst us, behold two nymphs, O Myrtillo, offer themselves to you, and the wonderful dawning of your qualities makes us thus pervert the order of things.

Daphne. We leave you to the best advice, Myrtillo, consult your own heart in this choice; and we won't prejudice your election by a recital of our own qualifications.

Myrtillo. You do me an honour, the lustre of which surprises me; but this is too great an honour for me. I must oppose your goodness; I am too mean to deserve this fortune; and I should be sorry, whatever charms it may have, to have you blamed for making too low a choice on my account.

Eroxena. Content our desires, let what will be thought on't, and don't you concern yourself for our glory.

Daphne. No, don't think so humbly of yourself, but leave us to judge of what you deserve.

Myrtillo. The choice which is offer'd to me opposes your expectation, and is what alone may hinder my heart from contenting you. How can one choose between two

great beauties equal in birth, and rare perfections? To reject either would be a hideous crime; and to choose neither is much more reasonable.

Eroxena. But by refusing to answer our wishes, Myrtillo, instead of one you affront both.

Daphne. Since we agree to stand by your sentence, these reasons won't do for your refusing it.

Myrtillo. Well, if these reasons won't satisfy you, this shall; I love another, and I plainly feel that a heart which a beautiful object engages, is insensible and deaf to all other advantages.

Lycarxis. What! how now! who could have imagined it? And do you know what 'tis to love, boy?

Myrtillo. My heart has done it, whether it knows what 'tis or no.

Lycarxis. But this loves displeases me, and 'tis not necessary.

Myrtillo. Since that displeases you, you ought not to have given me so sensible and tender an heart as mine is.

Lycarxis. But the heart I have given you owes me obedience.

Myrtillo. Yes, when 'tis in its power to obey.

Lycarxis. But it ought not to love without my leave.

Myrtillo. Why don't you hinder its being charm'd then?

Lycarxis. Well, I forbid you to let this continue.

Myrtillo. I'm afraid your prohibition comes too late.

Lycarxis. What! have not fathers superior rights?

Myrtillo. The gods, who are much greater, don't force people's inclinations.

Lycarxis. The gods! — Peace, fool. This philosophy —

Daphne. Pray don't be angry.

Lycarhis. No, I will have him give himself to one of you, or I'll whip him before your faces. I'll make you know that I am your father.

Daphne. Pray let us do things here without anger.

Eroxena. May we know of you this charming object, whose beauty, Myrtillo, has made you her lover?

Myrtillo. Melicerta, madam. And she may make several others so.

Eroxena. Do you compare her qualities to ours, Myrtillo?

Daphne. The choice between her and us is very unequal.

Myrtillo. Nymphs, in the name of heav'n, don't say any ill of her: pray, consider that I love her, and don't put me into an extreme disorder. If by loving her I wrong your heav'nly charms, she has no share in the fault I commit: 'Tis from me that all the offence proceeds. 'Tis true, I know the difference between you and her; but we are bound by our destiny; and I find that heav'n has given me all imaginable respect for you, nymphs, for her all the love a soul is capable of. I see, by the blush that rises in your faces, that what I say don't please you. If you speak, my heart is afraid of hearing what may wound it in its most tender part: and to save myself from such a blow, nymphs, I had rather take my leave of you.

Lycarhis. Myrtillo, soho, Myrtillo, will you come back, traitor. He is fled; but we shall see which of us two is the master. Don't you be concern'd at all these vain transports, you shall have him for a husband, I'll engage for it my life for yours.

ACT II. SCENE I.

MELICERTA, CORINNA.

MELICERTA.

AH! Corinna, did you hear it from Stella, and was it from Lycarhis that she had the news?

Corinna. Yes.

Melicerta. That the qualities wherewith Myrtillo is adorn'd, have touch'd Eroxena and Daphne with love?

Corinna. Yes.

Melicerta. That their ardor to obtain him is so great, that they have already jointly demanded him? and that in this debate they have resolv'd to go this very hour to receive his hand? O how unwilling you are to speak, and how little does my misfortune touch you!

Corinna. But what? What would you have? this is the truth, and you repeat it all just as I told you.

Melicerta. But how did Lycarhis receive this affair?

Corinna. I believe, as an honour that ought to please him mightily.

Melicerta. And don't you see, you who know my ardor, that you pierce my heart with that word?

Corinna. How so?

Melicerta. By letting me see that implacable destiny makes me inconsiderable, compared to them, and that by means of their rank, they'll be preferr'd to me: Is not this thought enough to make me mad?

Corinna. I only answer you, and tell you what I think.

Melicerta. You kill me by your indifference. But tell me, what sentiments did Myrtillo shew?

Corinna. I know not.

Melicerta. And that's what ought most to be known, cruel wretch!

Corinna. Indeed, I don't know what to do; I find, on all sides, something to displease you.

Melicerta. That is because you don't enter into all the movements of a heart full of tender sentiments. Get you gone, leave me alone in this solitude to pass away some few moments of my uneasiness.

SCENE II.

MELICERTA alone.

YOU now see, my heart, what it is to love, and Belisa too well knew how to inform me of it. That dear mother, before her death, said to me once on the banks of the Peneus; daughter, take heed; love always shews itself to young hearts, surrounded with pleasures. At first it offers nothing but agreeable things to the eyes, but it brings with it frightful troubles; and if you have a mind to spend your days in peace, always defend your self from its darts as from a disease. I remember'd these lessons, my heart, and when Myrtillo offer'd himself to my sight, when he play'd with me, and render'd me his services, I always bid you be less pleas'd with it; you would not take my advice, and your complaisance was soon changed into too much good-will. In this growing love which flatter'd your desires, you imagin'd nothing but joy and pleasures: yet you behold the cruel misfortune with which destiny now threatens you, and the mortal trouble you are reduc'd to: O my heart! O my heart! I rightly told you so: But, if we can, let us conceal our grief. Here——

SCENE III.

MYRTILLO, MELICERTA.

I JUST now, charming Melicerta, took a little prisoner, which I keep for you, and which perhaps may in time make me jealous. 'Tis a young sparrow, which, in order to your acceptance, I myself will take care to tame. The present is not great; but the gods look only on the will. 'Tis the heart which ought to be consider'd, and never the richness of the presents, which— But, heav'ns! Whence proceeds this sadness? What ails you, Melicerta? What dark chagrin has overspread your beautiful eyes? You do not answer me; and this sad silence redoubles my pain and impatience. Speak. What is't disturbs you? What's the matter?

Melicerta. 'Tis nothing.

Myrtillo. Nothing, say you? And yet I see your eyes drown'd with tears. Does this agree, charming beauty? O do not conceal a secret which kills me; but tell me, alas! what these tears mean.

Melicerta. 'Twill do me no good to let you know it.

Myrtillo. Ought you to have any thing but what I may know? And don't you now offend our love, by endeavouring to deprive me of my share in your disturbance? O! do not hide it from the ardor that inspires me.

Melicerta. Well, Myrtillo, well, I must tell it you: I heard that Eroxena and Daphne strive, by a glorious choice for you, which of 'em shall have you for a husband: And I confess I had the weakness, Myrtillo, not

to hear it without sorrow, without accusing fate of the rigorous law which makes them preferable, in their wishes, to me.

Myrtillo. And can you have this unjust sorrow? can you suspect my love of infidelity, and think that, being engag'd by such sweet charms as yours, I can ever be another's? That I can take any other hand? What have I done, cruel Melicerta, that you should use my tenderness with so much rigour, and make such an ill judgment of my heart? What! Can you have any distrust of it? I'm very unhappy in suffering this stroke. Alas! What good does it do me to love you as I do, if you are so ready to disbelieve it?

Melicerta. I might fear these rivals less, Myrtillo, if things were on a level on both sides; and if I were in an equal rank, I might hope that love would give me the preference. But the inequality of wealth and birth which might make the difference between them and me

Myrtillo. O, their rank won't conquer my heart; and your divine charms serve you in room of all things. I love you; that's enough; in your person I behold rank, wealth, treasures, kingdoms, scepters, crowns; and were I offer'd the power of the greatest kings, I would not change the happiness of having you, for it. This is a pure sincere truth, and to doubt of it is to do me an injury.

Melicerta. Well, Myrtillo, since you will have it so, I believe that your desires are not shaken by their high condition; and that tho' they be noble, rich and fair, your heart loves me enough to love me better than them. But 'tis not the voice of love that you follow, your father, Myrtillo, will regulate your choice; and I am

not dear to him, as I am to you, that he should prefer a simple shepherdeſs to every body elſe.

Myrtillo. No, dear Melicerta, neither father nor gods can force me to quit your charming eyes, and always queen of my deſires as you are —

Melicerta. O, Myrtillo, take care what you do; don't preſent an hope to my heart, which it might perhaps receive with too much pleaſure, and which going out afterwards like a ſaſh of lightning, might render my diſgrace the more cruel.

Myrtillo. What! muſt I have recourſe to oaths when I promiſe you eternal conſtancy? How you wrong your ſelf by ſuch alarms, and how little do you know the power of your beauty! Well, ſince it muſt be ſo, I ſwear by the gods; and, if this is not enough, I ſwear by your eyes, that I'll rather die than leave you; here, receive the pledge I gave you of it, and let my mouth with joy ſign the oath on this fair hand.

Melicerta. Ah! Myrtillo, riſe, for fear you're ſeen.

Myrtillo. Is any thing—but, O heav'ns! my joy's diſturb'd:

SCENE IV.

LYCARSIS, MYRTILLO, MELICERTA.

LYCARSIS.

DON'T conſtrain yourſelves for me.

Melicerta *aſide*.] Cruel fate!

Lycariſis. There's no harm in this; go on both of you. Bleſs me, ſon, what a tender air you have, and how maſter-like you go about it already! Did that learned Athenian who was baniſh'd, teach you theſe things

among his philosophy? And you, mistress, who so mildly give him your hand to kiss, you gentle shepherdess, does honour teach you these pretty favours, by which you thus seduce young hearts?

Myrtillo. Ah! leave such abusive language; and do not break my heart with a discourse that offends her.

Lycarsis. I will speak to her: All these courtings—

Myrtillo. I won't bear to have you use her ill. My birth engages me to have respect for you; but upon my self I can punish you for this affront: Yes, I call heaven to witness, that if contrary to my desires you again say the least disturbing word, with this sword, which shall do me justice, I'll search a punishment for you in the midst of my breast; and immediately shew her by my streaming blood how highly I disapprove your rage.

Melicerta. No, no, do not believe that I inflame him with art, or that my design is to seduce his soul: If he loves to see me, and wishes me well, 'tis of his own free choice; I don't force him to't. Not that my heart would here refuse to answer his vows with a tender ardor, I love him, I own it, as much as any one can love: But this love has nothing in it that ought to alarm you. And, to deprive you of all unjust thoughts, I here promise you to avoid his presence, to give place to the choice you pitch upon, and not to suffer his addresses till you please to give your consent.

SCENE V.

LYCARSIS, MYRTILLO.

MYRTILLO.

WELL, now she's gone, you triumph, you have in those words what you desired: But know that you re-

joice in vain, that you shall be deceiv'd in your expectations, and that, do what you will, all your power shall gain nothing upon my perseverance.

Lycarhis. How! What impudence is this, Sirrah? Is't thus you ought to talk to me?

Myrtillo. 'Tis true, I'm in the wrong, my transport is unwise; I'll change my language, and return to my duty; and here I beg you, father, in the name of the gods, and by all that's precious to you, do not in this conjuncture use the power that nature gives you over me; do not impoison your greatest favours. Life is a present I had from you; but wherein shou'd I be obliged to you, if you make it, alas, insupportable to me? Without Melicerta, it is a continual torment: Nothing is precious to me without her divine charms, they are all my happiness and all my desire; if you deprive me of them, you deprive me of life.

[Lycarhis aside.] He makes me share in the grief of his soul. Who wou'd ever have believ'd it of the little rogue? What love! What raptures! What talk, for one of his age! I am confounded with it, and find myself engag'd in behalf of his love.

Myrtillo. See, will you order me to die? You need only speak, I am ready to obey.

[Lycarhis aside.] I can't hold any longer, he forces tears from me, and these tender words make me yield.

Myrtillo. But if a small remain of friendship can infuse into your heart any pity of my destiny, grant Melicerta to my ardent desire, and you'll do more than in giving me life.

Lycarhis. Get up.

Myrtillo. Will you take compassion on my sighs?

Lycarhis. Yes.

Myrtillo. Shall I obtain the object of my desires of you?

Lycarhis. Yes.

Myrtillo. You'll get her tuncle to give me her hand?

Lycarhis. Yes. Get up, I say.

Myrtillo. O, best of fathers! Let me kiss your hand after so much goodness.

Lycarhis. Ah! How much weakness a father has for his children! Can one refuse any thing to their tender language? And does one not feel certain sweet movements when one thinks that it comes from ourselves?

Myrtillo. Will you keep the promise you have given me? Tell me, won't you change your mind?

Lycarhis. No.

Myrtillo. Will you give me leave to disobey you, if you go back from your promise? Speak.

Lycarhis. Yes. Ah! nature, nature! Well, I'll go to Mopsus, and let him know the love you and his niece have for each other.

Myrtillo. What do I not owe you for this uncommon goodness! [alone.] What happy news to tell Melicerta! I wou'd not change the pleasure of telling her this wonderful success for an offer'd crown.

SCENE VI.

ACANTES, TYRENES, MYRTILLO.

ACANTES.

AH! Myrtillo, you have receiv'd from heav'n charms which have prepar'd subject of tears for us; and their

dawn, fatal to our ardour, deprives us of the hearts of the persons we love.

Tyrenes. May we know, Myrtillo, to which of these two fair ones you'll turn this choice which is talk'd of so much? and upon which of us that horrid stroke, which overthrows all the hopes of our desires, will fall?

Acantes. Do not make two lovers languish any longer; and tell us what destiny your heart allots us.

Tyrenes. When one is in fear of such great misfortunes, 'tis better to die by 'em at one blow, than to languish so long.

Myrtillo. Let your passion, noble shepherds, be calm; the fair Melicerta has captivated my soul: My destiny is sweet enough with that object not to consent to take any thing from you; and if your wishes have none but mine to fear, you'll neither of you have any room to complain.

Acantes. Ah! Myrtillo, may two sorrowful lovers—

Tyrenes. Is it true that heav'n, sensible to our torments

Myrtillo. Yes, contented with my chains as with a victory, I relinquish that choice, tho' 'tis full of glory: I have again changed my father's mind, and have made him consent to my happiness.

Acantes to Tyrenes.] O charming miraculous adventure! What a great obstacle to our pursuit it removes!

Tyrenes to Acantes.] It may restore these nymphs to our vows, and make us both happy.

SCENE VII.

NICANDER, MYRTILLO, ACANTES, TYRENES.

NICANDER.

DO you know in what place Melicerta is hidden?

Myrtillo. How!

Nicander. She is carefully search'd for all about.

Myrtillo. For what?

Nicander. We are going to lose that beauty. 'Tis for her that the king came hither; 'tis said he is going to marry her to a great lord.

Myrtillo. O heav'ns! pray explain this to me.

Nicander. They are incidents great and mysterious. Yes, the king comes hither to seek Melicerta; and 'tis said that heretofore Belisa her mother, whose brother all Tempe thought Mopsus to be——But I am order'd to look for her ev'ry where, you shall know it all from one end to t'other by and by.

Myrtillo. Ye gods! What rigour! Nicander, Nicander.

Acantes. Let us follow him, that we may learn all.

THE END.

MEETINGS

SCENE VII

MICHAEL MINTHALO, AGENT, TRENKLE

MICHAEL MINTHALO, AGENT, TRENKLE

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THE END

THE
A C T O R S
COUNTES
OF
ESCARBAGNAS,
A
COMEDY.

VOL. V.

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A C T O R S.

The COUNTESS of ESCARBAGNAS.

The COUNT, son to the countess of Escarbagnas.

The VICOUNT in love with Julia.

JULIA in love with the Vicount.

Mr. TIBAUDIER, a counsellor, one of the countess's lovers.

Mr. HARPIN, a receiver of the taxes, another of the countess's lovers,

Mr. BOBINET, the count's tutor.

ANDRÆA, the countess's woman.

JEANNOT, Mr. Tibaudier's valet.

CRICQUET, the countess's valet.



SCENE, ANGOULEME.

THE
COUNTESS
OF
ESCARBAGNAS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

JULIA, VICOUNT.

VICOUNT.

HOW! Here already, madam?
Julia. Yes, Cleanthes, and you ought to blush for shame at it; A lover, and come last to the rendezvous! 'Tis not very galant.

Vicount. I shou'd have been here an hour ago, had there been no troublesome fellows in the world; I was stop'd in the way by an old politician of quality, who ask'd me what news from court, only to have an opportunity to tell me the most extravagant that cou'd be related; and you know that the plague of these little towns is great newsmongers, who make it their business to spread abroad the tales they have pick'd up. This man shew'd me two sheets of paper, crouded even in the

very margin with trifles, which came, as he said, from the surest quarter. Afterwards, as a very curious thing, he gave me a tiresome reading of all the silly jokes of the Dutch Gazette, whose interest he espouses. He maintain'd that France is entirely conquer'd by that writer's pen, and that such a wit as he is sufficient to defeat all our troops, and from thence he went on, hand-over-head, into the policy of the ministry, all the faults of which he observed, and with which I thought he'd never have done. To hear him talk you'd think he knew the secrets of the cabinet better than those that belong to it. He is let into all the designs of the state, nor does it make a step, but he penetrates the intentions of it. He tells us the hidden meanings of all it does, discovers to us the views of our neighbours prudence, and over-turns at pleasure all the affairs of Europe. His intelligence extends even to Africa and Asia, and he is inform'd of all that passes in the privy council of Prester John, and the great Mogul.

Julia. You dress up your excuse the best you are able, to make it agreeable, and the more easily receiv'd.

Vicount. This, fair Julia, is the true cause of my delay; and if I wou'd give it a galant excuse, I need only tell you that the rendezvous you desire may authorize the indifference you reprimand me for, that your engaging me to make love to the mistress of this house, is putting me in a condition to be afraid of being here the first, that the feint I force myself to being only to please you, I have room to be against suffering that constraint but before the eyes that 'tis to divert, that I would avoid the familiarity with this ridiculous countess, with whom you trouble me, and in a word, that since I come

here only for your sake; I have all the reason in the world to stay away till you were here.

Julia. We know that you never want wit to give a good colour to your faults. However, if you had come half an hour sooner, we might have made use of that time; for when I came I found the countess abroad, and I doubt not but she is gone thro' the town, to do her self the honour of the play you gave me under her name.

Vicount. But sincerely, madam, when will you put an end to this constraint, and suffer me to purchase the happiness of seeing you at a lower price?

Julia. When our parents can agree, which I dare not hope for. You know as well as I that the discord of our two families does not suffer us to see one another any where else; and that my brothers, any more than your father, are not reasonable enough to agree to our coming together.

Vicount. But why may we not better enjoy the rendezvous their enmity leaves us; but I must be obliged to lose, under a ridiculous fiction, the moments I have with you?

Julia. The better to hide our love; and to tell you the truth, the fiction you speak of is to me a very agreeable comedy, and I know not whether that which you are to give us to day will divert me more. Our countess of Escarbagnas, with her perpetual infatuation of quality, is as good a character as can be brought on the stage. The trip she has made to Paris, has brought her back to Angoulême, more finished than she was before. The court-air has given a new agreeableness to her extravagance, and her folly encreases and grows more embellish'd every day.

Vicount. Yes; but you do not consider that what di-

verts you is to me a punishment; and that a man is not capable to feign long, when he has so serious a passion as that I feel for you. Is it a cruel thing, fair Julia, that this amusement shou'd bereave my love of a time it wou'd make use of to express its ardor to you; and last night I made some verses upon it, which I cannot help reciting to you, without your asking me, so inseparable from the quality of a poet is the itch of reciting his works.

Iris, you torture me too long;

Iris, as you observe, is put there for Julia.

Iris, you torture me too long,

Your laws I keep, but still I blame;

Forc'd a feign'd passion to prolong,

And hide a real flame.

Your eyes, to which I render up my arms,

Must they make pastime of my sighs and woe?

Is n't not enough I suffer for your charms,

But must I suffer for your pleasure too?

This double martyrdom's too much to bear,

And what I am to speak and what forbear

Cause in my tortur'd heart a-like despair.

Whilst love inflames, constraint distracts my breast,

And if with pity you are not possess'd,

I die betwixt reality and jest.

Julia. I perceive you make yourself worse treated than you really are; but to lie out of pleasantry is a licence poets will take, and to give their mistresses more cruelty than they have, to accommodate themselves to the fancies

that may come into their heads. However I shou'd be very glad if you wou'd give me these verses in writing.

Vicount. 'Tis sufficient that I have repeated them to you, and I ought to stop there; a man may sometimes be suffer'd to play the fool and make verses, but not to make them public.

Julia. 'Tis in vain for you to entrench yourself within a false modesty, 'tis known that you have wit, and I know no reason why you shou'd hide it.

Vicount. Madam, let us trade there with as much caution as possible; 'tis a dangerous thing to set up for a wit. There is in it a certain ridiculousness which 'tis easy to fall into, and some of our friends make me dread their example.

Julia. Lack-a-day 'tis in vain to talk, Cleanthes; for all this I see you wou'd fain give them me, and I should fret you if I pretended not to care whether you did or no.

Vicount. I, madam? You jest, I am not so much a poet as you think to—but yonder comes your lady the countess of Escarbagnas. I'll go out at t'other door that I mayn't meet her, and dispose my people for the diversion I've promis'd you.

SCENE II.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA and
CRIQUET at the farther part of the stage.

COUNTESS.

AH, lard! Madam, are you all alone! what a pity it is; all alone! I thought my people told me the vicount was here.

H 4

Julia. 'Tis true he just came hither, but his knowing you abroad was sufficient to make him be gone.

Countess. What! did he see you?

Julia. Yes.

Countess. And did he say nothing to you?

Julia. No, madam, and thereby aim'd to shew that he is intirely devoted to your charms.

Countess. Truly I shall be angry with him for it; whatever passion people have for me, I'd have those who love me render what is due to our sex, and I am not of the humour of those unjust women, who boast of their lovers incivilities to other beauties.

Julia. You ought not to be surpris'd at his proceeding, madam. The love you inspire him with, appears in all his actions, and hinders him for having eyes for any but you.

Countess. Nay, I do believe myself powerful enough to give a pretty strong passion, and find I have beauty, youth, and quality enough for that, thank heav'n. But yet notwithstanding what I inspire, I think they may preserve some civility and complaisance for others. [seeing Criquet.] What are you doing there, Lacquy? is there no anti-chamber for you to be in till you are call'd? 'tis strange that in the country one cannot have a lacquy that knows his place. Who is't I speak to? will you wait without, Sirrah?

S C E N E III.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA.

COUNTESS to Andræa.

GIRL, come hither.

Andraea. Your pleasure, madam?

Countess. Pull off my hood. Softly, clumsy-fist; how you tumble my head with your country-hands!

Andraea. I do it as softly as I can, madam.

Countess. Yes; but as softly as you can is very rough for my head, and you have almost put my neck out of joint. Here take this tippet, and carry it to my wardrobe; don't drag it along the ground now. Hey! Where is she going? where is she going? what is she doing? this idiot!

Andraea. I am carrying it, madam, as you bid me, to the wardrobe.

Countess. O heav'ns! the ninny! [to Julia.] I beg your pardon, madam. [to Andraea.] I told you my wardrobe, brute, the place where my clothes are.

Andraea. Why, madam, is a press call'd a wardrobe at court?

Countess. Yes, dunce, so the place is call'd where clothes are put.

Andraea. I'll remember it, madam, as well as the garret, which must be call'd the store-room.

SCENE IV.

COUNTESS, JULIA.

COUNTESS.

WHAT pains one must take to instruct these animals!

Julia. I think them very happy, madam, in being under your discipline.

Countess. 'Tis my nurse's daughter, whom I have made my woman; she is raw yet.

H 5

Julia. It shews a great soul, madam, and 'tis glorious to form creatures thus.

Countess. Come, seats there; lacquy, lacquy, lacquy. How hard it is that one can't have a lacquy to reach chairs. Girls, lacquies, lacquies, girls, some body there. I believe all my people are dead, and that we shall be obliged to reach chairs ourselves.

SCENE V.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA.

ANDRÆA.

WHAT would you please to have, madam?

Countess. One must make one's throat sore with calling t'ye.

Andraea. I was locking up your tippet and hoods in your clof—your wardrobe, I mean.

Countess. Call me the little rascal of a lacquy.

Andraea. Soho; Criquet.

Countess. Call lacquy, huffey, and leave your Criquet.

Andraea. Lacquy then, and not Criquet, come to my mistress. I believe he's deaf, Criq.—Lacquy, lacquy.

SCENE VI.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA, CRIQUET.

CRIQUET.

HERE an't please ye.

Countess. Where was you, you little knave?

Criquet. In the street, madam.

Countess. And why in the street?

Criquet. Why, you bid me go.

Countess. You are an impertinent thing, friend, and you shou'd know that without, in quality terms, means the anti-chamber. Andraea, see that you bid my gentleman-usher take care by and by to beat the knave; 'tis an incorrigible wretch.

Andraea. What do you mean by your gentleman-usher, madam? Is it Mr. Charles that you call so.

Countess. Hold your tongue, idiot, as you are; you cannot open your mouth but you utter some impertinence [to Criquet] seats there; [to Andraea.] and you, light up two tapers in my silver candlestick; it grows late. Why do you look at me so as if you were scared?

Andraea. Madam. —

Countess. Well, madam! What now.

Andraea. Why?

Countess. What?

Andraea. Why, I've no tapers.

Countess. How, have you not?

Andraea. No, madam, unless they be tallow tapers.

Countess. Ignorant wretch! where are the wax ones I bought a few days ago?

Andraea. I have seen none since I've been here.

Countess. Be gone, insolence, I'll send you home again. Bring me a glass of water.

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS and JULIA making compliments
about sitting down.

COUNTESS.

MADAM.

Julia. Madam.

Countess. Ah! Madam!

Julia. Ah! Madam!

Countess. Lard! Madam!

Julia. Lard! Madam!

Countess. Oh! Madam!

Julia. Oh! Madam!

Countess. Good now! Madam!

Julia. Good now! Madam!

Countess. Pray! come, madam.

Julia. Pray! come, madam.

Countess. I am at home, madam. We agree as to that. Do you take me for a country woman, madam?

Julia. Heav'n's forbid, madam!

SCENE VIII.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA bringing
a glass of water, CRIQUET.

COUNTESS to Andraea.

GO, huffey; I'm us'd to drink with a falver, I bid you go and fetch me a falver to drink from.

Andraea. Criquet, what can a falver be?

Criquet. Salver!

Andraea. Yes.

Criquet. I don't know.

Countess to Andraea.] What are you muttering there?

Andraea. Why madam, we can't imagine what this falver is.

Countess. Then 'tis a thing to set a glass upon.

SCENE IX.

COUNTESS, JULIA.

COUNTESS.

WELL Paris for being well served ; there they understand you at the least wink.

SCENE X.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA, with a
salver put on the top of the glass of water, CRIQUET.

COUNTESS.

DID I bid you put it so, blunderhead? You must put it beneath.

Andraea. Oh ; that's soon done. [Andraea breaks the glass in putting it on the salver.]

Countess. D'ye see? The blunderer! I'll promise you, you shall pay for't.

Andraea. Well, madam ; if I must I will.

Countess. Be gone, you lubber-head, you blunder-bus ; you, you.

Andrea. Mistress! Madam, if I pay I won't be scolded at.

Countess. Out of my sight.

SCENE XI.

COUNTESS, JULIA.

COUNTESS.

TRULY, madam, these small towns are strange

things: They don't know who they have to deal with, and I've just made three or four visits, where I thought they'd make me mad by the little respect they shew'd my quality.

Julia. Where cou'd they be bred? They never made a journey to Paris sure!

Countess. Yet they might learn if they wou'd but hearken to people; but the worst on't is, they pretend to know as much as I, who was two months at Paris, and have seen all the court.

Julia. What sots!

Countess. They are insupportable with the impertinent equality wherewith they treat people. In short, there ought to be subordination in things; and what puts me beyond myself is, that a city-upstart of two, or even suppose two hundred years, shall have the impudence to say he's as good a gentleman as my late husband who lived in the country, had a pack of hounds, and took the quality of count in all the contracts he sign'd.

Julia. One knows much better how to live at Paris in those hotels, whose memory ought to be so dear. That hotel *de Moi*, madam, that hotel of Lyons, that hotel of Holland; they are very agreeable places.

Countess. 'Tis true, there is a great deal of difference between those places and this. They are genteel persons there, who don't scruple to render all the respect you cou'd wish for. If you have a mind to it, one need not rise from one's seat; and when one wou'd see a review, or the grand entertainment of Psyche, they will begin at the very time one appoints.

Julia. I suppose, madam, while you stay'd at Paris, you made a great many conquests of quality.

Countess. You may well believe, madam, that all the

courtiers did not fail to come to my gate, and to talk to me of love, and I have in my box some of their billets-doux, which may shew what proposals I have refused; no matter for telling their names, you know what I mean by the galants of the court.

Julia. I am amazed, madam, that from all those great persons, whom I guess at, you cou'd descend again to Mr. Tibaudier the counsellor, and Mr. Harpin the tax-gatherer. I must confess the fall is great. For as for your vicount, tho' a country vicount, he is still a vicount, and may take a journey to Paris, if he has not yet took one; but a counsellor and tax-gatherer are but mean lovers for such a great countess as you.

Countess. They are men, whom one manages in the country for a use we may make of them; they serve at least to stop up the gaps of galantry, to fill up the number of lovers; and 'tis good, madam, not to let one lover be sole master of one's heart, lest want of rivals shou'd lay his love asleep in too much confidence.

Julia. I confess, madam, great use may be made of every thing you say, your conversation is a school; I every day learn something by it.

SCENE XII.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA, CRIQUET.

CRIQUET to the Countess.

HERE'S Jeannot from the counsellor asks for you, madam.

Countess. Another of your block-headisms, Sirrah: A well-bred lacqny wou'd have whisper'd to the waiting-gentlewoman, who wou'd come to whisper her mistress,

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and say, madam, here's the lacquy of Mr. such a one, who wants to speak a word to you; to which the mistress wou'd answer, let him enter.

SCENE XIII.

COUNTESS, JULIA, ANDRÆA,
CRIQUET, JEANNOT.

CRIQUET.

COME in, Jeannot.

Countess. Another clownery! [to Jeannot.] What's your business, lacquy? What's that you bring there?

Jeannot. The counsellor, madam, gives his service to you; and before he comes sends you some pears out of his garden, with a line or two.

Countess. This is a fine Bon-chretien. Here, Andræa, carry this into the store-house.

SCENE XIV.

COUNTESS, JULIA, CRIQUET, JEANNOT.

COUNTESS giving Jeannot mony.

THERE lad, there's something for you to drink.

Jeannot. Oh! no madam.

Countess. Take it, I say.

Jeannot. My master forbid me taking any thing of you, madam.

Countess. No matter for that.

Jeannot. Excuse me, madam.

Criquet. Take it, Jeannot; if you won't, give it me.

Countess. Tell your master, I thank him.

Criquet to Jeannot who is going.] Give me what she gave you.

Jeannot. Ay? what a fool 'tis!

Criquet. I made you take it.

Jeannot. I shou'd have taken it without you.

Countess. What pleases in this Tibaudier is, that he knows how to live with persons of my quality, and is very respectful.

SCENE XV.

VICOUNT, COUNTESS, JULIA, CRIQUET.

VICOUNT.

MADAM, I come to tell you the play will be ready presently, and that in a quarter of an hour we may go into the hall.

Countess. I'll have no croud after me. [to Criquet.] Bid my Swifts let no body come in.

Vicount. Then I declare, madam, I'll put a stop to the comedy; I shall take no pleasure in it unless there be a great deal of company. Believe me, if you'd be well diverted, give orders to let in the whole town.

Countess. Lacquy, a chair. [to the Vicount after he is sat down.] You come just in time to receive a small sacrifice I mean to make you. There's a letter from Mr. Tibaudier, who sends me some pears. I give you leave to read it aloud. I have not yet seen it.

Vicount having read the letter to himself.] 'Tis a billet in an excellent stile, madam, and deserves attention.

Madam, I cou'd not have made you the present I send

you, if I gather'd no more fruit from my garden than I do from my love.

Countess. That plainly shews you nothing passes between us.

Vicount. *The pears are not yet quite ripe, but they agree the better with the hardness of your heart, which by its continual disdain does not promise me soft pears. Excuse me, madam, that without engaging myself in an enumeration of your perfections and charms, which wou'd be endless, I conclude with bidding you consider that I am as good a christian as the pears I send you, since I render good for evil; that is, madam, to explain myself more intelligibly, since I present you with good christian pears for choak pears, which your cruelty makes me swallow every day.*

TIBAUDIER, your unworthy slave.
This, madam, is a billet worth keeping.

Countess. There may be some word in it that is not academic; but I observe in it a certain respect which pleases me mightily.

Julia. You are in the right, madam, nor ought the vicount to take it amiss, I should love a man who wou'd write so to me.

SCENE XVI.

TIBAUDIER, VICOUNT, COUNTESS.
JULIA, CRIQUET.

COUNTESS.

COME hither, Mr. Tibaudier; don't be afraid to come in. Your billet was well received, as were your pears; and there's a lady is speaking for you against your rival.

Tibaudier. I am oblig'd to her, madam; and if she ever has any suit in our court, I shall not forget the honour she has done me of making herself the advocate of my flame to your beauty.

Julia. You have no need of an advocate, Sir, since your cause is just.

Mr. Tibaudier. Yet madam, my right may have need of help, and I have cause to fear being supplanted by such a rival, and to apprehend lest the lady should be circumvented by the quality of vicount.

Vicount. I had some small hope, Mr. Tibaudier, before your billet; but I confess that puts me in fear for my love.

Mr. Tibaudier. Here is likewise, madam, two little couplets, which I have compos'd to your honour and glory.

Vicount. I did not think Mr. Tibaudier was a poet, but to conclude my ruin here are two couplets.

Countess. He means two strophas. [to Criquet.] Lacquy, reach a chair for Mr. Tibaudier. [low to Criquet who brings a chair.] A pliant, little animal. Sit down, Mr. Tibaudier, and read your strophas to us.

Mr. Tibaudier. A person of quality

My soul o'ercame:

She has beauty in reality.

And I a flame:

Yet she's to blame.

That her spirit's so high.

Vicount. I am lost after this.

Countess. The first verse is fine—A person of quality!

Julia. I think it a little too long, but a liberty may be taken to express a fine thought.

Countess to Mr. Tibaudier.] Let's see t'other strophe.

Mr. Tibaudier. I know not if you doubt my perfect love :

But well I know, my heart would at all hours
Quit its chagrin abode.

To go and make its court to yours.

Thus of my tenderness secur'd,

And likewise of my faith assur'd,

You in your turn to sooth my care,

Content to be a countess fair,

Some of your tigress skin should strip away,

Which darkens all your charms as night does day.

Vicount. I'm quite supplanted now by Mr. Tibaudier.

Countess. Well, you need not make a jest of 'em ;
for the verses are good verses, for country verses.

Vicount. How, madam, make a jest? Tho' I'm his rival, I think these verses admirable, and I give them the title not only of strophas, as you do, but of two epigrams as good as any of Martial.

Countess. What? Did Martial make verses; I thought he had only made gloves.

Tibaudier. 'Tis not that Martial, madam; 'tis an author that lived thirty or forty years ago.

Vicount. You see Mr. Tibaudier has read the authors. But come, madam, let us see if my music and play, with my entries and dances, can oppose the progress the billet and the two strophas we have seen have made on your mind.

Countess. The count, my son, must be one of the spectators, for he is come this morning from my country-seat with his tutor, whom I see within.

S C E N E XVII.

COUNTESS, JULIA, VICOUNT.
Mr. TIBAUDIER, Mr. BOBINET, CRIQUET.

COUNTESS.

MR. Bobinet, Mr. Bobinet, come near us, pray.

Mr. Bobinet. I give a good vesper to this honourable company. What does madam the countess of Escarbagnas want of her most obedient humble servant, Bobinet?

Countess. At what time, Mr. Bobinet, did you set out from Escarbagnas, with the count, my son?

Mr. Bobinet. At eight o' clock and three quarters, madam, according to your orders.

Countess. How fare my two other sons, the marquis, and the governor?

Mr. Bobinet. They are, heav'n be thank'd, madam, in perfect health.

Countess. Where is the count?

Mr. Bobinet. In your fine alcove, madam.

Countess. What is he doing, Mr. Bobinet?

Mr. Bobinet. He is composing a theme, madam, which I just dictated to him, on an epistle of Cicero.

Countess. Bring him hither, Mr. Bobinet.

Mr. Bobinet. Madam, since you command it.

S C E N E XVIII.

COUNTESS, JULIA, VICOUNT, Mr. TIBAUDIER.

VICOUNT to the Countess.

THIS Mr. Bobinet, madam, has a very wise look, and I believe he has wit.

S C E N E XIX.

COUNTESS, JULIA, VICOUNT, COUNT, Mr.
BOBINET, Mr. TIBAUDIER.

Mr. BOBINET.

COME, Mr. le Comte, shew the progress you make under the good documents that a given you. Your bow to this honourable assembly.

Countess pointing to Julia.] Count, salute the lady, make a bow to the Vicount, salute the counsellor.

Tibaudier. I am ravish'd, madam, that you do me the favour to let me embrace the count, your son. One cannot love the trunk, without loving the branches.

Countess. Lard, Mr. Tibaudier! What a comparison you use?

Julia. Indeed, madam, the count has a very good air.

Vicount. A very fine young gentleman.

Julia. Who could believe the Countess had a child so big?

Countess. Alas! when I had him, I was so young that I play'd with a baby.

Julia. 'Tis your brother, not your son.

Countess. Pray, Mr. Bobinet, take care of his education.

Mr. Bobinet. Madam, I will omit nothing that may cultivate this young plant, of which your goodness has done me the honour to give me the conduct; and I shall try to inculcate in him the seeds of virtue.

Countess. Mr. Bobinet, make him say some little galantry of what you have taught him.

Mr. Bobinet. Come, Sir, recite your lesson of yesterday morning.

Count. *Omne viro soli quod convenit esto virile, Omne vir —*

Countess. Fy, Mr. Bobinet, what silly stuff is this you teach him?

Mr. Bobinet. 'Tis Latin, madam, and the first rule of John Despauter.

Countess. Heav'n's! that John Despauter is an insolent wretch; pray teach him better Latin than that.

Bobinet. If you will let him go on, madam, the gloss will explain the meaning.

Countess. No, no, it explains itself sufficiently.

SCENE XX.

COUNTESS, JULIA, VICOUNT, TIBAUDIER,
The COUNT, M. BOBINET, CRIQUET.

CRIQUET.

THE players send to tell you they are ready.

Countess. Come, let us seat ourselves. [pointing to Julia.] Mr. Tibaudier, take the lady. [Criquet ranges all the chairs on one side of the stage, Countess, Julia, and Vicount, seat themselves, and Tibaudier sits at the Countess's feet.]

Vicount. 'Tis necessary to tell you that this comedy was made only to join together the different pieces of music and dancing, of which this diversion is compos'd, and to —

Countess. Heav'n's, let us see it, we have wit enough to comprehend things.

Vicount. Let 'em begin as soon as they can, and prevent if possible any troublesome people from coming to interrupt our diversion. [The violins play an overture.]

SCENE XXI.

COUNTESS, JULIA, VICOUNT, The COUNT,
M. HARPIN, TIBAUDIER, M. BOBINET,
CRIQUET.

HARPIN.

ODS me, very fine: I'm glad to see what I see.

Countess. Mr. Receiver, what do you mean by your behaviour? Do you come to interrupt this play thus?

Harpin. S'blood, madam, I am ravish'd at this adventure, and this shews me what I ought to think of you, and the confidence that may be given to the gift of your heart, and the oaths you have made me of its fidelity.

Countess. Truly you ought not thus to come in the midst of a play, and disturb an actor that's speaking.

Harpin. 'Sdeath, the real play here is that which you act, and if I disturb you, I don't care a farthing.

Countess. Indeed you don't know what you say.

Harpin. Yes, 'Sdeath I know very well, 'Sdeath I know very well, and — [M. Bobinet being frighten'd takes up the count and flies; he is follow'd by Criquet.]

Countess. Fye, Sir, how you swear, 'tis sordid.

Harpin. S'life if any thing is sordid here, 'tis not my swearing, but your actions; you had better swear by your head, death and blood, than do what you do with the Vicount.

Vicount.

Vicount. I don't know what you have to complain of, Mr. Receiver, and if —

Harpin [to the Vicount.] As for you, Sir, I've nothing to say to you, you do well to push your point; 'tis natural, I don't think it at all strange, and I beg your pardon if I interrupt your play; neither ought you to think it strange if I complain of her proceeding, and we have both of us cause to do what we do.

Vicount. I have nothing to say to that; nor do I know what cause of complaint you may have against the countess of Escarbagnas.

Countess. When men are possess'd with jealousy, they should not act thus, but come peaceably and complain to the person beloved.

Harpin. I complain peaceably?

Countess. Yes. What ought to be said in private should not be publish'd on a stage.

Harpin. 'Sblood, I come hither on purpose, I wish'd for such a place, and shou'd be glad if it was on a public stage, that I might tell you your own aloud.

Countess. Must such an uproar be made for a play which the Vicount gives me? You see Mr. Tibaudier, who loves me, carries himself much more respectfully than you.

Harpin. Mr. Tibaudier may do as he pleases; I know not how it may have been between Mr. Tibaudier and you; but Mr. Tibaudier is no example for me; I don't love to pay the music whilst another dances.

Countess. But really, Mr. Receiver, you don't consider what you say; women of quality are not used thus, and those who hear you might believe there is some strange matter between us.

Mr. Harpin. 'Zblews, madam, no more bible babble.

Countess. What do you mean with your no more bible babble!

Mr. Harpin. I mean, that I don't think it strange you should yield to the Vicount's merit; you are not the only woman in the world that plays such a sort of a character, and who has a Mr. Receiver, whose passion and purse they betray for the next comer that presents himself; but then I would not have you think it strange, that I will not be the cully of an infidelity, which is so common to the coquets of the age, and that I come to assure you before good company, that I break off all acquaintance with you, and that the receiver will be no longer the giver for you.

Countess. 'Tis wonderful how insolent lovers come into fashion; nothing else is to be seen any where. Come, come, Mr. Receiver, lay aside your passion, and sit down and see the play.

Mr. Harpin. I sit down! Look for a tony at your feet. [pointing to Mr. Tibaudier.] I leave you, madam Countess, to Mr. Vicount; and to him I'll send all your letters presently. My scene is done, my part is over now; so I'm the company's servant.

Mr. Tibaudier. Mr. Receiver, we shall meet some where-else, and I'll shew you I'm good at any game.

[Mr. Harpin going out.] You're in the right, Mr. Tibaudier.

Countess. As for me, I'm confounded at this insolence.

Vicount. The jealous, madam, are like those who lose their cause, they are permitted to say any thing. Let us hearken to the play.

SCENE THE LAST.

COUNTESS, VICOUNT, The COUNT, JULIA,
TIBAUDIER, JEANNOT.

JEANNOT to the Vicount.

SIR, here's a note I was order'd to give you with speed.

Vicount reading.] *As you may have some measures to take, I give you early notice that the quarrel between your parents and those of Julia, is just made up, and the conditions of the agreement is, the marriage of you two. Good-night.* [to Julia.] Faith, madam, there's our comedy ended likewise. [Vicount, Countess, Julia, and Tibaudier all rise.]

Julia. Ah! Cleanthes, what happiness is this! Our love cou'd not have hop'd for such good success.

Countess. How, what do you mean by that?

Vicount. I mean, madam, that I'm to marry Julia; and if you'll take my advice, to render the comedy compleat in all points, you shall marry Mr. Tibaudier, and give madam Andraea to his footman; whom he shall make his Valet de Chambre.

Countess. Is this usage for a person of my quality?

Vicount. 'Tis without design of offending you, madam; comedies require such things.

Countess. Yes, Mr. Tibaudier, I will marry you to vex the whole world.

Tibaudier. You do me too much honour, madam.

Vicount to the Countess.] And while they are vexing, madam, pray let us see out our entertainment here.

T H E E N D.

THE
A. C. T. O. R. S.
PRINCESS

OF
E. L. S.

A
COMEDY.

T H E

A C T O R S.

IPHITAS, Prince of Elis, father to the Princess.

The PRINCESS of Elis.

EURIALUS, Prince of Ithaca.

ARISTOMENES, Prince of Messene.

THEOCLES, Prince of Pylos.

AGLANTA, cousin to the Princess.

CYNTHIA, cousin to the Princess.

ARRATES, governor to the Prince of Ithaca.

PHILLIS, attendant on the Princess.

MORON, a buffoon to the Princess.

LYCAS, attendant on Iphitas.

SCENE ELIS



[1991]

The PRINCESS of ELIS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

EURIALUS, ARBATES.

ARBATES.

THIS silent thoughtfulness, the gloomy habit of which makes you continually seek after solitude, those swelling sighs which burst from your heart, and those fix'd looks so full of languor, must certainly speak plain enough to one of my age, and I believe, my lord, I understand the language; but without your leave for fear of running too great a risque, I dare not be so bold as to explain it.

Eurialus. Explain, explain with all freedom, Arbates, these sighs, these looks, and this mournful silence. I give you leave to say that love has subjected me to its laws, and insults me in its turn, and I farther consent that you make me ashamed of having so weak a heart as would suffer itself to be overcome.

Arbates. What my lord, shall I blame you for the tender movements I now see you inspir'd with? The sourness of old-age can't set me against the gentle transports of an amorous flame; and tho' my thread of life is near wound up, I will still say that love sits well upon such as you; that the tribute which is paid to the

charms of a beautiful form, is a clear testimony of a beautiful mind, and that 'tis very difficult for a young prince to be great and generous, without being in love; 'tis a quality I admire in a monarch; a tenderness of heart is a great sign that every thing may be expected from a prince of your age, especially when we perceive your soul is capable of love. Yes, that passion the most beautiful of all others, draws a thousand virtues after it; it spurs the heart to noble actions, and all great heroes have felt its ardours. Your infancy, my lord, was spent under my care, and I had the highest hopes of your virtues. I observ'd in you qualities that spoke the blood from whence you came; I discover'd in you a fund of wit and brightness, I found you handsome, great and noble; your courage, and your address shone forth every day; but I was concern'd that I did not perceive any marks of love; and since the pangs of an invincible wound shews that your soul is sensible to its strokes, I triumph, and I now regard you with a heart full of joy, as an accomplish'd prince.

Eurialus. If for a while I defy'd the power of love, alas, my dear Arbates, it takes full vengeance for it now; and if you knew what ills my heart is plung'd into, you yourself would wish that it had never lov'd. For observe the fortune my stars have led me to. I love, I ardently love the princess of Elis, and you know, that pride which lurks under her charming aspect arms her youthful sentiments against love, and how she flies the croud of lovers, who strive to make a conquest of her, during this illustrious feast. Alas! how untrue it is, that what one is to love, always charms one at the first sight, and that the first glance kindles in us those flames which heav'n at our birth destin'd our souls to.

At my return from Argos, I pass'd through this place, and in my passage saw the princess; I perceiv'd all the charms she is invest'd with, but beheld them as one would do a fine statue; her brilliant youth which I carefully observ'd, inspir'd my soul with no secret desire, and I contentedly revisited the shore of Ithaca, without so much as thinking of her for two years; in the mean time rumours spread, in my court, the famous disdain she had for love; 'twas every where publish'd that her haughty soul had an invincible aversion to marriage, and that with a bow in her hand and a quiver on her shoulder, like another Diana she frequented the woods, lov'd nothing but hunting, and caus'd all the heroic youths of Greece to sigh in vain: Admire our tempers and the works of fate; what her presence and beauty could not do, the fame of her haughtiness produc'd in my soul. I felt an unknown transport which I could not master; her so famous disdain had the secret charms to make me carefully call to remembrance all her beauties, and looking upon her with new eyes, I form'd an image of her so noble and beautiful, imagining to myself so much glory and such pleasure, if I could but triumph over her coldness, that my heart in the splendor of such a conquest saw the glory of its liberty vanish away. It in vain resisted such a bait, the sweetness of it took such an absolute power over my senses: drove by the force of an invisible power, I directly sail'd from Ithaca hither, and I conceal'd the effect of my ardent passion, under the pretence of desiring to be present at these renown'd sports, to which the illustrious Iphitas, father to the princess, has assembled most of the princes of Greece.

Arbates. But, my lord, to what good are these precautions you take; and why are you so obstinate in keep-

ing it a secret? You love this illustrious princess you say, and come to signalize yourself before her; and have neither looks, words, or sighs, yet inform'd her of your flame? For my part, I can't understand the policy which won't suffer you to explain your heart, nor do I know what fruit can be expected by a passion which avoids all ways of discovering itself.

Eurialus. And what should I do, Arbates, by declaring my pain, but draw on me the disdain of her haughty soul, and bring myself into the condition of those submissive princes, whose title of lovers makes her look on them as enemies? You see the sovereigns of Messene and Pylos pay the homage of their hearts to her in vain, whilst the high fame of their virtues is in vain assisted by the most assiduons respects. This repulse of their services, makes me silently conceal the violence of my love. I esteem myself as condemn'd in these famous rivals, and I read my own sentence in the contempt she shews of them.

Arbates. And 'tis in this contempt and this haughty humour that the passion of your soul ought to place its brightest hopes, since fortune presents to you a heart to conquer, which is only defended by a mere coldness, and does not oppose to your ardor the invincible tenderness of any engagement. A prepossessed heart resists powerfully, but where a soul is free it is easily overcome, and there only wants a little patience to triumph over all the pride of her indifference: Conceal no longer from her then the power of her eyes, make a glorious discovery of your flame, and far from trembling at the example of others, swell the hope of your addresses with the repulse of theirs. Perhaps you may have the secret of touching this rigid charmer, which these princes have

not. And if you should not meet with a more propitious destiny from the caprice of her imperious pride, 'tis at least a happiness in misfortunes of this kind, to see one's rivals rejected along with one.

Eurialus. I am glad to find you press this declaration of my flame; by baffling my reasons you delight my soul. I intended by what I said only to try if you could applaud me for what I had done; for in short, since I must place a confidence in you, there is one who is to explain my silence to the princess, and perhaps this very moment that I am talking to thee of her here, the secret of my heart, Arbates, is reveal'd. This hunting-match, to which in order to avoid the croud of her adorers, she went you know this morning early, is the time that Moron has taken to declare my passion.

Arbates. Moron, my lord?

Eurialus. You are a little astonish'd at my choice; you judge of him by his title of fool, but you must know he is much less so than he chuses to appear, and that notwithstanding his present employment he has more sense than those who laugh at him. The princess diverts herself with his buffoonry, he has got into her favour by a hundred pleasant tricks; and, by having this access, can say and persuade her to what others dare not venture. In short, I think him fit for the business I want him for; he says he has a very great friendship for me; and, being born in my country, will assist my love against all my rivals. A little money in hand to keep up his zeal. —

S C E N E II.

EURIALUS, ARBATES, MORON.

MORON behind the scenes.

HELP, help, save me from the cruel monster.

Eurialus. I think I hear his voice.

Moron behind the scenes.] Help, pray help.

Eurialus. 'Tis he. Whither is he running in such a fright?

Moron. How shall I avoid this frightful boar? Ye gods preserve me from his horrid throat; and I'll give you four pounds of incense, and two fat calves. [meeting Eurialus whom in his fright he takes for the boar he fled from.] Oh! I am dead.

Eurialus. What ails you?

Moron. I took you for the beast, whose throat I beheld ready to swallow me, and I cou'd not shake off my fear, my lord.

Eurialus. What's the matter?

Moron. O what a strange humour the princess is of! And that we must submit to the foolish complaisance of following hunting and such extravagancies! What pleasure, with a murrain to 'em, can these hunters take in being exposed to a thousand and a thousand fears! Now if one was only to hunt hares, rabbits, or young does, why there were something to be said; they are animals of a very complaisant nature, and always run away from us; but to go and attack these plaguy unmannerly beasts, who have not the least respect to a human face, and who hunt those that come to hunt them; 'tis a foolish pastime that I can never bear with.

Eurialus. Tell us what's the matter?

Moron. What a toilsome exercise does the caprice of our princess fly to! I could have sworn that she would have play'd this trick. The chariot-race being to day, she must needs go hunt to put a greater contempt on those sports, and shew—but mum, let's go on with my tale, and resume the thread of my discourse. What did I say?

Eurialus. You were talking of a toil—

Moron. Oh, right. Well then, fainting under that horrible labour, for you must know I was up by break of day harness'd out like a famous hunter, I sunk away from 'em all like an hero, and finding a place fit to take a good nap in, I lies me down, and, composing myself, began to snore, when a frightful noise made me open my eyes, and I beheld coming out of a thicket, a boar of an enormous size for—

Eurialus. What now?

Moron. Nothing. Don't be afraid, but only let me get between you for a certain reason, that I may the better tell you the whole thing; I say I beheld the boar, which being pursued by our people, set up all his bristles with a hideous air; his two burning eyes flash'd nothing but threats, and his grim mouth all foamy, shew'd certain tusks for those that had a mind to come near him—I leave you to imagine it. At this terrible sight I took to my arms; but the false hearted beast without any fear, came strait up to me, when I spoke nether a word to him.

Arbates. And you receiv'd him boldly?

Moron. Who'd be fool then? No, I threw away my arms, and out-strippt the wind.

Arbates. To fly from a boar when you were arm'd!
That action was not valiant, Moron.

Moron. I own it, 'twas not valiant, but 'twas politic.

Arbates. But if one does not eternise one's self by some exploit——

Moron. I am your servant, I had rather people shou'd say, here 'twas that Moron by flying, without saying his prayers, saved himself from the fury of a wild boar; than, in this illustrious place, the brave Moron, with an heroic boldness, facing a furious boar, lost his life by a wound with his tusk.

Eurialus. Very well.

Moron. Yes, by glory's leave, I had rather live two days in the world than a thousand years in history.

Eurialus. Your death wou'd, indeed, grieve your friends; but if your fear is over, may I know if, touching the flame with which I burn——

Moron. Sir, I must not dissemble with you. I have done nothing in it yet, not having found the opportunity to speak to her that I cou'd have wish'd; the office of a buffoon has its prerogatives. But we must often abate of our free attempts. To talk of your flame is a nice point, 'tis a state affair with the princess. You know in what title she glories; and that her head's stuffed with a certain philosophy, which declares war against the conjugal bands, and treats Cupid like a pitiful deity. I must manage the thing artfully, for fear of shocking her tyger-humour; for a body must take care how one speaks to you great people, for you are very ticklish sometimes. Let me alone to manage it by degrees, I am very zealous for you; you was born my prince, and some other obligations may also contribute to the good I design you: My mother in her time was esteem'd handsome

enough, and was not naturally very cruel; your late father, that generous prince, was a very bold gamester in matters of galantry; and I have heard that Elpenor my reputed father, alias my mother's husband, used to brag among the shepherds how the prince sometimes call'd at his house, and that during that time he had the advantage of being bow'd to by all the village. But mum, be that as it will, I'll endeavour—But here comes the princess and two of our rivals.

SCENE III.

The PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, ARISTOMENES, THEOCLES, EURIALUS, PHILLIS, ARBATES, MORON.

ARISTOMENES.

DO you upbraid us, madam, for the danger we saved your charms from? For my part, I shou'd have thought that to overcome that boar which so furiously attack'd you, was an accident (not knowing of this hunting) which we ought to have thank'd our good destiny for: But by this coldness I plainly see that I ought to be of another opinion, and blame the fatal power of chance, which made me an accomplice in a thing that offends you.

Theocles. For my part, madam, I esteem this action which my whole heart flew to do for you a sensible happiness, and notwithstanding your displeasure, cannot consent to blame fortune for such an adventure. I know when a person is hated, every thing he does displeases; but tho' your anger were even greater than 'tis, I shall say 'tis an extreme pleasure to one that loves to an ex-

treme, to have an opportunity to aid the person he admires.

Princess. And do you think, my lord, since I must speak, that I shou'd have been so mightily terrify'd at this danger? That a bow and arrow, which have so many charms for me, wou'd have been uselefs arms in my hand? That I who am accusom'd to haunt the hills, the plains, the woods, might not hope to be of myself sufficient for my own defence? Sure I have made but ill use of my time and the assiduous toils I boast of, if on such an urgency I cou'd not have triumph'd over one poor beast. If the generality of my sex is so unable in your opinion to effect such actions, yet I beg you'd allow me the glory of an higher sphere, and do me the favour both of you to believe that whatever the boar of to-day might be, I have conquer'd fiercer than it.

Theocles. But, madam —

Princess. Well, be it so; I see you desire to persuade me that I owe my life to you; I'll grant it. Yes, without you I had lost my life, I heartily thank you for your mighty aid, and will immediately go to the prince, and tell him the goodness your love has inspir'd you with for me.

SCENE IV.

EURIALUS, ARBATES, MORON.

MORON.

WELL! Was there ever such a haughty spirit seen! the death of that plaguy boar angers her. O how willingly shou'd I have well rewarded any one that wou'd have ridded me of him just now!

Arbates to Eurialus.] I see, Sir, her disdain makes you pensive, but it ought not in the least to retard the execution of your designs. Her hour is not yet come; and perhaps the honour of conquering her insensibility is reserved for you.

Moron. 'Tis fit she know your passion before the race, and I —

Eurialus. No. Moron, I won't have it so now. Don't mention it at all, and let me alone a little: I have resolv'd to take a quite different way: I see too plainly she is resolv'd to despise all who think to overcome her with submission. The deity which engages me to sigh for her, inspires me with a new contrivance to conquer her. Yes, 'tis he alone has made me change my thought, and from him I expect the happy success of it.

Arbates. May one know, my lord, the means you hope to —

Eurialus. You shall see it; follow me, and be secret.

Moron. Well, good be to y' till I see you again.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, PHILLIS.

PRINCESS.

YES, I love to be in these solitary places. There's nothing here but what enchants the eye; and all the architecture of our palaces must yield to the simple beauties which are form'd here by nature: These trees, these rocks, these rivulets, this fresh turf, are to me pleasures that never tire.

Aglanta. Like you I love these peaceful retreats, wherein one avoids the bustle of the city; these places are embellish'd with a thousand charming objects, and what is most surprising is, that at the very gates of Elis, they who hate crouds may meet with so fine and vast a solitude. But, to speak truth, in these days of general joy, your retreat here looks unseasonable; and 'tis no less than a palpable affront to the magnificent preparation made by the princes. The pompous spectacle of the chariot-races deserves very well the honour of your presence.

Princess. What right have they to exact my presence? How am I obliged to them after all for their magnificence? They do these things on purpose to win upon me; and my heart is the only prize they all run for. But they may flatter themselves as much as they please, I'm mightily deceiv'd if either of them carry it off.

Cinthia. How long will this heart be provok'd at the innocent designs that are form'd to touch it; and look upon the concern people give themselves for you as so many criminal attempts upon your person? I know that whoever pleads the cause of Cupid, displeases you, but the consanguinity there is between us makes me oppose the rigors you shew. I cannot nourish by flattery your resolutions of never loving. Is any thing more glorious than the innocent flame which a shining merit kindles in a heart? Where would be the pleasure of life, if love were banish'd the world; no, no, the delights it affords are infinite, and to live without loving, is, properly speaking, not to live at all.

Aglanta. For my part, I think that this passion is the most agreeable thing in life, that 'tis necessary to love

in order to live happily, and that all pleasures are insipid unless they are temper'd with a little of that.

Princess. Can you two, being what you are, talk thus? ought you not to blush to maintain a passion which is nothing but error, weakness and extravagance, and the disorders of which are so repugnant to the glory of our sex? I intend to maintain its honour to the last moment of my life, and will not commit myself to those men, who act the slaves, only to become in time tyrants over us. All those tears, sighs, homages, respects, are nothing but snares laid for our hearts, and which often engage 'em to commit base things. For my part, when I behold certain examples, and the hideous meanesses to which that passion sinks those who are under its power, my heart is moved at it. And I cannot bear that a soul, which professes never so little honour, should not feel a horrible shame for such weaknesses.

Cynthia. Ah, madam, there are some weaknesses that are not at all shameful; and 'tis a fine thing to have them even in the highest degree of glory. I hope in time you'll alter your opinion, and if heaven pleases, we shall shortly see your heart —

Princess. Hold. Do not finish that strange wish: I have too great an horror for such sorts of debasements, and if ever I should be capable to descend to 'em, I'm sure I should never forgive myself.

Aglanta. Take care, madam. Love knows how to revenge himself for the contempt that's had of him, and perhaps —

Princess. No, no, I defy all his darts, and the great power that's attributed to him is nothing but a chimera, and the excuse of weak hearts, who represent him invincible to authorise their weakness.

Cinthia. But all the world knows his power, and you see the gods themselves are subject to his empire. We are told that Jupiter has been in love more than once, and that even Diana herself, whose example you admire so much, was not ashamed to sigh for love.

Princess. The public opinions are always mix'd with error. The gods are not made as the vulgar make them; and 'tis a want of respect to attribute to them human frailties.

SCENE II.

The PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, PHILLIS,
MORON.

AGLANTA.

COME hither, Moron, come help us to defend love against the princess's opinion.

Princess. Your side's fortified with a powerful defender truly!

Moron. Faith, madam, I believe that after my example there is no more to be said, and that the power of love will be no longer doubted. I for a long time defied his arms, and mock'd him like another, but at length my pride was pull'd down, and you have a traitress [pointing to Phillis.] that made me tamer than a lamb; after this you ought to make no scruple to love; since I do, sure others may.

Cinthia. What, Moron in love?

Moron. Yes, sure.

Cinthia. And does he pretend to be belov'd again?

Moron. And why not? Am not I well enough made

for that? I think this face is passable; and for a fine air, thank Jupiter, we need yield to none.

Cinthia. Without doubt 'twould be wrong to—

SCENE III.

The PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, PHILLIS, MORON, LYCAS.

LYCAS.

MADAM, the prince your father is coming hither to you, and brings with him the princes of Pylos, and of Ithaca, and that of Messene.

Princess. Heav'ns! what does he mean by bringing them to me? Has he resolv'd on my ruin? And would he force me upon the choice of one of 'em?

SCENE IV.

IPHITAS, EURIALUS, ARISTOMENES, THEOCLES, The PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, PHILLIS, MORON.

PRINCESS to Iphitas.

MY lord, I beg you'd give me leave to prevent, in two words, the declaration of the thoughts you may perhaps have. There are two truths, my lord, one as certain as the other, which I may equally assure you of; one is, that you have an absolute power over me, and that you can lay no command upon me but what I'd blindly obey; t'other is, that I look upon marriage as death, and that 'tis impossible for me to master that natural aversion. To give me an husband, and to give me

death, is the same thing; but your will goes first, and my obedience is much more dear to me than my life: now speak, my lord; pronounce freely what you please.

Iphitas. Daughter, you're in the wrong to take such alarms; and I'm sorry you can think me so bad a father as to do violence to your sentiments, and use tyrannically the power heav'n has given me over you. I, indeed, with your heart were capable of loving some one: All my desires would be satisfied if that would happen, and I proposed the feasts and sports I now celebrate, only to assemble all the illustrious youth of Greece, that amongst them you might meet with one on whom you might fix your eyes and determine your choice. I say, I ask no other bliss from heaven, but to see you marry'd; and to obtain this favour I have this morning sacrificed to Venus, and if I can explain the language of the gods, she promised me a miracle; but, be it as 'twill, I'll use you like a father that loves his daughter; if you pitch upon any one to fix your inclinations on, your choice shall be mine, and I'll consider neither interest of state, nor advantage of alliance. If your heart remains insensible, I won't undertake to force it; but be at least complaisant to the civilities that are done you, and do not give me cause to make excuse for your coldness; use these princes with the esteem you owe them; receive with acknowledgement the testimonies of their zeal, and come and see this race wherein they are to shew their skill.

Theocles to the Princess. Every body goes to endeavour to gain the prize of this course. But, to tell you the truth, I have no great ardor for the victory, since 'tis not your heart that's to be disputed there.

Aristomenes. For my part, madam, you are the on-

THE PRINCESS OF ELIS.

ACT I

ly prize I propose to myself: 'Tis you that I imagine to be disputed in these combats of skill, and I aspire to gain the honour of this course, only to obtain a degree of glory, that may raise me nearer your heart.

Eurialus. As for me, I do not go with any such design, madam. As I all my life-time have profess'd to love nothing, the cares I take have not the aim as others have. I have no pretence to your heart, and the honour of the course is the sole advantage I aspire to.

SCENE V.

The PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, PHILLIS, MORON.

PRINCESS.

WHENCE proceeds this unexpected haughtiness? Princesses, what do you say of this young prince? Did you observe what an air he assumed?

Aglanta. 'Tis true, 'twas something haughty.

Moron aside.] Oh! What a fine trick he has served her!

Princess. Don't you think 'twould be pleasant to humble his pride, and to take down a little that hectoring heart?

Cinthia. You being accustom'd never to receive any thing but homages and adorations from the whole world, such a compliment as his may well surprize you indeed.

Princess. I must confess it has given me some emotion, and I should be very glad to find a way to chastise this pride. I had no great desire to go to this race; but now I'll go on purpose, and do all I can to strike him with love.

Cinthia. Take care, madam, the enterprize is dangerous; and when one tries to give love, one runs a risque of receiving it.

Princess. Oh, pray apprehend nothing; come, I'll answer for myself.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, PHILLIS.

CINTHIA.

TIS true, madam, that this young prince shew'd an uncommon dexterity; and that his air had something surprizing in it. He goes off conqueror in this course; but I much doubt if he went off with the same heart he came in. For you aim'd such blows at him, that 'twas difficult to defend himself; and without mentioning any thing else, your gracefulness in dancing, and the sweetness of your voice had charms to day to touch the most insensible.

Princess. There he is discoursing with Moron; we'll know what he's talking of. Don't let's interrupt him now, but turn this way to meet them again by and by.

SCENE II.

EURIALUS, ARBATES, MORON.

EURIALUS.

AH, Moron, I confess I was enchanted, and never so many charms together struck my eyes and ears. 'Tis true, she's adorable at all times; but that moment more than ever, and new graces redoubled the lustre of her beauty.

beauty. Never was her face adorn'd with more lively colours, nor her eyes arm'd with more quick and piercing shafts. The sweetness of her voice shew'd itself in a perfectly charming tune which she deign'd to sing, and the wonderful sounds which she form'd went to the very bottom of my soul, and held all my senses in an irrecoverable rapture. She afterwards discover'd a disposition altogether divine; and her lovely feet upon the enamel of the tender turf, traced such amiable characters as put me quite beside myself, and ty'd me by invincible bonds to the easy and just motion with which her whole body follow'd the changes of the harmony. In short, never did soul feel more strong emotions than mine, and I thought above twenty times to break my resolution, and to cast myself at her feet, and confess sincerely the ardor I felt for her.

Moron. If you'd take my advice, my lord, you'd be very cautious how you do that. You have hit upon the best method in the world, and I'm mightily deceiv'd if it don't succeed. Women are animals of a whimsical nature, we spoil them by our tenderness; and I really believe we shou'd see them hunt us, were it not for the respect and submissions whereby men make 'em proud.

Arbates. My lord, here comes the princess, at some distance from her train.

Moron. Be firm in the way you have taken; I'll go see what she'll say to me, mean time walk you in these little turnings, without shewing any desire of joining her, and if you do accost her, stay as little with her as you can.

SCENE III.

The PRINCESS, MORON.

PRINCESS.

ARE you familiar then, Moron, with the prince of Ithaca?

Moron. Ah, madam, we have known one another a long time.

Princess. How came it that he did not walk quite hither, but turn'd t'other way when he saw me?

Moron. 'Tis a whimsical man, and loves to converse with his own thoughts.

Princess. Were you just now by, at the compliment he made me?

Moron. Yes, madam, I was, and thought it a little impertinent, under favour of his princesship.

Princess. For my part, I confess, Moron, this shunning of me shocks me, and I am mightily desirous to engage him, that I might pull down his pride a little.

Moron. Faith, madam, you wou'd not do ill, he deserves it; but to tell you the truth, I doubt you wou'd not succeed.

Princess. How so?

Moron. How? Why 'tis the proudest little rogue you ever saw: He thinks no body in the world deserves him; and that the earth is not worthy of bearing him.

Princess. But has he not yet spoken of me?

Moron. He? No.

Princess. Did he say nothing to you of my singing and dancing?

Moron. Not the least word.

Princess. This contempt is shocking, I can't bear this strange haughtiness of esteeming nothing.

Moron. He esteems nor loves no body but himself.

Princess. There's nothing but what I would do to humble him as I ought.

Moron. We have no marble in our mountains that is harder and more insensible than he is.

Princess. There he is.

Moron. Do you see how he goes by, without taking any notice of you?

Princess. Pray, Moron, go and let him know that I am here, and oblige him to come and accost me.

SCENE IV.

The PRINCESS, EURIALUS, ARBATES, MORON.

MORON going up to Eurialus and whispering him.

MY lord, all is as it shou'd be, the Princess wishes you'd accost her; but take care and continue your part, and for fear of forgetting it, don't stay long with her.

Princess. You are very solitary, my lord, and yours is an extraordinary humour, to renounce our sex in this manner, and to avoid, at your age, that galantry which is so esteem'd by men in your circumstances.

Eurialus. The humour, madam, is not so extraordinary, but that we may find examples of it without going far off; and you cannot condemn the resolution I have taken of never loving any thing, without condemning your own sentiments at the same time.

Princess. There's a great deal of difference, and that which sits well upon one sex, does not sit well upon the other. It is noble for a woman to be insensible, and

preserve her heart free from the flames of love; but what is virtue in her, becomes a crime in a man, and as beauty is the lot of our sex, you cannot omit loving us, without wronging us of the homage that's our due, and committing an offence which we ought all of us to resent.

Eurialus. I don't see, madam, why those women that will not love, shou'd be at all concern'd at these sorts of offences.

Princess. That's no reason, my lord; for tho' we don't care to love, yet we are always glad to be loved.

Eurialus. For my part, I'm not of that humour; and as I have a design of loving none, I shou'd be very sorry to be beloved.

Princess. Why so?

Eurialus. Because we're obliged to those that love us, and I should be sorry to be ungrateful.

Princess. So that to avoid ingratitude, you'd love the person that shou'd love you?

Eurialus. I, madam? Not at all. I say, I wou'd not willingly be ungrateful, but I shou'd sooner be so than amorous?

Princess. But perhaps such a person might love you, that your heart —

Eurialus. No, madam, nothing is capable of touching my heart; my liberty is the sole mistress to whom I consecrate my vows, and tho' heav'n shou'd employ its utmost care to form a perfect beauty, 'tho it shou'd endue her with the most wonderful gifts, both of body and mind; in short, 'tho it shou'd expose to my view a miracle of wit, art and beauty, and that person shou'd love me with all the tenderness imaginable, I must freely confess to you, I shou'd not love her.

Princess aside.] Was ever any thing seen like this?

Moron to the Princess.] Plague take the little brute. I've a good mind to give him a slap o'th' chops.

Princess aside.] This pride confounds me; it makes me so angry that I am not myself.

Moron to the Prince.] Good. Courage, my lord. This is right.

Eurialus to Moron.] Ah, Moron, I can hold no longer, I have made strange endeavours.

Princess to Eurialus.] 'Tis having very great insensibility indeed to talk as you do.

Eurialus. Heav'n has not made me of any other temper: But, madam, I interrupt your walk; and my respect ought to inform me that you love solitude.

SCENE V.

The PRINCESS, MORON.

MORON.

HE'S not inferior to you, madam, in hardness of heart.

Princess. I'd freely give all I have to triumph over it.

Moron. I believe you.

Princess. Cou'd not you serve me, Moron, in such a design?

Moron. You very well know, madam, that I am entirely at your service.

Princess. Speak of me to him in your talk with him, cry up my person, and the advantages of my birth, and try to shake his resolution by the sweetness of some ex-

petition. I give you leave to say all you think fit, to engage him to me.

Moron. Let me alone.

Princess. 'Tis a thing I have at heart. I wish ardently he may love.

Moron. 'Tis true, the little dog's well made; he has a good air, a good face, and I believe he'd very well serve a young princess's turn.

Princess. You may expect any thing from me, if you can but enslave his heart for me.

Moron. There's nothing impossible; but, madam, if he shou'd come to love you, pray what wou'd you do?

Princess. O then I'd take delight in fully triumphing over his vanity; I'd punish his disdain by my coldness, and exercise over him all the cruelties I cou'd imagine.

Moron. He'll never yield.

Princess. Ah! Moron, we must make him yield.

Moron. No, he won't, I know him, my labour will be in vain.

Princess. We must however make some attempt, and try if his soul be intirely insensible. Come, I'll speak to him and prosecute a thought which just now came in to my head.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

THE PRINCESS, EURIALUS, MORON.

PRINCESS.

PRINCE, as hitherto we have shew'd a conformity of sentiments, and heav'n has seem'd to put in us the same affection for liberty, and the same aversion to love, I am willing to open my heart to you, and to en-

trust you with the secret of a change which will surprise you. I have always look'd upon marriage as a frightful thing, and have vow'd rather to abandon life than ever resolve to lose that liberty which I was so fond of; but now one moment has dissipated all these resolutions; the merit of a certain prince has to day struck my eyes, and my soul all of a sudden, as it were by a miracle, is become sensible to that passion which I always despised; I presently found reasons to authorize this change, and I may back it by the willingness to answer the ardent solicitations of a father, and the wishes of a whole kingdom; but to tell you the truth, I am in pain for the judgment you may pass upon me, and I'd fain know whether or no you'll condemn my design of taking an husband.

Eurialus. You may make such a choice, madam, that I shall certainly approve of it.

Princess. Who do you think, in your opinion, I design to chuse?

Eurialus. If I were in your heart I'd tell you; but as I am not, I can't answer you.

Princess. Guess, name somebody.

Eurialus. I'm afraid I shou'd be deceived.

Princess. But who wou'd you wish I should declare myself for?

Eurialus. If I was to tell you truly, I know for whom I could wish; but before I explain myself, I must know your thoughts.

Princess. Well, prince, I'll discover it to you; I am sure you'll approve my choice, and to hold you no longer in suspense, the prince of Messene is he whose merit has attracted my regards.

Eurialus aside.] O heav'ns!

Princess aside to Moron.] My invention has succeeded, Moron, he's disturb'd.

Moron to the Princess.] Good, madam. [to the Prince.] Courage, my lord. [to the Princess.] He's in for't. [to the Prince.] Don't be dishearten'd.

Princess to Eurialus.] Do you not think that I'm in the right, and that that prince has all the merit that can be had?

Moron to the prince.] Recover yourself, and answer.

Princess. How comes it, prince, that you don't say a word, and seem thunder-struck?

Eurialus. I am so indeed, and I admire, madam, how heaven cou'd form two souls so alike in every thing as ours, two souls in which were never seen a greater conformity of sentiments, which have shew'd at the same time a resolution to brave the power of love, and which in the same instant have shew'd an equal facility to lose the name of insensible; for, madam, since your example authorises me, I shan't scruple to tell you that love this very day has master'd my heart; and that one of the princesses your cousins, the amiable and charming Aglanta has overthrown with a glance all the projects of my haughtiness. I am over-joy'd, madam, that by this equality we cannot reproach each other; and I don't doubt but that as I infinitely praise you for your choice, you'll likewise approve of mine. This miracle must be made appear to all the world, and we ought not to defer making ourselves both easy. For my part, madam, I beg you'd try to obtain for me her I desire, and consent that I go immediately to demand her of the prince your father.

Moron aside to Eurialus.] Ah worthy heart! Ah brave heart!

SCENE II.

The PRINCESS, MORON.

PRINCESS.

AH Moron! I can hold no longer, this unexpected accident absolutely triumphs over all my firmness.

Moron. 'Tis true, the accident is surprising, and I thought at first that your stratagem had had its effect.

Princess. 'Tis a vexation enough to make me mad, that another shou'd have the advantage of subjecting an heart which I would have subjected.

SCENE III.

The PRINCESS, AGLANTA, MORON.

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS, I have one thing to desire of you, which you must absolutely grant me: The prince of Ithaca loves you, and designs to ask you of the prince my father.

Aglanta. The prince of Ithaca, madam?

Princess. Yes. He just now told it me himself, and begg'd my consent to obtain you; but I conjure you to reject this proposition, and not lend ear to whatever he may say to you.

Aglanta. But, madam, if 'tis true that this prince really loves me, why, having yourself no design to engage him, will you not suffer——

Princess. No, Aglanta. I desire it of you, I beg

you'd gratify me so far, and consent that not having the advantage to conquer him myself, I deprive him of the joy of obtaining you.

Aglanta. Madam, I must obey you; but I shou'd think the conquest of such an heart no contemptible victory.

Princess. No, no, he shall not have the pleasure of braving me intirely.

SCENE IV.

The PRINCESS, ARISTOMENES, AGLANTA, MORON.

ARISTOMENES.

MADAM, at your feet I come to thank love for my happy fate; and testify to you, by my transports, the acknowledgement I am under for the surprizing goodness wherewith you deign to favour the most humble of your captives.

Princess. How?

Aristomenes. The prince of Ithaca, madam, just now assured me that your heart had had the goodness to declare itself in my favour, in reference to that glorious choice which all Greece is in expectation of.

Princess. He told you then that he had it from my mouth?

Aristomenes. Yes, madam.

Princess. He's a fool, and you are a little too credulous, prince, to give credit so hastily to what he told you; such news, in my opinion, shou'd have been some time doubted of; and you cou'd have done no more than believe it, if I myself had told it you.

Aristomenes. Madam, if I was too ready to persuade myself —

Princess. Pray, my lord, let's break off here, and if you'll oblige me, let me enjoy a moment's solitude.

S C E N E V.

The PRINCESS, AGLANTA, MORON.

PRINCESS.

WHAT strange rigour heaven uses me with in this adventure! at least, princess, remember the request I made to you.

Aglanda. I have already told you, madam, that you must be obey'd.

S C E N E VI.

The PRINCESS, MORON.

MORON.

BUT, madam, if he loved you, you wou'd not have him, and yet you will not let him be another's. 'Tis just like the dog in the manger.

Princess. No, I can't bear he should be happy with another; if he were, I believe I shou'd die with vexation.

Moron. Come, madam, confess all. You'd fain have him yourself, and in all your actions 'tis easily seen that you love this young prince a little.

Princess. I love him? O heav'ns! I love him! Have you the insolence to pronounce those words? out of my sight, impudence, and never let me see you again.

Moron. Madam —

Princess. Be gone, I say, or I'll make you be gone
in another manner,

Moron aside.] Faith, her heart has its share of it,
and ——

[He meets a look from the princess that makes him
retire.

SCENE VII.

The PRINCESS alone.

WITH what unknown emotion do I find my heart
affected? and what secret uneasiness is all of a sudden
come to disturb the tranquillity of my soul? Is it not
what I was just now told it is; and do I not love this
young prince, without knowing any thing of it? Ah!
if it were so, I should run mad; but 'tis impossible it
should be so, and I plainly perceive I can never love him.
What! Shou'd I be capable of that baseness. I have
seen the whole earth at my feet, with the greatest in-
sensibility in the world. Respects, homages, and sub-
missions, cou'd never touch my soul; and shall haughti-
ness and disdain triumph over it! I have despised all
those that have loved me; and shall I love the only one
that despises me! No, no, I know very well I do not
love him; there's no reason for it; but if it is not love
that I now feel, what can it be? and whence can pro-
ceed this poison which runs through all my veins, and
will not let me rest? Out of my heart, whate'er you be,
thou enemy that lurkest there; attack me visibly, and
appear to my eyes the most frightful monster of all our
woods, that with my darts and javelins I may get rid
of thee.

ACT V. SCENE I.

IPHITAS, EURIALUS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA,
MORON.

MORON to Iphitas.

YES, my lord, 'tis no jest, I am what they call a disgraced favourite. I was forced to pack up my awls and be gone; you never saw any body more angry than she was.

Iphitas to Eurialus.] Ah prince! how I ought to thank that amorous stratagem, if it has found the secret of touching her heart!

Eurialus. Whatever, my lord, you may be inform'd, for my part, I dare not yet flatter myself with that charming hope; but if it is not too great a rashness for me to aspire to the honour of your alliance, if my person and dominions —

Iphitas. Prince, do not let us enter upon these compliments; I find in you all a father cou'd desire, and if you have the heart of my daughter, you want nothing.

SCENE II.

The PRINCESS, IPHITAS, EURIALUS, AGLANTA,
CINTHIA, MORON.

PRINCESS.

OH heavens! What do I behold there?

Iphitas to Eurialus.] Yes, the honour of your alliance is of the greatest value to me; and I easily subscribe my full consent to your request.

Princess to Iphitas.] My lord, I throw myself at your feet to beg a favour of you. You always shew'd an extreme tendernefs for me; and I owe you much more for your goodness to me, than for my birth. But if ever you had any kindness for me, I now desire the most sensible proof of it that you can grant me; 'tis, my lord, not to hearken to that prince's request, and not to let the princess Aglanta be married to him.

Iphitas. For what reason, daughter, shou'd you oppose that union?

Princess. Because I hate that prince, and, if I can, will cross his designs.

Iphitas. You hate him, daughter?

Princess. Yes, from my heart, I own it to you.

Iphitas. What has he done to you?

Princess. He has despised me.

Iphitas. As how?

Princess. He did not think me handsome enough to make his addresses to me.

Iphitas. What offence does that give you? You'll accept none.

Princess. No matter, he ought to have lov'd me like the rest, and left me the glory of refusing him at least. His declaration affronts me; and 'tis a sensible disgrace to me, that in my presence, and in the midst of your court, he shou'd follow any but me.

Iphitas. But what concern have you with him?

Princess. My lord, I take upon me to revenge his disdain; and as I know he violently loves Aglanta, with your permission I'll hinder him from being happy with her.

Iphitas. Then you're mightily concern'd at this?

Princess. Certainly, my lord; and if he obtains his desires I shall die immediately in your sight.

Iphitas. Come, come, daughter, confess the thing freely. This prince's merit has made you open your eyes; and, in short you love him, say what you will.

Princess. I, my lord?

Iphitas. Yes, you love him.

Princess. I love him, say you? Do you impute that rashness to me? O heavens, how great is my misfortune, can I hear these words and live, and must I be so unhappy as to be suspected of loving him? O, if it were any but you, my lord, that talk'd thus to me, I don't know what I shou'd not do.

Iphitas. Well, well, you don't love him. You hate him, I grant it; and I'm resolv'd, to content you, that he shall not have the princess Aglanta.

Princess. Oh! my lord, you give me life.

Iphitas. But to hinder his ever being hers, you must take him for yourself.

Princess. You are deceiv'd, my lord, that is not what he desires.

Eurialus. Pardon me, madam, I am rash enough to aspire so high; and I take to witness, the prince, your father, if 'twas not you I ask'd of him. I have too long deceiv'd you, I must throw off the mask, and tho' you yet carry it against me, discover to you the real sentiments of my heart. I never loved any but you; and never will love any other. 'Tis you, madam, that took from me the quality of insensible which I always affected, and all I said was only a pretence which I was inspired to by a secret motive, and which I did not follow without the greatest violence imaginable. It must soon have ceas'd, and I am amazed that it lasted for half a day,

for I dy'd, I burn'd when I disguis'd my sentiments to you, and never did a heart endure a constraint equal to mine. But if this feint, madam, any ways offends you, I am ready to die to revenge you of it, you need but speak, and my hand shall immediately make a glory of executing the decree you pronounce.

Princess. No, no, prince, I do not take it ill that you have abused me, and I had rather have all you have said to me a feint than not a truth.

Iphitas. So that you accept this prince for an husband, daughter?

Princess. My lord, I do not yet know what I shall do; pray give me time to think on't, and spare a little the confusion I am in.

Iphitas. Prince, you may guess the meaning of this, and may build upon it.

Eurialus, I'll stay as long as you please, madam, for this decree of my destiny; and if it condemns me to death, I'll obey it without murmuring.

Iphitas. Come, Moron. This is a day of peace, and I restore you to favour with the Princess.

Moron. My lord, I shall be a better courtier for the future, and shall take care how I speak what I think again.

S C E N E III.

ARISTOMENES, THEOCLES, IPHITAS, PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA, MORON.

IPHITAS to the princes of Messene and Pylos.

I'M afraid, Princes, that my daughter's choice will not be in your favour; but there are two princesses that

may be a consolation to you under this small misfortune.

Aristomenes. My lord, we shall do as we ought ; and if these amiable princesses do not despise repulsed hearts, we may in them attain to the honour of your alliance.

SCENE THE LAST.

IPHITAS, PRINCESS, AGLANTA, CINTHIA,
PHILLIS, EURIALUS, ARISTOMENES, THE-
OCLES, MORON.

PHILLIS to Iphitas.

MY lord, the goddess Venus has every where proclaim'd the change of the princess's heart : All the shepherds and shepherdesses testify their joy for it by dances and songs, and if 'tis not a spectacle you despise, you may see the public joy extend quite hither.

THE END.

...to a condition to you under the small mirror.

...my hand we had to be so much.

...and it was possible to see the world.

...and we had to be so much of your.

...

SCENE THE LAST

...THE PRINCE OF ELLIOT, ACTING, CANTON.

...PHILIP, ELLIOT, ANTHONY, THE.

...MORON.

...PHILIP to ELLIOT.

...I have the greatest of every where.

...the change of the prince's heart: All the

...and it is not a little for the prince.

...the prince's heart, and it is not a little.

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THE

F E A S T S



OF

VERSAILLES.

THE

F E A S T S



V E R S A I L L E S

THE
F E A S T S
O F
VERSAILLES,

In 1664.

THE FIRST DAY.

THE PLEASURES
OF THE INCHANTED ISLAND.

T WAS in this beautiful place that all the court met, on the fifth of May, and the king treated above six hundred persons till the fourteenth, not reckoning an infinite number of people necessary in the dancing and in the play, besides all sorts of artificers who came from Paris; so that it look'd like a little army.

The very heavens seem'd to favour his majesty's design, since in a season hardly ever without rain, they came off with a little wind, which appear'd as if it rose only to shew that the king's foresight and power were proof against the greatest inconveniencies. High curtains, buildings of wood, run up almost in an instant, and a prodigious number of flambeaux of white wax, to supply

the place of above four thousand tapers, every day resist-
ed the wind; which to another wou'd have render'd these
diversions almost impracticable.

Monsieur de Vigarini, a Modenois gentleman, very
skilful in all such things, invented and propos'd these;
and the king commanded the duke of St. Aignan, who
was then first gentleman of the bed-chamber, and who
had before given several plans of very agreeable balls, to
form a design wherein they might all be comprehended
with connection and order, so that they cou'd not fail of
success.

He took for his subject the palace of Alcina, which
gave occasion to the title of the pleasures of the inchant-
ed island; since, according to Ariosto, the brave Rogero
and several other good knights, were there detain'd by
the double charms of the beauty, (tho' borrow'd) and
the learning of that inchantress, and were deliver'd, after
a long time spent in delights, by the ring, which de-
stroy'd the enchantment; 'twas that of Angelica, which
Melissa in the shape of old Atlas, at length put upon
Rogero's finger.

In a few days then, there was fitted up a round,
wherein four great alleys met amongst high pallissadoes,
with four portico's thirty five foot high and twenty two
foot square, and several festoons enrich'd with gold and
divers paintings with his majesty's arms.

All the court being seated in it on the seventh, there
enter'd, at six of the clock in the evening, an herald at
arms, represented by M. des Bardins, dress'd after the
antique manner, in flame-colour embroider'd with silver,
and very well mounted.

He was follow'd by three pages, that of the king, (M.
de Artagnan,) went before the two others, very richly

dress'd in flame-colour, his majesty's livery, bearing his lance and shield, whereon shone a sun of precious stones, with these words.

Nec cesso, nec erro.

Alluding to his majesty's application to the affairs of state, and his manner of governing; which was likewise represented by these four verses of the president de Perigny, author of the said device.

*'TIS with the highest reason that the earth,
And heav'n's behold, with wonder, this rare object,
Who in his no less hard than glorious race
Does never take repose, nor ever errs.*

The two other pages belong'd to the dukes of St. Aignan and Noailles: The former marshal of camp, and the latter judge of the courses.

That of the duke of St. Aignan bore the shield of his device, and was dress'd in his livery of silver cloth, enrich'd with gold, with carnation and black plumes, the ribbons the same. His device was a clock-bell, with these words, *De mi golpes mi ruido.*

The duke of Noailles's page was dress'd in flame-colour, silver and black, and the rest of the livery agreeable to it. The device which he bore on his shield was an eagle, with these words, *Fidelis & audax.*

Four trumpets and two kettle-drums went after these pages, dress'd in flame-colour'd sattin, and silver; their plumes of the same livery, and the caparisons of their horses cover'd with the same embroidery, with suns of gold very glittering upon the bandrols of the trumpets and the coverings of the kettle-drums.

The duke of St. Aignan, marshal de Camp, went after them arm'd in the Greek manner; with a cuirass

of silver cloth cover'd with little scales of gold, as were his silk stockings; and his helmet was adorn'd with a dragon, and a great number of white feathers, mix'd with carnation and black: He rode on a white horse, arm'd in the same, and represented Guidon the savage.

For the duke de St. Aignan, representing Guidon the savage.

THOSE combats in the dang'rous isle I fought,

When I so many warriors did disarm,

Follow'd by battles of a softer sort,

Did signalize my force as well as heart.

Whether in lawful fights my strength I show,

Or whether in forbidden fields exert,

Proclaim it, for my glory, at both poles,

None, in each war, oftner or better strikes.

For the same.

SINGLE against ten warriors and ten maids,

'Tis having two strange contests upon band.

Who comes with honour from this double combat,

Must be a most unconquerable soldier.

Eight trumpets and two kettle-drums dress'd like the first, follow the mareschal de Camp.

The king representing Rogero, follow'd them upon one of the finest horses in the world; the harness of it, which was flame-colour, shone with gold, silver and precious stones. His majesty was arm'd in the Greek manner, as were all those of his troop, and wore a cuirass of silver plates, cover'd with a rich embroidery of gold and diamonds: His port and whole action were worthy of his rank; his helmet all cover'd with flame-colour'd plumes,

plumes, had an incomparable beauty; and never did a more free or warlike air raise a mortal above other men.

For the KING, representing Rogero,

WHAT state, what port this dauntless conqueror wears!
His person dazzles each beholder's eye;

And tho' by his high post he is distinguish'd,
Yet something greater sparkles in his mien.

His front foretells his future deeds: his virtue
Makes his high ancestors forgot, and leaves 'em
At distance lagging in the course of glory.

His generous heart's most constant application
Is how to act for others, not himself;
In this his pow'r is gen'rously employ'd.

He quite eclipses all the ancient heroes;
Honour's the only mark he keeps in view,
And always fights for interests not his own.

The duke of Noailles, judge of the lists, by the name of Oger the Dane, march'd after the king, wearing flame-colour and black, under a rich embroidery of silver; and his plumes, as well as all the rest of his equipage, were of the same livery.

For the duke de NOAILLES, judge of the lists, representing Oger the Dane.

THIS Paladin applies to this sole business,
To serve and please the greatest king on earth:
And as who judges well, as well must act,
None from his sentence justly can appeal.

The duke of Guise and the count of Armagnac went together after him. The former, by the name of Aquil-

lant the black, wore an habit of that colour embroider'd with gold and jay-colour; his plumes, his horse and his lance being match'd to his livery. And the other, representing Griffin the white, wore over an habit of silver cloth, several rubies, and rode on a white horse arm'd in the same colour.

For the duke de GUISE, representing Aquilant the black.

*BEAUTEOUS is day, nor does the night want charms,
Black is my colour, which I always lov'd :
But yet tho' darkness suits my amorous passion,
It never shall extend to touch my fame.*

For the count de ARMAGNAC, representing Griffin the white.

*BEHOLD the candour heav'n on me bestows ;
Beauty may safely trust to this fair hue :
And when I'm call'd to face the enemy,
I there will gain more whiteness with my sword.*

The dukes de Foix and Coaslin, who appeared afterwards, were dress'd, one in carnation with gold and silver, and the other in green, white and silver. Their livery and horses were worthy the rest of their equipage.

For the duke de FOIX, representing Rinaldo.

*HE bears a glorious name, is young and sage :
This, you will say, is soaring very high ;
Since but to few at such an age, heav'n grants,
With so much fire, a just allay of phlegm.*

For the duke de COASLIN, representing Dudon.

*NONE can too far in glory's course engage,
Tho' I seven kings should by my courage vanquish.*

*And see them subject to Rogero's power,
I should not be content with my exploit.*

After them march'd the count of Lude, and the prince of Marsillac, the former dress'd in carnation and white, and the other in yellow, white and black, enrich'd with silver embroidery, their livery of the same, and very well mounted.

For the count de LUDE, representing Astolpho.

*OF all the Paladins the world contains,
Sure a more amorous knight was never seen;
I still in fresh adventures do engage,
Tho' still enchanted by some youthful fairy.*

For the prince de MARSILLAC, representing Brandimart.

*MY vows will be compleat, my wishes crown'd,
My fortune at its utmost height arriv'd,
When, lovely lily, you my zeal shall know,
Indelibly within my heart imprest.*

The Marquisses of Villequier and Soyecourt follow'd. One wore blue and silver, and the other blue, white and black, with gold and silver; their plumes and the harness of their horses were of the same colour, and of an equal richness.

For the marquis de VILLEQUIER, representing Richardet.

*NONE e'er, like me, with galantry could quit
A love-intrigue, where, doubtless, art's requir'd:
None, in my mind, e'er more agreeably
Was faithful in deceiving of his mistress.*

For the marquis de SOYECOURT, representing Olivier.

*BEHOLD the honour of the age, to whom
We when compar'd, nay giants, scarce are men:
This arrant knight, prepar'd for all that come,
Has still his lance in order for the tilts.*

The marquisses de Humieres and Valliere follow'd them. The first wearing flesh colour and silver, and the other gray and silver; their whole livery being the richest and best match'd in the world.

For the marquis de HUMIERES, representing Ariodant.

*WHEN love, that sev'rish passion of the soul,
Attacks me, I with trembling own its pow'r:
Yet nothing shall my spirits e'er controul,
Or make me shake, but she whom I adore.*

For the marquis de LA VALLIERE, representing Zerbin.

*WHERE'ER grand notions glory may inspire,
When to a sovereign degree we love;
To die within her arms whom we admire,
Is of all deaths the sweetest, in my mind.*

Monsieur the duke went alone, having for his livery a flame-colour, white and silver; a great number of diamonds were fix'd on the magnificent embroidery with which his cuirass and silk stockings were cover'd; his helmet and the harness of his horse being likewise enrich'd with them.

For monsieur the DUKE, representing Orlando.

*ORLANDO far and wide his lustre spreads;
Glory observant does his steps await,
Sprung from a blood that burns to seek the field,
I speak but truth, the blood of Charles the great.*

A CHARIOT eighteen foot high, twenty four long, and fifteen wide, appear'd afterwards, shining with gold and divers colours. It represented that of Apollo, in whose honour were formerly celebrated the Pythian games, which these knights intended to imitate in their courses and equipage. That deity, shining with light, was seated on the top of the chariot, having at his feet the four ages, distinguish'd by rich habits, and by what they bore in their hands.

The golden age, adorn'd with that precious metal, was likewise set off with divers flowers, which made one of the principal ornaments of that happy age. Those of silver and brass had also their particular tokens. And that of iron was represented by a warrior of a terrible aspect, holding his sword in one hand, and his buckler in the other.

Several other large figures in Relievo adorn'd the sides of the magnificent chariot; the celestial monsters, the serpent Python, Daphne, Hyacinthus, etc. and the other figures which are suitable to Apollo, with an Atlas bearing the globe, were likewise agreeably carv'd. Time represented by the *sieur* Millet with his scythe, his wings, and that decrepidness, wherewith he is always painted, was their conductor. Four horses of an uncommon size and beauty, cover'd with large housings, interspers'd with golden suns, and all in a row, drew that machine.

The twelve hours of the day, and the twelve signs of the zodiac very superbly habited, as the poets describe them, march'd in two files on the two sides of the chariot.

All the knights pages follow'd it two by two, after that of the duke, very properly dress'd in their liveries, with a great many plumes, bearing their masters lances, and the shields with their devices.

The duke of Guise, representing Aquilant the black, having for his device a lion sleeping, with these words, *Et quiescente paveſcunt.*

The count of Armagnac, representing Griffin the white, having for his device an ermine, with these words, *Ex candore decus.*

The duke of Foix, representing Rinaldo, having for his device a ship on the sea, with these words, *Longe levis aura feret.*

The duke of Coassin, representing Dudo, having for his device a sun, and the sun-flower, with these words, *Splendor ab obſequio.*

The count of Lude representing Aſtolpho, having for his device a cypher in the form of a knot with these words, *Non ſia mai ſciolto.*

The prince of Marſillac, representing Brandimart, having for his device a watch in Relief, of which all the ſprings were viſible, with these words, *Quieto fuor, commoto dentro.*

The marquis of Villequier, representing Richardet, having for his device an eagle hovering before the ſun, with these words, *Uni militat Aſtro.*

The marquis of Soyecourt, representing Olivier, having for his device Hercules's club, with these words, *Vix æquat fama labores.*

The marquis of Humieres, representing Ariodant, having for his device all ſorts of crowns, with these words, *No quiero menos.*

The marquis of la Valliere, representing Zerbin, hav-

ing for his device a Phoenix on a pile set on fire by the sun, with these words, *Hoc juvat uri.*

Monsieur the duke, representing Orlando, having for his device a dart wreathed with laurel, with these words, *Certe ferit.*

TWENTY shepherds, laden with several pieces of the rails which were to be set up for the tilting, form'd the last troop that enter'd the lists. They wore vests of flame colour, enrich'd with silver, and caps of the same.

So soon as these troops were entered the camp, they went round it; and after having saluted the queens, separated, and took each his post: The pages at the head, the trumpets and kettle-drums crossing, posted themselves on the wings. The king advancing to the middle, took his place opposite to the high canopy: The duke near his majesty, the dukes of St. Aignan and Noailles on the right and left; the ten knights in a lane on each side of the chariot; their pages in the same order behind them, the signs and hours as they enter'd.

When they had made a halt in this manner, a profound silence, caused by attention and respect, gave mademoiselle de Brie, who represented the age of Brass, an opportunity to begin these verses in praise of the queen, address'd to Apollo, represented by the *Sieur de la Grange*.

THE BRASS AGE to Apollo.

THOU brilliant father of the day, whose power
Does by its various aspects give us birth;
Hope of the earth, and ornament of heaven,
Thou fairest and most necessary God;
Thou whose activity and sovereign bounty
In every place makes itself seen and felt:

Say by what destiny, or what new choice,
Thy games are solemniz'd on Gallic shores?

APOLLO.

If all th' address, the glory, valour, merit,
Which made Greece shine, are found on these blest shores,
Then justly hither are those games transfer'd,
Which, to my honour, earth has consecrated.

I ever did delight to pour on France
The balmy influence of my gentle rays;
But the bright dame whom Hymen there enthrones
Makes me for her disdain all other realms.

Since for the wide creation's good so long
I've made the boundless tour of seas and earth,
I ne'er saw ought so worthy of my fires,
Such noble blood, so generous a heart,
Never such lustre with such innocence,
Never such youth with so much weigh'd discretion;
Never such grandeur with such condescension,
Never such wisdom joyn'd with so much beauty.

The thousand various climates which are rul'd
By all those demi-gods from whom she springs,
Led by their own devoir and her high merit,
United, will one day confess her power.

Whatever grandeur France or Spain might boast,
The rights of Charles the fifth, and Charles the great,
Auspiciously transmitted in her blood,
Will to her throne subject the universe:
But a yet greater title, nobler lot,
Which lifts her higher, and which charms her more,
A name which in itself all names outweighs,
Is that of consort to the mighty Louis.

SILVER AGE.

By what unjust decree has fate produc'd
A star so kindly in the age of iron?

GOLDEN AGE.

Ah! Do not murmur at the gods appointment!
This age which has the hate of heav'n deserv'd,
Instead of growing proud with that rare blessing,
Ought thence to augurate its approaching ruin,
And think a virtue which it can't corrupt,
Comes rather to destroy than to ennoble it.
Soon as she cheer'd the earth with her blest presence,
See how she chas'd away the rage of war;
How from that very day unwearied hands
Labour the happiness of human kind.
See by what hidden springs a Hero strives
To banish from a barbarous age its horrors,
And kindly to assist my resurrection,
With all those joys which innocence desires.

IRON AGE.

I know what enemies have plan'd my ruin,
Their plots are known, their stratagems are trac'd;
But yet my courage is not so far sunk——

APOLLO.

Should all hell's monsters join in thy defence,
Feeble and vain would their resistance prove
Against such grandeur and against such virtue:
Long with thy galling yoke the world oppress'd
Shall by thy flight a happier lot enjoy.
'Tis time that thou give way to the high law
Which an august and mighty queen imposes;

'Tis time thou yield to the illustrious labours
 Of a great king favour'd by heav'n and earth:
 But I too long with this dispute am held,
 Yon lists invite to much more gentle combats,
 Come then, let's open 'em, and laurels wreath
 To crown the brows of our renowned warriors.

ALL these recitals being over, the running at the ring began, wherein, after the king had made his skill and gracefulness be admired in that exercise, as in all others, and after several fine courses of all those knights, the duke of Guise, the marquisses of Soyecourt and Valiere remain'd to dispute, the last whereof bore off the prize, which was a golden sword enrich'd with diamonds, with very valuable buckles for his Belt, which the queen mother gave, and where-with she honour'd him with her own hand.

They began their running in such good time, that just as they'd done it, night came, and an infinite number of lights illuminating that beautiful place, there enter'd thirty four musicians very well dress'd, who were to precede the seasons, and made the most agreeable concert in the world.

Whilst the seasons were lading themselves with delicious viands, for the magnificent entertainment of their majesties, the twelve signs of the Zodiack, and the four seasons danced in the ring one of the finest entries that was ever seen.

The Spring afterwards appear'd on a Spanish horse, represented by mademoiselle du Parc; who with the sex and advantages of a woman, shew'd the skill of a man. Her habit was green with silver embroidery, and artificial flowers.

Summer follow'd, represented by the *sieur du Parc*, upon an elephant cover'd with rich housings.

Autumn as advantageously dress'd, represented by the *sieur de la Thorilliere*, came next, mounted on a camel.

Winter, represented by the *sieur Bejart*, follow'd on a bear. Their train was composed of forty eight persons, who bore on their heads large basins for the collation.

The twelve first cover'd with flowers, carried, like gardeners, baskets painted with green and silver, garnish'd with a great deal of china, so full of sweetmeats and other delicious things of the season, that they bow'd beneath the agreeable load.

Twelve others, like reapers, cloath'd in habits conformable to their profession but very rich, carry'd basins of carnation colour which the rising sun is of, and followed the Summer.

Twelve dress'd like vintagers, were cover'd with vine-leaves, and bunches of grapes, and bore, in panniers of a yellow colour full of little basins of the same colour, divers other fruits and confitures in the train of Autumn.

The twelve last were frozen old men, whose furs and manner of walking shew'd their coldness and weakness, bearing, in basins cover'd with ice and snow so well counterfeited, that one would have taken 'em for the thing itself, what was to contribute to the collation, and follow'd Winter.

Fourteen muscians of Pan and Diana preceded those two deities, with an agreeable harmony of flutes and bagpipes.

They afterwards came upon a very ingenious machine in form of a little mountain or rock, shaded with

Several trees; but what was most surprising is, that it was carry'd up into the air, without discovery of the artifice which gave it motion.

Twenty other persons follow'd, carrying meats of the menagery of Pan and of Diana's hunting.

Eighteen of the king's pages very richly dress'd, who were to wait upon the ladies at table, made the last of that troop; which being ranged, Pan, Diana, and the seasons presenting themselves before the queen, the Spring first address'd these verses to her.

The SPRING to the Queen.

OF all the new-blown flowers that deck my gardens
Scorning the jessamins, the pinks and roses,
These lilies I have chose to pay my tribute,
Which in your earliest years you so much cherish'd.
Lewis from east to west has made them shine,
Whilst the charm'd world at once respects and fears them;
But still their reign's more soft and powerful too,
When, brilliant like, they beam on your complexion.

The SUMMER.

Seiz'd with too hasty a surprize, I bring
A slender ornament to grace this feast;
Yet know, before my season's pass'd away,
To crown your warriors, in the fields of Thrace,
An ample crop of laurels shall arise.

The AUTUMN.

The Spring, proud of the beauty of those flowers
Which to his lot have fortunately fall'n,
Thinks to have all th' advantage of this feast
And quite obscure us by his lively colours.

But you, you matchless princefs, well remember,
 What precious fruit my feafon has produc'd,
 Which in your houfe does one day mean to prove
 The darling and the bleffing of mankind.

THE WINTER.

The fnow and ificles I hither bring,
 Are viands far from being rare or precious;
 But they're moft neceffary in a feaft,
 Where with their killing eyes, a thoufand objects,
 Replete with charms, fo many flames create.

DIANA

Our woods, our rocks, our mountains, all our hunters,
 And my companions who have to me always
 Paid fovereign honours, fince they have beheld
 Your prefence here, will know me now no more;
 And laden with their prefents come with me
 To bring this tribute to you, as a mark
 Of their allegiance.

The fswift inhabitants of thefe blefs'd groves,
 Make it their choice to fall into your nets,
 And only wifh to perifh by your hands,
 Love, whole addrefs and countenance you wear,
 Alone with you this wondrous fecret fhares.

PAN

Be not surpriz'd, young deity, that we
 In this fam'd feftival approach to offer
 The choice of what our paftures can beftow,
 For if our flocks their herbage tafte in peace,
 'Tis to your charms that happinefs we owe.

THIS ended, a great table is feen, in the form of an
 half moon, round on the fide where they were to ferve,

and garnish'd with flowers on the other side which was hollow.

Thirty six violins, very well dress'd, were behind on a little stage, whilst messieurs de la Marche and Parfait, father, brother, and son, controulers general, by the names of Plenty, Elegance and Good-Cheer, caused it to be cover'd by the Pleasures, Sports, Smiles and Delights.

Their majesties sat down in this order, which prevented all the confusion which might have risen about precedency.

The Queen mother was seated in the middle of the table, and had at her right hand

The KING.

Mademoiselle d' Alencon.

Madame la Princesse.

Mademoiselle d' Elbeuf.

Madame de Bethune.

Madame la dutchesse de Crequy.

The duke of ORLEANS.

Madame la Duchesse de St. Aignan.

Madame la Marchale du Plessis.

Madame la Marchale d' Etampe.

Madame de Gourdon.

Madame de Montespau.

Madame de Hamieres.

Mademoiselle de Brancas.

Madame d' Armagnac.

Madame la Comtesse de Soissons.

Madame la Princesse de Bade.

Mademoiselle de Grancay.

On the other side were sitting,

The QUEEN.

*Madame de Carignan.**Madame de Flaix.**Madame la Duchesse de Foix.**Madame de Brancas.**Madame de Froulay.**Madame la Duchesse de Navailles.**Mademoiselle d' Ardenne.**Mademoiselle de Coetlogan.**Madame de Crussol.**Madame de Montauzier.*

The dutchess of ORLEANS.

*Madame la princesse Benedikte.**Madame la Duchesse.**Madame de Rouvroy.**Mademoiselle de la Mothe.**Madame de Marsé.**Mademoiselle de la Valliere.**Mademoiselle d' Artigny.**Mademoiselle du Bellay.**Mademoiselle de Dampierre.**Mademoiselle de Fiennes.*

The sumptuousness of this collation exceeds all that can be written of it, as well for its abundance, as the delicacy or things that were served up: It made likewise the finest object that the senses were capable of; for in the night-time, near the verdure of those pallisadoes, an infinite number of candlesticks painted green and silver, each of them holding twenty four tapers, and two hundred flambeaux of white wax, held by as many persons in masks, gave a light almost as great, and more agree-

able than that of day. All the knights, with their helmets cover'd with feathers of different colours, and their running dresses, lean'd on the lists; and the great number of officers richly dress'd, who waited, encreas'd its beauty, and render'd that ring an enchanted place; from whence, after the collation, their majesties and all the court, went out by the portico opposite to the lists, and in a great number of very commodious calashes, resum'd their way to the castle.

The SECOND DAY.

The sequel of the PLEASURES of the INCHANTED ISLAND.

WHEN the night of the second day was come, their majesties repair'd to another ring, surrounded with palisadoes like the former and on the same line, still advancing towards the lake, where the palace of Alcina was suppos'd to be built. The design of this second feast was that Rogero and the knights of his troop, after having done wonders in the courses, which by order of the fair enchantress they had perform'd in favour of the queen, should continue in the same design in order to the following diversion; and that, the floating Island not having remov'd from the French shore, they might give her majesty the pleasure of a comedy, whose scene lay in Elis. The king, then caus'd with surprising expedition, all that ring to be cover'd with cloth in the manner of a dome, to defend against the wind the great number of flambeaux and candles which were to light the theatre, the decoration of which was very agreeable. There they represented the comedy of The princess of Elis.

During the dances, there rises from under the stage the machine of a great tree with sixteen Fauns in it, eight of which play upon the flute, and the others on the violin, with the most agreeable concert in the world. Thirty violins answer them from the Orchestre, with six other instruments of harpsichords and theorboes, which were the sieurs D'Anglebert, Richard, Itier, la Barre the younger, Tissu and le Moine; and four shepherds and four shepherdesses danc'd a very fine entry, which the Fauns descending from the tree mix'd in from time to time. The shepherds were the sieurs Chicanneau, du Pron, Noblet, la Pierre; the shepherdesses were the sieurs Balthazard, Magni, Arnald, Bonard:

All this scene was so grand, so full and so agreeable, that there was never any thing of dancing finer seen; and such an advantageous conclusion did it make to the diversions of this day, that the whole court prais'd it no less than that which had preceded it, retiring with a satisfaction which gave them great expectations of the sequel of so compleat a festival.

The THIRD DAY.

The sequel and conclusion of the PLEASURES of the
INCHANTED ISLAND.

THE more they advanced towards the great ring which represented the lake, on which was anciently built the palace of Alcina, the nearer they approach'd to the end of the diversions of the enchanted island, as if it had not been just that so many brave knights should any longer remain in an idleness which would have done wrong to their glory.

'Twas pretended, therefore, still following the first design, that heav'n having resolv'd to free those warriors, Alcina had some presages of it, which fill'd her with terror and uneasiness: she resolv'd to provide all the remedies that were likely to prevent that misfortune, and fortify every way a place which might secure her whole repose and joy.

Within this ring, whose extent and form were extraordinary, there appear'd a rock situate in the middle of an island cover'd with divers animals, as tho' they would defend the entry of it.

Two other islands longer, but not so broad, were seen on the two sides of the first, and all three, as well as the borders of the ring, were so very much illuminated, that these lights produc'd a new day in the darkness of the night. Their majesties being arrived, had no sooner taken their places, than one of the two islands that were by the sides of the first, was all cover'd with violins very well dress'd. The other that was opposite to it, was at the same time cover'd with trumpets and kettle-drums, whose habits were no less rich.

But what was more surprising was to see Alcina issue from behind the rock, born by a sea-monster of a prodigious bigness.

Two of the nymphs of her train, by the names of Celia and Dirce appear'd at the same time following her; and placing themselves on each side of her upon great whales, they approach'd the brink of the ring of water; and Alcina began verses, which her companions answer'd, and which were in praise of the queen, mother to the king.

ALCINA, CELIA, DIRCE.

ALCINA.

YOU, who in my felicity have share,
Come, weep with me in this extremity.

Celia. What unexpected cause of such alarms?
Who draws such floods of tears from those bright eyes?

Alcina. I can't ev'n think to speak on't without trem-
bling.

'Midst the dark horrors of a threaten'g dream,
A spectre with a hideous voice declar'd
That hell on my account suspends its force,
That a celestial power arrests its aid,
And, this day gone, that I shall be no more.
All the malignant influence of the stars,
Which adverse reign'd ascendant at my birth,
And all my art had promis'd of misfortunes,
This dream depainted in such lively colours,
That ceaseless to my waking eyes it offers
Melissa's power and Brandimart's misfortune.
These evils I foresaw, but the dear pleasures,
Which here seem'd even to prevent our wishes;
Our lofty palaces, our fields, our gardens,
The pleasing converse of our dear companions,
Our songs and sports, the concerts of the birds,
The zephyr's fresh perfume, the waters murmur,
The sweet adventures of our tender loves,
Made me forget those fatal auguries;
When that dire dream, which still distracts my senses,
With so much fury brought 'em to my mind.
Methinks I see my troops each moment routed,
My guards put to the sword, my prisons forc'd,

A thousand lovers by my art transform'd,
 Who best on my destruction quit their trunks
 And leafy dwellings to take vengeance on me;
 And last methinks I see my dear Rogero
 Ready to shake off my despised chains.

Celia. Fear in your breast has gain'd too great an empire.

You reign sole here; for you alone they sigh;
 Nought interrupts the course of your contentment,
 But plaintive accents of your mournful lovers.
 Logistile and his troops driv'n from our fields
 Still quake with fear, bury'd beneath their mountains;
 And ev'n Melissa's name, unheard-of here
 Is only by your aug'ries known to us.

Dirce. Ah! let us not deceive ourselves, this phantom
 Held, this last night, the same discourse with me.

Alcina. Alas! who then can doubt of our misfortunes?

Celia. I see a sure and easy remedy;
 A queen appears, whose most auspicious aid
 Will guard us from the efforts of Melissa.
 The goodness of this queen is highly boasted.
 'Tis said her heart, whose constancy despis'd
 The insolence of the most daring storms,
 Is ever open to her subjects vows.

Alcina. 'Tis true, I see her. In this pressing danger
 Let us endeavour to engage her succour.
 Let's tell her that the public voice displays
 The charming beauties of her royal soul.
 Say, that her virtue, higher than her rank,
 Adorns the lustre of her noble blood;
 And that our sex's glory she has born
 So far, that times to come will scarce believe it.
 That her great heart, fond of the public good,

Gives her a generous contempt of dangers;
Proof against ought that may befall herself;
She apprehends for nothing but the state.
Say that her benefits profusely pour'd,
Gain her the love and rev'rence of mankind,
That even the shadow of an ill that threatens her
Is cause enough to put the world in mourning.
Say that at absolute power's highest point,
Her grandeur without pride or pomp appears;
That in most dangerous times her constant prudence
Has fearless the prerogative supported;
And in the happy calm gain'd by her labours
Restores it to her son without regret.
Say, with what great respect, what complaisance
That glorious son rewards her for her cares.
Boast the long labours, boast the righteous laws
Of that same son, the greatest of all monarchs;
And how that mother, fortunately fruitful,
Giving but twice, gave so much to the world.
In fine, the more to move her to compassion,
Let's use the eloquence of sighs and tears,
That we amidst our grievous pain may find
A peaceful refuge at her royal feet.

Dirce. I know her heart, magnificently generous,
Receives the voice of misery with pleasure;
But yet she ne'er was seen t'exert her power,
Unless to shield the innocent from wrong;
I know she all things can, but dare not think
She'll stoop so low as to defend our cause.
She may have been inform'd of our soft errors,
And nothing is more clashing with her conduct:
Her well-known zeal for piety will render
Our interests odious to her spotless virtue;

342 THE FEASTS OF VERSAILLES.

And far from growing less at her approach
My fear redoubling chills my troubled spirits.

Alcina. Oh! my own fear's sufficient to afflict me.
Instead of sharp'ning, sooth my grief, and try
To furnish my dejected soul, with means
Of warding off the ills that threaten it.
Mean time let all the palace-guards be doubled,
And if there be no sanctuary for us,
Let us in our despair our comfort seek,
Nor yield ourselves at least without resistance.

Alcina, Mademoiselle du Parc.

Celia, Mademoiselle de Brie.

Dirce, Mademoiselle Moliere.

WHEN they had done, and Alcina was gone to double the guards of the palace, a concert of violins is heard, during which, the frontispiece of the palace opening with wonderful art, and towers rising to view, four giants of an unmeasurable greatness appear with four dwarfs, who by the opposition of their little stature, make that of the giants seem still the more excessive. To these Colossusses was committed the guard of the palace, and by them began the first entry.

BALLET

Of the PALACE of ALCINA.

FIRST ENTRY.

GIANTS. The Sieurs Manseau, Vagnard, Pefan and Joubert.

Dwarfs. The two young Des-airs, young Vagnard, and young Tutin.

SECOND ENTRY.

EIGHT Moors allotted by Alcina for the guard of the inside, make an exact visit of it with, each, two flambeaux.

Moors. The Sieurs d'Heurex, Beauchamp, Moliere, la Marre, le Chantre, de Gan, du Pron and Merciers.

THIRD ENTRY.

MEAN time an amorous indignation prompts six of the knights that Alcina kept prisoners, to attempt to get out of the palace; but fortune not seconding the endeavours they make in their despair, they are conquer'd after a sharp combat by as many monsters which attack them.

Knights. Monsieur de Souville, the sieurs Raynal, Des-airs the eldest, Des-airs the second, de Lorge, and Balthazard.

Monsters. The sieurs Chicanneau, Noblet, Arnald, Desbrosses, Defonets and la Pierre.

FOURTH ENTRY.

ALCINA, alarm'd at this accident, invokes a-new all her spirits, and demands their assistance: Two of them present themselves before her, leaping with a wonderful force and agility.

Active Demons. The sieurs St. Andre and Magny.

FIFTH ENTRY.

OTHER Demons come, and seem to assure the enchantress that they'll forget nothing that may contribute to her repose.

Leaping Demons. The sieurs Tutin, la Brodiere, Pefan and Bureau.

SIXTH and LAST ENTRY.

BUT hardly had she begun to take heart, before she saw the sage Melissa appear under the form of Atlas, near Rogero and some knights of his train: she presently runs to hinder her from effecting her intention; but she comes too late. Melissa has already put on the finger of that brave knight, the famous ring, which destroys the enchantments. Then a clap of thunder, follow'd by several flashes of lightning, portends the destruction of the palace, which is presently reduced to ashes by a fire-work which puts an end to this adventure, and to the diversions of the enchanted island.

Alcina, Mademoiselle du Parc. Melissa, the sieur de Lorge.

Rogero, the sieur Beauchamp.

Knights, the sieurs d'Heureux, Raynal, du Pron and Desbrosses.

Squires, the sieurs la Marre, le Chantre, de Gan and Mercier.

End of the Ballet.

It look'd as if heaven, earth and water were all in a flame, and as if the destruction of the superb palace of Alcina, as well as the liberty of the knights she there retain'd, cou'd not be effected but by prodigies and miracles; the height and number of sky-rockets, those which roll'd along on the shore, and those which return'd out of the water, after having been cast into it, made a spectacle so grand and magnificent, that nothing could better

better terminate the enchantments, than such fine fireworks; which being at last ceased after an extraordinary length and noise, the *coups des Boetes* which had begun it, redoubled again.

Then all the court retiring, confess'd that nothing could be more perfect than these three feasts. And 'tis a sufficient confession that nothing could be added to it, to say, that the three days having each its partisans, as every one of them had its particular beauties, none cou'd agree which ought to bear away the bell; tho' they all agreed that they might justly dispute it with all those that ever had been seen till then, and perhaps surpass them.

The FOURTH DAY.

BUT tho' the feasts comprehended in the subject of the pleasures of the Inchaned Island were ended, yet all the diversions of Versailles were not so, and the magnificence and galantry of the king had reserved some for other days, that were no less agreeable.

On Saturday the 10th, his majesty had a mind to run at heads. 'Tis an exercise which few people are ignorant of, and the use whereof comes from Germany, very well invented to shew a Cavalier's address, as well in managing his horse in turns of war, as in rightly using a lance, a dart and a sword. If there are any who never saw them run at, they may here find a description of it, being not so common as the ring, and only brought hither of late: and those who have had the pleasure of seeing 'em, may however bear with so short a narrative.

The knights enter the lists one after another with lance in hand, and a dart under the right thigh, and after one

of them has run and bore off a head of thick past-board painted, and in form of a Turk's, he gives his lance to a page, and making the half Volta, he returns on a full gallop to the second head, which is the colour and form of a Moor's, bears it off with the dart which he strikes it with as he goes by; then taking a javelin little different in form from a dart, in a third turn he darts it in a buckler, whereon is painted a Medusa's head; and ending his *demi-volta*, he draws his sword, wherewith, as he gallops by, he bears off a head raised half a foot from earth; then giving way to another, he who, in his running bears off most, gains the prize.

All the court being placed on a ballustrade of iron gilt, which went quite round the agreeable house of Versailles, and which looks into the trench, wherein were prepar'd the lists with rails; the king repair'd thither, follow'd by the same knights that ran at the ring. The dukes of St. Aignant and Noailles continuing in their former offices, one of marshal de Camp, and the other of judge of the courses; of which many were run, very handsomely and successfully; but the king's skill gain'd him not only the prize of the ladies course, but likewise that which the queen gave. It was a rose of diamonds of great value, which the king after having won it, freely gave to be run for by the other knights, and which the marquis de Coassin disputed with the marquis of Soye-court, and gain'd.

THE FIFTH DAY.

ON Sunday, at the king's Levee, almost all the conversation turn'd on the fine running of the preceding day, and occasion'd a grand challenge between the duke de St.

Aignan, who had not yet run, and the marquis of Soyecourt, which was deferr'd till the next day, because the mareschal duke de Grammont, who wager'd on the side of that marquis, was oblig'd to go to Paris, from whence he was not to return till the next day.

That afternoon the king carry'd all the court to his aviary, the particular beauties of which were greatly admired, and the almost incredible number of birds of all sorts, amongst which were several very scarce ones. 'Twou'd be useless to mention the collation which follow'd this diversion, since for eight successive days every repast might be esteem'd one of the greatest feasts that could be made.

In the evening, his majesty caus'd to be represented, on one of those double theatres of his Sallon, which his universal wit had itself invented, the comedy of the Impertinents, written by the sieur de Moliere.

The SIXTH DAY.

THE rumour of the challenge which was to be run on Monday the twelfth, caus'd an infinite number of wagers of great value to be laid; tho' that of the two knights was but an hundred pistoles. And as the duke by a happy boldness gave one head to that dexterous marquis, several laid for the latter; who coming somewhat late to the king found a challenge to hasten him; which being only in prose, we have not insert'd it in this discourse.

The duke of St. Aignan had likewise shewn to some of his friends, as an happy presage of his victory, these three verses.

To the LADIES.

*IF, O ye fair, your sentiments agree
With mine, you shall confess this day, that he
Who conquers Soyecourt conquers ten besides.*

Still alluding to his name of Guidon the savage whom the adventure of the dangerous island made conqueror over ten knights. So soon as the king had dined he conducted the queens, the duke and dutchess of Orleans, and all the ladies, to a place where a lottery was to be drawn, that nothing might be wanting to the galantry of these entertainments. 'Twas of precious stones, furniture, plate and other like things; and tho' chance used to decide these presents, yet it certainly accorded with his majesty's desire, when it gave the great prize to the queen; every one left that place very well contented, to go see the running which was going to begin.

At length Guidon and Olivier appear'd in the lists, at five o' clock in the evening, very handsomely dress'd and well mounted.

The king and all the court honour'd them with their presence, and his majesty himself read the articles of the running, that there might be no difference between them. The issue was fortunate to the duke of St. Aignan, who won the day.

At night his majesty caus'd to be play'd the three first acts of a comedy call'd *Tartuffe*, which the sieur de Moliere had made against the hypocrites; but tho' the king thought it very diverting, yet he found so much conformity between those whom a true devotion puts in the way to heaven, and those whom a vain ostentation of good works does not hinder from committing bad; that his extreme delicacy in point of religion cou'd hardly

bear that resemblance of vice and virtue, and tho' he did not doubt the good intentions of the author, yet he forbad the public acting of that comedy, till 'twas entirely finish'd and examin'd by competent judges, that it might not deceive others, who were less capable to make a just discernment of it.

The SEVENTH DAY.

TUESDAY the 13th the king was pleas'd again to run at heads, as a common sport, wherein he who hit most was to win. His majesty had again the prize of the course of the ladies, the duke of St. Aignan that of the sport; and having had the honour to enter the next time into competition with his majesty, the incomparable skill of the king gain'd him that prize too, and 'twas not without an unavoidable amazement, that the king was seen to gain four in two times which he run at the heads.

The same night was play'd the comedy of the Forced marriage, which was likewise the work of the same Moliere; then the king took his way to Fontainebleau on Wednesday the fourteenth. All the court was so satisfy'd with what they had seen, that every one was of opinion it ought to be put in writing, to give some idea of it to those who did not see such diversified and agreeable entertainments, wherein were at once to be admired the project and the success, the liberality with the politeness, the multitude with order, and the satisfaction of all; wherein the indefatigable pains of monsieur Colbert were employ'd thro' all these diversions, notwithstanding his important affairs; wherein the duke de St. Aignan join'd action to the invention of the design, wherein the

fine verses of the president de Perigny in praise of the queens were so justly conceived, so agreeably turn'd, and repeated with so much art; wherein those which M. de Bensserade made for the knights had a general approbation; wherein the exact vigilance of M. Bontemps, and the application of M. de Launay, let nothing that was necessary be wanting: In a word, wherein every one so advantageously testified his design of pleasing the king, at a time when his majesty himself thought of nothing but pleasing; and wherein all that was seen will for ever continue in the memory of the spectators, tho' care had not been taken to preserve in writing the remembrance of all these wonders.

7 MA 55

THE END.

THE

HYPOCHONDRIAC,

COMEDY.

A C T O R S.

ARGAN, the Hypochondriac.

BELINA, second wife to Argan.

ANGELICA, daughter to Argan.

LOUISON, younger daughter, sister to Angelica.

BERALDO, Argan's brother.

CLEANTHES, in love with Angelica.

Mr. DIAFOIRUS, a physician.

THOMAS DIAFOIRUS, son of Mr, Diafoirus.

Mr. PURGON, a physician.

Mr. FLEURANT, an apothecary.

Mr. BONNEFOY, a notary.

TOINET, servant to Argan.



SCENE PAUSES.

THE
HYPOCHONDRIAC.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene ARGAN's chamber.

ARGAN sitting with a table before him, casting up his apothecary's bills with counters.

THREE and two make five, and five makes ten, and ten makes twenty. Three and two make five. *Item, the twenty-fourth, a little insinuatve, preparative and emollient clyster to mollify, moisten, and refresh his worship's bowels.* What pleases me in Mr. Fleurant my apothecary, is, that his bills are always extremely civil. *His worship's bowels, thirty sous.* Ay, but Mr. Fleurant being civil isn't all, you ought to be reasonable too, and not flea your patients. Thirty sous for a clyster! Your servant, I have told you of this already. You have charg'd me in your other bills but twenty sous, and twenty sous in the language of an apothecary is as much as to say ten sous; there they are, ten sous. *Item, the said day, a good deterstve clyster compos'd of double catholicum, rhubarb, mel rosatum. etc. according to prescription, to scour, wash and cleanse his honour's Abdomen, thirty sous; with your leave ten sous.*

M s.

Item, the said day at night, an hepatic, soporific, and somniferous julep, compos'd to make his honour sleep, thirty five sous ; I don't complain of that, for it made me sleep well. Ten, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen sous, six deniers.

Item, the twenty fifth, a good purgative and corroborative medicine compos'd of cassia recens with sen Levantina, etc. according to the prescription of Mr. Purgon, to expel and evacuate his honour's choler, four livres. How! Mr. Fleurant, you jest sure, you should treat your patients with some humanity. Mr. Purgon did not prescribe you to set down four livres; put down, put down three livres if you please—fifty sous.—

Item, the said day, an anodyne and astringent potion to make his honour sleep, thirty sous. Good — fifteen sous.

Item, the twenty sixth, a carminative clyster to expel his honour's wind, thirty sous. Ten sous, Mr. Fleurant.

Item, his honour's clyster repeated at night as before, thirty sous. Ten sous. Mr. Fleurant.

Item, the twenty seventh, a good medicine compos'd to dissipate and drive out his honour's ill humours, three livres. Good, fifty sous; I'm glad you are reasonable.

Item, the twenty eighth, a dose of clarify'd dulcify'd milk, to sweeten, lenify, temper and refresh his honour's blood, twenty sous. Good, ten sous.

Item, a cordial preservative potion, compos'd of twelve grains of bezoar, syrup of limons, pomegranates, etc. according to prescription, five livres. Oh! Mr. Fleurant, softly, if you please, if you use people in this manner, one would be sick no longer, content yourself with four livres; sixty sous. Three and two make five, and five makes ten, and ten makes twenty. Sixty three livres, four sous and six deniers. So then in this month I have taken one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight purges; and one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven,

twelve clysters; and the last month there was twelve purges, and twenty clysters. I don't wonder if I am not so well this month as the last. I shall tell Mr. Purgon of it, that he may set this matter to rights. Here take me away all these things; there's no body there, 'tis in vain to speak, I'm always left alone; there's no way to keep 'em here. [He rings a bell.] They don't hear, my bell's not loud enough. [Rings.] No. [Rings again.] They are deaf. Toinet! [Making as much noise with his bell as possible.] Just as if I did not ring at all. Jade! Slut! [Finding he still rings in vain.] I'm mad. Drelin, drelin, drelin, the duce take the carrion. Is it possible they should leave a poor sick creature in this manner! Drelin, drelin, drelin, oh! lamentable! Drelin, drelin, drelin. Oh! Heavens, they'll let me die here. Drelin, drelin, drelin.

SCENE II.

TOINET, ARGAN.

TOINET entering.

HERE I am.

Argan. O, ye jade! O carrion! [Toinet pretending to have hurt her head.] The duce had your impatiēce, you hurry one so much, that I've knock'd my head against the window-shutter.

Argan angrily.] Ah! baggage——

Toinet interrupting him.] Oh!

Argan. 'Tis a——

Toinet. Oh!

Argan. 'Tis an hour——

Toinet. Oh!

Argan. Thou hast left me ——

Toinet. Oh!

Argan. Hold your tongue, you slut, that I may scold thee.

Toinet. Very well, I faith, I like that, after what I've done to myself.

Argan. Thou hast made me bawl my throat sore, gipsy.

Toinet. And you have made me break my head, one's as good as t'other, so we are quit, with your leave.

Argan. How, huffy ——

Toinet. If you scold, I'll cry.

Argan. To leave me, you jade ——

Toinet. [Still interrupting him.] Oh!

Argan. Impudence! thou wouldst ——

Toinet. Oh!

Argan. What, must not I have the pleasure of scolding at her neither?

Toinet. Have your pennyworth of scolding with all my heart.

Argan. You hinder me from it, huffy, by interrupting me at every turn.

Toinet. If you have the pleasure of scolding, I must on my part, have the pleasure of crying: Every one to his fancy is but reasonable. Oh!

Argan. Come, I must pass over this. Take me away this thing, minx, take me away this thing. [Rising out of his chair.] Has my clyster work'd well to day?

Toinet. Your clyster!

Argan. Yes, have I voided much bilious matter?

Toinet. I faith, I don't trouble myself about those matters. 'Tis for Mr. Fleurant to have his nose in 'em, since he has the profit of 'em.

Argan. Take care to get me some broth ready, for the other I'm to take by and by.

Toinet. This Mr. Fleurant and Mr. Purgon divert themselves finely with you carcase; they have a rare milch-cow of you. I would fain ask 'em what distemper you have, that you must take so much physick.

Argan. Hold your tongue, ignorance, 'tisn't for you to controul the decrees of the faculty. Bring my daughter Angelica to me, I have something to say to her.

Toinet. Here she comes of herself; she has guessed your intention.

SCENE III.

ANGELICA, TOINET, ARGAN.

ARGAN.

COME hither, Angelica, you come opportunely, I want to speak with you.

Angelica. I am ready to hear you, Sir.

Argan. Stay, [To Toinet.] Give me my cane, I'll come again presently.

Toinet. Go quick, Sir, go. Mr. Fleurant finds us in business.

SCENE IV.

ANGELICA, TOINET.

ANGELICA.

TOINET.

Toinet. Well.

Angelica. Look upon me a little.

Toinet. Well. I do look upon you.

Angelica. Toinet.

Toinet. Well, what would you have with Toinet?

Angelica. Don't you guess who I would speak of?

Toinet. I much suspect of our young lover; for 'tis on him that our conversation has entirely turn'd for those six days past, and you're not well unless you are talking of him every moment.

Angelica. Since you know that, why are not you the first then to talk of him to me, and spare me the pains of forcing you on this discourse?

Toinet. You don't give me time to do't; you have such a care about that matter, that 'tis difficult to be before-hand with you.

Angelica. I own to thee that I am never weary of talking of him to thee, and that my heart eagerly takes advantage of every moment to disclose itself to thee. But tell me, dost thou condemn, Toinet, the sentiments I have for him?

Toinet. Far from it.

Angelica. Am I in the wrong to abandon myself to these soft impressions?

Toinet. I don't say that.

Angelica. And wouldst thou have me insensible to the tender protestations of that ardent passion he expresses for me?

Toinet. Heaven forbid!

Angelica. Tell me a little, dost not thou perceive as well as I something of providence, some act of destiny in the unexpected adventure of our acquaintance?

Toinet. Yes.

Angelica. Dost not thou think that action of engag-

ing in my defence, without knowing me, was perfectly galant?

Toinet. Ay.

Angelica. That 'twas impossible to make a more generous use of it?

Toinet. Agreed.

Angelica. And that he did all this with the best grace in the world?

Toinet. Oh, yes.

Angelica. Dost not thou think, Toinet, that he's well made in his person?

Toinet. Certainly.

Angelica. That he has the best air in the world?

Toinet. Undoubtedly.

Angelica. That his discourse, as well as actions, has something noble in it?

Toinet. That's sure.

Angelica. That never any thing was heard more affectionate than all that he says to me?

Toinet. 'Tis true.

Angelica. And that there's nothing more vexatious than the restraint I'm kept under, which hinders all communication of the soft transports of that mutual ardor which heaven inspires us with?

Toinet. You're in the right.

Angelica. But, dear Toinet, dost thou think he loves me so much as he tells me?

Toinet. Um—those kind o' things are sometimes not absolutely to be trusted to. The shew of love is very much like the reality; and I have seen notable actors of that part.

Angelica. Ah! Toinet, what say'st thou? Alas in the

manner he speaks, is it really possible that he should not tell me the truth?

Toinet. Be it as it will, you'll shortly be made clear in that point; and the resolution which he writ you yesterday he had taken to ask you in marriage, is a ready way to discover to you if he spoke truth or not. That will be a thorough proof of it.

Angelica. Ah! Toinet, if this man deceives me, I'll never believe a man as long as I live.

Toinet. Here's your father come back.

SCENE V.

ARGAN, ANGELICA, TOINET.

ARGAN sitting down.

SO, daughter, I'm going to tell you a piece of news, which you little expect perhaps. You are ask'd of me in marriage. How's this? You laugh. That's pleasant enough, ah! that word marriage. There's nothing so merry to young girls. Ah nature! nature! for what I can see then, child, I have no occasion to ask you if you are willing to be married.

Angelica. 'Tis my duty, Sir, to do whatever you shall please to injoin me.

Argan. I'm glad to have such a dutiful daughter; the thing is fixt then, and I have promis'd you.

Angelica. 'Tis for me, Sir, blindly to follow all your resolutions.

Argan. My wife, your mother-in-law, had a desire I should make a nun of you, and your little sister Louison likewise; and has always persisted in it.

Toinet aside.] The fly beast had her reasons for it.

Argan. She would not consent to this match, but I have carry'd it, and my word is given.

Angelica. Ah! Sir, how much am I oblig'd to you for all your goodness!

Toinet. Troth, I take this well of you now, this is the wisest action you ever did in your life.

Argan. I have not yet seen the person, but they tell me I shall be satisfy'd with him, and thou too.

Angelica. Most certainly, Sir.

Argan. How! hast thou seen him?

Angelica. Since your consent authorises me to open my heart to you, I'll not conceal from you, that chance brought us acquainted about six days since, and that the request which has been made to you, is the effect of an inclination which we conceiv'd for one another at first sight.

Argan. I was not told of that, but I'm very glad of it, and 'tis so much the better that things go in that manner. They say that he's a jolly, well-made young fellow.

Angelica. True, Sir.

Argan. Well shap'd.

Angelica. Without doubt.

Argan. Agreeable in his person.

Angelica. Most certainly.

Argan. Of a good countenance.

Angelica. Extremely good.

Argan. Discreet, and well born.

Angelica. Perfectly.

Argan. Very genteel.

Angelica. The most genteel in the world.

Argan. Speaks Latin and Greek well.

Angelica. I don't know that.

Argan. And will be admitted doctor in three days time.

Angelica. He, Sir!

Argan. Yes. Has not he told thee so?

Angelica. No indeed. Who told you so?

Argan. Mr. Purgon.

Angelica. Does Mr. Purgon know him?

Argan. A fine question! He must needs know him since he's his nephew.

Angelica. Cleanthes Mr. Purgon's nephew!

Argan. What Cleanthes? We are speaking of the person you are ask'd for in marriage.

Angelica. Well, ay.

Argan. Very well, and that's the nephew of Mr. Purgon, who is the son of his brother-in-law, the physician Mr. Diafoirus; and this son's name is Thomas Diafoirus, not Cleanthes; and Mr. Purgon, Mr. Fleurant, and I, concluded the match this morning, and to-morrow this intended son-in-law is to be brought to me by his father. What's the matter? you look quite astonish'd.

Angelica. 'Tis because I find, Sir, that you have been speaking of one person, and I understood another.

Toinet. What, Sir, would you entertain so burlesque a design? And with so much wealth as you have, would you marry your daughter to a physician?

Argan. Yes. What business have you, huffy, to concern yourself, impudence as thou art?

Toinet. Good now, softly, Sir, you fly immediately to invectives. Can't we reason together without falling into a passion? Come, let's talk in cool blood. What is your reason, pray, for such a marriage?

Argan. My reason is, that seeing myself infirm, and sick as I am, I would procure me a son-in-law, and relations physicians, in order to depend on good assistance

against my distemper, and to have in my family sources of remedies which are necessary for me, and to be my self at consultations and prescriptions.

Toinet. Very well, that's giving a reason, and there's a pleasure in answering one another calmly. But, Sir, lay your hand on your heart. Are you really sick?

Argan. How, jade, am I sick? am I sick, impudence?

Toinet. Well, yes, Sir, you are sick, let us have no quarrel about that. Yes, you are very sick, I agree to't, and more sick than you think; that's over. But your daughter is to marry a husband for herself, and not being sick, it isn't necessary to give her a physician.

Argan. 'Tis for my sake that I give her this physician, and a girl of good-nature should be overjoy'd to marry for the benefit of her father's health.

Toinet. Look'e, Sir, will you let me as a friend give you a piece of advice?

Argan. What's that advice?

Toinet. Not to think of this match.

Argan. And the reason, pray?

Toinet. The reason's this, that your daughter won't consent to't.

Argan. She won't consent to't?

Toinet. No.

Argan. My daughter?

Toinet. Your daughter. She'll tell you that she has nothing to do with Mr. Diafoirus, nor with his son Thomas Diafoirus, nor all the Diafoirus's in the world.

Argan. But I have something to do with 'em. Besides, the match is more advantageous than you think for. Mr. Diafoirus has only this son to inherit all he has, and moreover, Mr. Purgon who has neither wife nor children, gives him all his estate in favour of this

marriage, and Mr. Purgon is a man that hath good eight thousand livres a year.

Toinet. He must have kill'd a world of people to become so rich.

Argan. Eight thousand livres a year is something, without reckoning the father's estate.

Toinet. All this, Sir, is fair and fine: but I still return to the same story. I advise you between ourselves to choose another husband for her, for she's not made to be madam Diafoirus.

Argan. But I'll have it be so.

Toinet. Oh fy, don't say that.

Argan. How! not say that?

Toinet. No.

Argan. And why shall I not say it?

Toinet. They'll say you don't know what you talk of.

Argan. They may say what they please; but I tell you, I'll have her make good the promise I have given.

Toinet. No, I am sure that she'll not do it.

Argan. I'll force her to't then.

Toinet. She'll not do it, I tell ye.

Argan. She shall do it, or I'll put her into a convent.

Toinet. You?

Argan. I.

Toinet. Good!

Argan. How, good?

Toinet. You shall not put her into a convent.

Argan. I shall not put her into a convent?

Toinet. No.

Argan. No!

Toinet. No.

Argan. Hey day, this is pleasant enough; I shall not put my daughter into a convent, if I please?

Toinet. No, I tell you.

Argan. Who shall hinder me from it?

Toinet. Yourself.

Argan. Myself?

Toinet. Yes, you would not have the heart.

Argan. I shall.

Toinet. You jest.

Argan. I don't jest.

Toinet. Fatherly tenderness will hinder you.

Argan. It won't hinder me.

Toinet. A little tear or two, her arms thrown about your neck, a dear papa pronounc'd tenderly, will be enough to move you.

Argan. All that will do nothing.

Toinet. Yes, yes.

Argan. I tell ye that I won't 'bate an inch on't.

Toinet. You trifle.

Argan. You shall not say that I trifle.

Toinet. Lack-a-day, I know you, you are good-natur'd.

Argan angrily.] I am not good-natur'd, I'm ill-natur'd when I please.

Toinet. Softly, Sir, you don't remember that you are sick.

Argan. I command her absolutely to prepare to take the husband I speak of.

Toinet. And I absolutely forbid her to do it.

Argan. Whereabouts are we then? and what boldness is this for a slut of a servant to talk at this rate before her master?

Toinet. When a master does not consider what he does, a sensible servant is in the right to inform him better.

Argan running after Toinet.] Ah! insolence, I'll knock thee down.

Toinet running from him and putting the chair between her and him.] 'Tis my duty to oppose any thing that would disgrace you.

Argan running after her in a passion round the chair with his cane in his hand.] Come here, come here, that I may teach thee how to speak.

Toinet saving herself on the opposite side of the chair to where Argan is.] I interest myself as I ought, to hinder you from doing such a foolish thing.

Argan. Jade!

Toinet. No, I'll never consent to this match.

Argan. Baggage.

Toinet. I'll not have her marry your Thomas Diafoirus.

Argan. Carrion!

Toinet. And she'll obey me sooner than you.

Argan. Angelica, won't you lay hold of that slut for me?

Angelica. Alas, Sir, don't make yourself sick.

Argan. If thou dost not lay hold of her for me, I'll refuse thee my blessing.

Toinet. And I'll disinherit her, if she does obey you.

Argan throwing himself in this chair.] Oh! Oh! I can bear it no longer. This is enough to kill me.

SCENE VI.

BELINA, ARGAN.

ARGAN.

AH! Wife, come hither.

Belina. What's the matter, my poor spouse?

Argan. Come hither to my assistance.

Belina. What is it then that's the matter, my dear child?

Argan. My love.

Belina. My soul.

Argan. They have been putting me in a passion.

Belina. Alas! my poor little love! and how then, my soul?

Argan. Your slut Toinet is grown more insolent than ever.

Belina. Don't put yourself in a passion then.

Argan. She has made me mad, my life.

Belina. Softly, my child.

Argan. She has been thwarting me this hour about things that I'm resolv'd to do.

Belina. There, there, softly.

Argan. And has had the impudence to tell me that I'm not sick.

Belina. She's an impertinent gipsy.

Argan. You know, my heart, how the matter is.

Belina. Yes, my heart, she's in the wrong.

Argan. My love, that slut will kill me.

Belina. Oh so, oh so.

Argan. She's the cause of all the choler I breed.

Belina. Don't fret yourself so much.

Argan. And I have bid you, I know not how many times, turn her away from me.

Belina. Alas, child, there are no servants, men or women, who have not their faults. We are sometimes forc'd to bear with their bad qualities for the sake of their good ones. This wench is dexterous, careful, diligent, and above all honest; and you know that at pre-

sent there's need of great precaution with regard to those we take. Heark'e, Toinet,

SCENE VII.

ARGAN, BELINA, TOINET.

TOINET.

MADAM.

Belina. What's the reason that you put my dear in this passion?

Toinet in a soft tone.] I, madam, alas! I don't know what you mean, I think of nothing but to please my master in every thing.

Argan. Ah! Traiteurs!

Toinet. He told us that he intended to give his daughter in marriage to the son of Mr. Diafoirus; I answer'd him that I thought the match was very advantageous for her; but believ'd he would do better to put her into a convent.

Belina. There's no great harm in that, and I think she's in the right.

Argan. Ah! my love, dost thou believe her? she's a wicked jade. She said a hundred insolent things to me.

Belina. Very well, I believe you, my soul. Come, recover yourself. Heark'e, Toinet, if you vex my jewel ever again, I'll turn you out of doors. So, give me his furr-cloke, and the pillows, that I may set him easy in his chair. You are I don't know how. Pull your night-cape well over your ears; there's nothing gives people so much cold, as letting the air in at their ears.

Argan. Ah! my life, I'm vastly oblig'd to you for all the care you take of me.

Belina

Belina adjusting the pillows which she puts round him.] Raise yourself up that I may put this under you. Let us put this to keep you up, and this on the t'other side. Let's place this behind your back, and this other to support your head.

Toinet clapping a pillow hard on his head.] And this to keep you from the damp.

Argan rising up in a passion, and throwing all the pillows after Toinet as she runs away.] Ah! jade, thou would'st stifle me.

S C E N E VIII.

A R G A N, B E L I N A.

B E L I N A.

OH so, oh so. What's the matter then?

Argan throwing himself into his chair.] Oh! ah! oh! I can hold it no longer.

Belina. Why do you fly into such passions? she meant to do well.

Argan. You don't know, my love, the malice of that baggage. Oh! she has put me beside myself; and there'll be need of more than eight doses of physic, and twelve clysters to set all this to rights again.

Belina. So, so, my little deeree, pacify yourself a little.

Argan. My life, you are all my comfort.

Belina. Poor little child.

Argan. That I may endeavour to requite the love you have for me, as I told you, my heart, I'll make my will.

Belina. Ah! my soul, don't talk of that, pray now,

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I can't bear the thought of it; the very word of will makes me leap for grief.

Argan. I desir'd you to speak of it to your notary.

Belina. He's within there, I brought him with me.

Argan. Let him come here then, my love.

Belina. Alas! my soul, when one loves a husband well, one's scarce in a condition to think of these things.

SCENE IX.

Mr. BONNEFOY, BELINA, ARGAN.

ARGAN.

COME hither, Mr. Bonnefoy, come hither. Take a chair pray. My wife has told me, Sir, that you are a very honest man, and altogether one of her friends; and I have order'd her to speak to you about a will.

Belina. Alas, I'm not capable of speaking about those things.

Mr. Bonnefoy. She has unfolded your intentions to me, Sir, and what you design for her; and I have to tell you upon that subject, that you cannot give your wife any thing by will.

Argan. But why so?

Mr. Bonnefoy. Custom is against it. If you was in a country of statute-law, it might be done; but at Paris, and in countries for the most part govern'd by custom, 'tis what can't be; and the disposition would be null. All the advantage that a man and woman join'd by wedlock can give each to the other is by mutual gift during life; moreover there must be no children, either of the two conjuncts, or of one of them, at the decease of the first that dies.

Argan. Then 'tis a very impertinent custom that a husband can't leave any thing to a wife, by whom he's tenderly belov'd, and who takes so much care of him. I should desire to consult my counsellor to see what I could do.

Mr. Bonnefoy. 'Tis not to counsel that you must apply, for they are commonly severe in these points, and imagine it a great crime to dispose of any thing contrary to law. They are difficult people, and are ignorant of the by-ways of conscience. There are other persons to consult who are much fitter to accommodate you; who have expedients of passing gently over the law, and of making that just which is not allow'd; who know how to smooth the difficulties of an affair, and to find means of eluding custom by some indirect advantage. Without that where should we always be? There must be a facility in things, otherwise we should do nothing, and I would not give a sou for our business.

Argan. My wife indeed told me, Sir, that you was a very skilful and a very honest man. How then can I do, pray, to give her my estate, and to deprive my children of it?

Mr. Bonnefoy. How can you do? You must secretly choose an intimate friend of your wife's, to whom you may bequeath in due form by your will, all that you can, and this friend shall afterwards give up all to her. You may farther sign a great many bonds, without suspicion, payable to several creditors, who shall lend their names to your wife, and shall put into her hands a declaration, that what they had done in it was only to serve her. You may likewise in your life-time put into her hands ready mony, or bills which you may have payable to the bearer.

Belina. Alas you must not torment yourself with all these things. If I should lose you, child, I'll stay no longer in the world.

Argan. My soul!

Belina. Yes, my dear, if I'm unfortunate enough to lose you——

Argan. My dear wife!

Belina. Life will be no longer any thing to me.

Argan. My love!

Belina. And I'll follow you, to let you see the tenderness I have for you.

Argan. My life, you break my heart; be comforted, I beg of thee.

Mr. Bonnefoy. These tears are unseasonable, and things are not yet come to that.

Belina. Ah! Sir, you don't know what 'tis to have a husband that one tenderly loves.

Argan. All the concern I shall have, if I die, my soul, is that I never had a child by thee. Mr. Purgon told me that he'd make me able to get one.

Mr. Bonnefoy. That may come still.

Argan. I must make my will then, my love, after the manner the gentleman says; but by way of precaution I'll put into your hands twenty thousand livres in gold, which I have in the cycling of my alcove, and two notes payable to the bearer, which are due to me, one from Mr. Damon, and the other from Gerante.

Belina. No, no, I'll have none of it. Ah!—how much do you say that there is in your alcove?

Argan. Twenty thousand livres, my love.

Belina. Don't speak to me of riches, I beseech ye. Ah!—how much are the two notes for?

Argan. They are, my life, one for four thousand livres, and the other for six.

Belina. All the wealth in the world, my soul, is nothing to me in comparison of thee.

Mr. Bonnefoy to Argan.] Would you have us proceed to make the will.

Argan. Yes, Sir, but we shall be better in my little closet. My love, lead me, pray.

Belina. Come, my poor dear child.

SCENE X.

ANGELICA, TOINET.

TOINET.

THEY are got with a scrivener there, and I heard 'em talk of a will. Your mother-in-law does not sleep, and 'tis certainly some contrivance against your interest that she's pushing your father upon.

Angelica. Let him dispose of his estate as he pleases, provided he does not dispose of my heart. Thou seest, Toinet, the violent designs they have against it. Don't abandon me, I beseech thee, in the extremity I'm in.

Toinet. I abandon you! I'll die sooner: Your mother-in-law in vain makes me her confidante, and strives to bring me into her interest; I never had any inclination for her, and have been always of your side. Let me alone, I'll make use of every thing to serve you; but to serve you more effectually I'll change my battery, conceal the zeal I have for you, and pretend to enter into the sentiments of your father and mother-in-law.

Angelica. Endeavour, I conjure thee, to give Cleanthes notice of the marriage they have concluded on.

Toinet. I have no body to employ in that office but the old usurer Polichinello, my lover, and 'twill cost me some kind words to have him do't, which I'll willingly disburse for you. To-day 'tis too late, but very early to morrow I'll send to seek for him, and he'll be overjoy'd to —

Belina in the house.] Toinet.

Toinet to Angelica.] I'm call'd. Good night. Rely upon me.

ACT II. SCENE I.

TOINET, CLEANTHES.

TOINET not knowing Cleanthes.

WHAT do you want, Sir?

Cleanthes. What do I want?

Toinet. Ah, hah, is it you! surprising! what come you to do here?

Cleanthes. To know my destiny; to speak to the amiable Angelica, consult the sentiments of her heart; and demand of her, what her resolutions are in respect to the fatal marriage they have given me intelligence of.

Toinet. Yes, but Angelica is not to be spoke with thus point blank; there must be intrigue to manage that point, and you have been told under how strict a guard she is kept. That they allow her not to stir abroad, or speak to any body, and that 'twas the curiosity of an old aunt only, which favour'd us with the liberty of going to that play, which gave birth to your passion; and we are very much upon our guard lest we speak of that adventure.

Cleanthes. Accordingly I come not here as Cleanthes, and under the appearance of her lover, but as a friend

of her music-master, who has given me leave to say that he sent me in his room.

Toinet. Here's her father. Retire a little, and let me tell him you are there.

SCENE II.

ARGAN, TOINET.

ARGAN thinking himself alone, and not seeing Toinet.

MR. Purgon told me I should walk in my chamber twelve times to and again in a morning; but I forgot to ask him, whether it should be longways, or broadways.

Toinet. Sir, there is one——

Argan. Speak low, huffy, thou hast just split my brains, and thou never consider'st that sick folks shou'd not be spoke so loud to.

Toinet. I would tell you, Sir——

Argan. Speak low, I say.

Toinet. Sir——— [She makes as if she spoke.

Argan. Hey?

Toinet. I tell you that—— [She still makes as if she spoke again.

Argan. What is it you tell me?

Toinet aloud.] I tell you here is a man wants to speak with you.

Argan aloud.] Let him come.

[Toinet beckons to Cleanthes to come near.

SCENE III.

ARGAN, CLEANTHES, TOINET.

CLEANTHES.

SIR——

Toinet to Cleanthes.] Don't speake so loud, for fear of splitting my master's brains.

Cleanthes. Sir, I am exceeding glad to find you up, and to see that you are better.

Toinet pretending to be in a passion.] How better? 'tis false, my master is always ill.

Cleanthes. I had heard the gentleman was better, and I perceive he looks well.

Toinet. What d'ye mean with your looks-well? He looks very ill, and they are impertinent people who told you he was better. He never was so ill in his life,

Argan. She's in the right on't.

Toinet. He walks, sleeps, eats, and drinks like other folks; but that does not hinder him from being sick.

Argan. That's true.

Cleanthes. Sir, I am heartily sorry for it. I come from the young lady your daughter's music-master. He was oblig'd to go into the country for a few days; and, as I am one of his intimate friends, he sent me in this place, to go on with her lessons, for fear, that if they were discontinu'd, she might forget what she has already learnt.

Argan. Very well. [to Toinet.] Call Angelica.

Toinet. I fanciesy, Sir, it wou'd be better to shew the gentleman to her chamber.

Argan. No. Bid her come hither.

Toinet. He can't teach her her lesson as he shou'd do, if they are not by themselves.

Argan. Yes, yes.

Toinet. Sir, 'twill only stun you, and you had need to have nothing to disturb you, or split your brains, in the condition you are.

Argan. No, no, I love music, and I shall be glad to—— Hoh! here she comes. [to Toinet.] Do you go see if my wife be dress'd.

SCENE IV.

ARGAN, ANGELICA, CLEANTHES.

ARGAN.

COME, daughter; your music-master is gone into the country, and here's a person he has sent to teach you in his place.

[Angelica knowing Cleanthes.] Oh, heav'ns!

Argan. What's the matter? Whence this surprise?

Angelica. 'Tis——

Argan. What? who disturbs you in this manner?

Angelica. 'Tis a surprising accident, Sir, that I meet with here.

Argan. How?

Angelica. I dreamt last night that I was in the greatest distress in the world, and that a person exactly like this gentleman, offer'd himself to me, of whom I demanded succour, and he presently freed me from the trouble I was in; and my surprise was very great to see unexpectedly, upon my coming in here, what I had in idea all night.

Cleanthes. 'Tis no small happiness to have a place

in your thoughts, whether sleeping or waking; and my good fortune wou'd be undoubtedly very great, were you in any trouble from which you shou'd judge me worthy to deliver you; and there is nothing I wou'd not do to—

SCENE V.

ARGAN, ANGELICA, CLEANTHES, TOINET.

TOINET to Argan.

TROTH, Sir, I'm o'your side now, and unsay all that I said yesterday. Here are Mr. Diafoirus the father, and Mr. Diafoirus the son, come to visit you. How rarely will you be hope up with a son-in-law! You will see one of the best made young fellows in the world, and the wittiest too. He spoke but two words, and I was in extasy at 'em, and your daughter will be charm'd with him.

Argan to Cleanthes, who makes as if he were going.] Don't go, Sir; I am upon marrying my daughter, and the person they have brought hither is her intended husband, whom she has not as yet seen.

Cleanthes. 'Tis doing me a great deal of honour, Sir, to permit me to be witness of so agreeable an interview.

Argan. He is son to an eminent physician, and the marriage will be perform'd in four days.

Cleanthes. Very well.

Argan. Please to inform her music-master of it, that he may be at the wedding.

Cleanthes. I'll not fail to do it.

Argan. I invite you to it likewise.

Cleanthes. You do me a great deal of honour.

Argan. Come, place yourselves in order, here they are.

S C E N E VI.

Mr. DIAFOIRUS, THOMAS DIAFOIRUS, ARGAN,
ANGELICA, CLEANTHES, TOINET, LACQUIES.

ARGAN putting his hand to his cap without taking it off.

MR. Purgon, Sir, has forbid me being uncover'd.
You are of the faculty: you know the consequences.

Mr. Diafoirus. We are in all our visits to bring relief to our patients, and not to bring any inconvenience upon 'em.

[Argan and Mr. Diafoirus speak at the same time.

Argan. I receive, Sir,

Mr. Diafoirus. We come here, Sir,

Argan. With a great deal of joy,

Mr. Diafoirus. My son Thomas, and I,

Argan. The honour you do me,

Mr. Diafoirus. To declare to you, Sir,

Argan. And I cou'd have wish'd,

Mr. Diafoirus. The pleasure we receive,

Argan. To have been able to have gone to you,

Mr. Diafoirus. From the favour you do us,

Argan. To assure you.

Mr. Diafoirus. So kindly to admit us,

Argan. But you know, Sir,

Mr. Diafoirus. To the honour, Sir,

Argan. What it is to be a poor sick creature,

Mr. Diafoirus. Of your alliance,

Argan. Who can do no more,

Mr. Diafoirus. And to assure you,

Argan. Than to tell you here,

Mr. Diafoirus. That in affairs depending on our faculty,

Argan. That he will seek all opportunities,

Mr. Diafoirus. As also in all others,

Argan. To make you sensible, Sir,

Mr. Diafoirus. We shall ever be ready, Sir,

Argan. That he is entirely at your service.

Mr. Diafoirus. To testify our zeal for you. — [to his son.] Come, Thomas, advance, make your compliments.

Thomas Diafoirus to Mr. Diafoirus.] Should not I begin with the father?

Mr. Diafoirus. Yes.

Thomas Diafoirus to Argan.] Sir, I come to salute, recognise, cherish, and revere in you a second father; but a second father, to whom, I'll be bold to say, I am more indebted than to my first. The first begat me; but you have adopted me. He receiv'd me through necessity; but you have accepted me through favour. What I have from him, is the operation of his body, what I have from you, is the operation of your will; and by how much the mental faculties are superior to the corporeal, by so much am I more indebted to you, and by so much do I hold, as more precious, this future filiation, for which I this day come to pay you, beforehand, the most humble and most respectful homage.

Toinet. Prosperity to the colleges, which turn us out such ingenious persons!

Thomas Diafoirus to Mr. Diafoirus.] Was that well done, father?

Mr. Diafoirus. *Optime.*

Argan to Angelica.] Come, pay your respects to the gentleman.

Thomas Diafoirus to Mr. Diafoirus.] Shall I kiss her?

Mr. Diafoirus. Yes, yes.

Thomas Diafoirus to Angelica.] Madam, 'tis with

justice that heaven has granted you the name of mother-in-law, since one —

Argan to Thomas Diafoirus.] 'Tis not my wife, 'tis my daughter you are speaking to.

Thomas Diafoirus. Where is she then?

Argan. She's a coming.

Thomas Diafoirus. Shall I wait, father, till she comes?

Mr. Diafoirus. Always make your compliment to the young lady.

Thomas Diafoirus. Madam, just in the same manner as the statue of Memnon gave an harmonious sound, when it was illuminated by the rays of the sun: So, in like manner, do I feel myself animated with a sweet transport at the appearance of the sun of your beauty: and as the naturalists remark that the flower named the Heliotrope, turns, without ceasing, towards that star of day; so shall my heart, hence-forth for ever, turn towards the resplendent stars of your adorable eyes, as to its proper pole. Permit me then, madam, now to pay, at the altar of your charms, the offering of that heart, which breaths not after, nor is ambitious of any other glory than that of being 'till death, madam, your most humble, most obedient, and most faithful servant, and husband.

Toinet. See what it is to study; one learns to say fine things.

Argan to Cleanthes.] Heh! What say you to that?

Cleanthes. That the gentleman does wonders, and that if he is as good a physician as he is an orator, it would be a great pleasure to be one of his patients.

Toinet. Certainly. It will be a wonderful thing, if he performs as fine cures, as he makes fine speeches.

Argan. Here, my chair quickly, and chairs for every

body. Sit you there, daughter. [to Mr. Diafoirus.] You see, Sir, that all the world admires your son, and I think you very happy in such a young man.

Mr. Diafoirus. Sir, 'tis not because I am his father, but I can say I have reason to be satisfy'd in him, and that all who see him, speak of him as a youth who has no harm in him. He never had a very lively imagination, nor that sparkling wit which one observes in some others; but it was that, I always look'd upon, as a happy presage of his judgment, a quality requisite for the exercise of our art. When he was a little one, he was never what one may call roguish, or waggish. One might always see him mild, peaceable, and taciturn, never uttering a word, and never playing at any of those little games, that we call children's-play. They had all the difficulty in the world to teach him to read, and he was nine years old before he knew his letters. Good, says I within myself; trees slow of growth, are those which bear the best fruit. One writes upon the marble with much more difficulty than one does upon the sand; but things are much longer preserv'd there, and that slowness of apprehension, that heaviness of imagination, is a mark of a future good judgment. When I sent him to college he was hard put to't; but he bore up obstinately against all difficulties, and his tutors always prais'd him to me for his assiduity and his pains. In short, by meer dint of hammering, he gloriously attain'd to be a licentiate; and I can say without vanity, that from the time he took his bachelor of physick's degree, there is no candidate that has made more noise than he in all the disputes of the schools. He has render'd himself formidable there, and not an act passes but he argues to the last extremity on the side of the contrary proposition.

He is firm in a dispute, strenuous as a Turk in his principles; and pursues an argument to the farthest recesses of logic. But what pleases me above all things in him, in which he follows my example, is that he is blindly attach'd to the opinions of the ancients, and that he wou'd never comprehend nor hear the reasons and experiments of the pretended discoveries of our age, concerning the circulation of the blood, and other opinions of the same stamp.

Thomas Diafoirus taking a large thesis out of his pocket roll'd up, which he presents to Angelica.] I have supported a Thesis against the Circulators, which, with the gentleman's permission, [bowing to Argan.] I make bold to present to the young lady, as a homage I owe her of the first-fruits of my genius.

Angelica. Sir, 'tis an useless piece of goods for me, and I am not skill'd in those sort of things.

Toinet taking the Thesis.] Give it me, give it me, 'tis always worth taking for the picture, it will serve to adorn our garret.

Thomas Diafoirus. And with the gentleman's permission also, I invite you to come and see one of these days, for your diversion, the dissection of a woman, upon which I am to read lectures.

Toinet. The diversion will be agreeable. There are some gentlemen give their mistresses a play, but to give a dissection, is something more galant.

Mr. Diafoirus. As to the rest, for what concerns the requisite qualities for marriage and propagation, I do assure you that according to the rules of us doctors, he is just such as one cou'd wish. That he possesses in a laudable degree the prolific virtue, and that he is of a tem-

perament proper to beget, and procreate well-condition'd children.

Argan. Is it not your intention, Sir, to push his interest at court, and procure for him a physician's place there?

Mr. Diafoirus. To speak frankly to you, our profession amongst your great people never appear'd to me agreeable, and I always found it wou'd be much better for us to continue amongst the commonalty. The public business is commodious. You are accountable to no body for your actions, and provided one does but follow the beaten track of the rules of art, one gives one's self no manner of trouble about what may be the event. But what is vexatious among your great people is, that when they happen to be sick, they absolutely expect their physicians should cure them.

Toinet. That's a good jest indeed, and they are very impertinent to expect that you gentlemen shou'd cure 'em: you don't attend them for that purpose; you only go to take your fees, and prescribe remedies, 'tis their business to cure themselves if they can.

Mr. Diafoirus. That's true. We are only oblig'd to treat people according to form.

Argan to Cleanthes.] Sir, pray let my daughter sing before the company.

Cleanthes. I waited for your orders, Sir, and purpose to divert the company, by singing along with miss, a scene of a little opera lately compos'd. [To Angelica, giving her a paper.] There's your part.

Angelica. I?

Cleanthes low to Angelica.] Pray don't refuse, but permit me to let you into the design of the scene we are going to sing aloud. [aloud.] I have no voice for sing-

ing; but 'tis sufficient in this case if I make myself understood, you will have the goodness to excuse me, on account of the necessity I am under, to make the young lady sing.

Argan. Are the verses pretty?

Cleanthes. 'Tis properly an *extempore* opera, and what you are to hear sung, is no more than number'd prose, or a kind of irregular verse, such as passion and necessity might suggest to two persons, who say things out of their own head, and speak off-hand.

Argan. Very well. Let's hear.

Cleanthes. The subject of the scene is this. A shepherd was attentive to the beauties of a public entertainment, which was but just begun, when his attention was interrupted by a noise, on one side of him. He turns to look, and sees a brutish clown, with insolent words abusing a shepherdess. Immediately he espous'd the interest of a sex to which all men owe homage; and having chastis'd the churl for his insolence, he comes to the shepherdess, and sees a young creature, who, from two the finest eyes he had ever seen, was shedding tears, which he thought the most beautiful in the world. Alas! says he within himself, could any one be capable of insulting a person so amiable? And what inhuman, what barbarous creature would not be touch'd with such tears? He was solicitous to stop those tears, which he thought so beautiful; and the lovely shepherdess took care at the same time, to thank him for the slight service he had done; but in a manner so charming, so tender, so passionate, that the shepherd could not resist it, but every word, every look was a flaming shaft, which he found pierc'd him to the heart. Is there any thing, said he, can possibly deserve the lovely expressions of such an acknowlege-

ment? And what won'd one not do, what service, what dangers wou'd one not be delighted to go through, to attract but one moment the moving-tenderness of so grateful a mind? The whole diversion passes without his attending to it in the least; but he complains 'tis too short, because the conclusion of it separates him from his adorable shepherdes, and from this first view, from this first moment he carry'd along with him all the violence of a passion of many years. He immediately suffer'd all the miseries of absence, and was tormented that he could no longer see what he saw for so short a time. He does every thing possible to regain that sight, the dear idea of which he has in his mind by night and by day; but the great constraint under which his shepherdes is kept, deprives him of all opportunity. The violence of his passion makes him resolve to demand the adorable beauty in marriage, without whom he can no longer live, and he obtain'd her permission for this, by a letter which he had the dexterity to have convey'd to her hands. But at the same time he has advice that the father of this fair one has concluded a marriage with another, and that all things are disposing for celebration of the ceremony. Judge what a cruel stroke to the heart of the melancholy shepherd. See him over-whelm'd with mortal sorrow. He cannot support the horrible idea of seeing all that he loves in the arms of another, and his passion being desperate makes him introduce himself into the house of his shepherdes to learn her sentiments, and know from her what destiny he is to resolve upon. He there meets with preparations for every thing he fears; he there sees the unworthy rival, which the caprice of a father opposes to the tenderesses of his love. He sees this ridiculous rival, near the lovely shepherdes, trium-

thing, as if the conquest were sure, and this sight fills him with indignation, which he has the utmost difficulty to master. He casts a mournful look on her he adores, and both his respect for her, and the presence of her father, prevent his saying any thing to her but by the eyes. But at last, he breaks thro' all restraint, and the transport of his passion makes him express himself in this manner. [He sings.]

*Fair Phillis, 'tis too much to bear,
Break cruel silence; and your thoughts declare.*

Tell me at once my destiny,

Shall I live, or must I die?

*Angelica singing.] With sad, dejected looks, O Thyrsis, see
Poor Phillis dreads th' ill fated wedding-day;*

Sighing, she lifts her eyes to heav'n and thee,

And needs she more to say?

Argan. Hey, hey! I didn't know my daughter was such a mistress of the art, to sing at sight without hesitating.

Cleanthes. *Alas! my Phillis fair,*

Can the enamour'd Thyrsis be so blest,

Your favour in the least to share,

And find a place within that lovely breast?

Angelica. *In this extreme, if I confess my love,*

Not modesty itself can disapprove,

Yes, Thyrsis, thee I love.

Cleanthes. *O! Sound enchanting to the ear!*

Did I dream, or did I hear?

Repeat it, Phillis, and all doubt remove.

Angelica. *Yes, Thyrsis, thee I love.*

Cleanthes. *Once more, my Phillis.*

Angelica. *Thee I love.*

Cleanthes. *A thousand times repeat, nor ever weary
prove.*

Angelica. *I love, I love,*

Yes, Thyrsis, thee I love.

Cleanthes. *Ye monarchs of the earth, ye pow'rs divine,
Can you compare your happiness to mine?*

But, Phillis, there's a thought

Does my transporting joy abate,

A rival ———

Angelica. *I more than death, the monster hate,*

And if his presence tortures you,

It does no less to Phillis too.

Cleanthes. *If with the match a father's pow'r,*

Wou'd force you to comply.

Angelica. *I'd rather, rather die than give consent,*

Much rather, rather die.

Argan. *And what says the father to all this?*

Cleanthes. *He says nothing.*

Argan. *That same father was a blockhead of a father, to suffer all these foolish things, without saying any thing.*

Cleanthes continuing to sing.] Ah! my Love. —

Argan. *No, no, enough of it. This play is of very bad example. The shepherd Thyrsis is an impertinent puppy, and the shepherdess Phillis, an impudent baggage, to speak in this manner before a father. [to Angelica.] Shew me the paper. Ha, ha. Where are the words then that you spoke? there's nothing writ here but the music.*

Cleanthes. *Why don't you know, Sir that they have found out an invention lately, of writing the words in the very notes themselves?*

Argan. Very well. I'm your servant, Sir; adieu!
We cou'd very well have spar'd your impertinent opera.

Cleanthes. I thought to divert you.

Argan. Impertinence never diverts. Hah! here's my wife.

SCENE VII.

BELINA, ARGAN, ANGELICA, Mr. DIAFOIRUS,
THOMAS DIAFOIRUS, TOINET.

ARGAN.

HERE'S Mr. Diafoirus's son, my love.

Thomas Diafoirus. Madam, 'tis with justice that heaven has granted you the name of mother-in-law, since one sees in your face —

Belina. Sir, I am very glad I came here *a propos*, that I might have the honour of seeing you.

Thomas Diafoirus. Since one sees in your face —
Since one sees in your face — Madam, you interrupted me in the middle of my period, and that has disturb'd my memory.

Mr. Diafoirus. Reserve that, Thomas, for another time.

Argan. I wish you had been here just now, dearce.

Toinet. Oh, madam, you have lost a great deal by not being here at the *second father*, at the *statue of Memory* and the *flower nam'd the Heliotrope*.

Argan. Come, daughter, join hands with the gentleman, and plight him your troth, as your husband.

Angelica. Sir.

Argan. Hey, Sir! What means this?

Angelica. For goodness sake, don't hurry things too

fast. Give us time at least to know one another, and to find the growth of that inclination in each for the other, which is so necessary to form a perfect union.

Thomas Diafoirus. As for me, madam, mine is grown already, I have no need to stay any longer.

Angelica. If you are so forward, Sir, it is not so with me, and I confess to you that your merit has not as yet made impression enough upon my mind.

Argan. Hoh! well, well, that will have leisure enough to be made, when you are marry'd together.

Angelica. Ah! Father, pray give me time. Marriage is a chain shou'd never be impos'd by force upon a heart, and if the gentleman is a man of honour, he should never accept a person, who must be his by constraint.

Thomas Diafoirus. *Nego consequentiam*, madam; and I may be a man of honour, and yet accept you from the hands of your father.

Angelica. To offer violence is but a very ill way to make you belov'd by any one.

Thomas Diafoirus. We read in the ancients, madam, that their custom was to carry off the young women they were going to marry, by force from their father's house, that it might not seem to be by their consent, that they flew into the arms of a man.

Angelica. The ancients, Sir, are the ancients, and we are moderns. Such grimaces are not necessary in our age, and when a marriage pleases us, we know very well how to go to it, without any body's dragging us. Have patience; if you love me, Sir, you ought to like every thing I like.

Thomas Diafoirus. Yes, madam, as far as the interests of my love exclusively.

Angelica. But the great sign of love is, to submit to the will of her one loves.

Thomas Diafoirus. *Distinguo*, madam. In what regards not the possession of her, *Concedo*; but in what regards that, *Nego*.

Toinet. 'Tis in vain to reason. The gentleman is come fire-new from college, and he'll always be too hard for you. Why shou'd you resist so much, and refuse the glory of being tack'd to the body of the faculty?

Belina. She has some other inclination in her head perhaps.

Angelica. If I had, madam, it should be such as reason and honour might allow me.

Argan. Hey day! I act a pleasant part here.

Belina. If I were as you, child, I wou'd not at all force her to marry, and I know very well what I would do.

Angelica. I know, madam, what you mean, and the kindness you have for me: but perhaps your counsels mayn't be lucky enough to be put in execution.

Belina. That's because very wise and very good children, like you, scorn to be obedient and submissive to the will of their fathers. That was held a virtue in times of yore.

Angelica. The duty of a daughter has bounds, madam, and neither reason nor law extend it to all sorts of things.

Belina. That's as much as to say you have no aversion to matrimony; but you've a mind to choose a husband to your own fancy.

Angelica. If my father won't give me a husband to my liking, I shall conjure him, at least, not to force me to marry one I can't love.

Argan. Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for all this.

Angelica. Every body to their own end in marrying. For my part who would not marry a husband but really to love him, and who intend to be intirely attach'd to him for life, I confess to you I use some precaution in the affair. There are some persons who take husbands only to set themselves free from the restraint of their parents, and to put themselves in a condition of doing whatever they please. There are others, madam, who make marriage a commerce of pure interest; who only marry to get a jointure, to enrich themselves by those they marry; and run without scruple from husband to husband, to engross to themselves their spoils. Those people in good truth don't stand much upon ceremonies, and have little regard to the person of the man.

Belina. You are in a mighty vein of reasoning to-day, and I would fain know what you mean by that.

Angelica. I, madam, what should I mean but what I say?

Belina. You are such a simpleton, my dear, that there's no enduring you any longer.

Angelica. You wou'd be glad, madam, to oblige me to give you some impertinent answer; but I tell you before-hand, you shan't have that advantage.

Belina. Your insolence is not to be equall'd.

Angelica. No, madam, your talking is in vain.

Belina. You have a ridiculous pride, an impertinent presumption which makes you the scorn of all the world.

Angelica. All this will do no good, madam: I shall be discreet in spite of you, and to take away from you all hope of succeeding in what you want to be at, I shall get out of your sight.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

ARGAN, BELINA, M. DIAFOIRUS, THOMAS
DIAFOIRUS, TOINET.

ARGAN to Angelica who goes out.

HEARK'E, there's no medium in the case. You've your choice to marry in four day's time, either this gentleman, or a convent. [To Belina.] Don't give your self any uneasiness, I'll bring her to good order.

Belina. I'm sorry to leave you, my child, but I have an affair in the city, which can't be dispens'd with. I shall come back again presently.

Argan. Go, love, and call upon your lawyer, that you may bid him hasten you know what.

Belina. B'y, my little deerce.

Argan. B'y, jewel.

S C E N E IX.

ARGAN, M. DIAFOIRUS, THOMAS DIAFOIRUS,
TOINET.

ARGAN.

THIS woman loves me—'Tis not credible how much.

Mr. Diafoirus. We shall take our leave of you, sir.

Argan. Pray, Sir, tell me a little how I am.

Mr. Diafoirus feeling his pulse.] Here, Thomas, take the gentleman's other arm, to see whether you can form a good judgment of his pulse. *Quid dicis?*

Thomas Diafoirus. *Dico*, that the gentleman's pulse, is the pulse of a man who is not well.

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O

Mr. Diafoirus. Good.

Thomas Diafoirus. That 'tis hardish, not to say hard.

Mr. Diafoirus. Very well.

Thomas Diafoirus. Recoiling.

Mr. Diafoirus. *Bene.*

Thomas Diafoirus. And even a little frisking.

Mr. Diafoirus. *Optime.*

Thomas Diafoirus. Which shews an intemperature in the parenchyma splenicum, that is to say, the spleen.

Mr. Diafoirus. Very well.

Argan. No, Dr. Purgon says, 'tis my liver that's bad.

Mr. Diafoirus. Why yes, he who says Parenchyma, means both one and t'other, because of the strict sympathy they have together, by means of the *vas breve* of the Pylorus, and sometimes the Meatus Cholidici. He orders you, doubtless, to eat roast-meat.

Argan. No, nothing but boil'd.

Mr. Diafoirus. Ay, yes, roast, boil'd, the same thing. He orders you very prudently, and you can't be in better hands.

Argan. Sir, how many corns of salt shou'd one put in an egg?

Mr. Diafoirus. Six, eight, ten, by even numbers; as in medicines, by odd numbers.

Argan. Sir, your very humble servant.

SCENE X.

BELINA. ARGAN.

BELINA.

I COME, child, before I go abroad, to inform you of a thing, which you must take care of. As I pass'd

by Angelica's chamber-door, I saw a young fellow with her, who immediately made his escape as soon as he saw me.

Argan. A young fellow with my daughter?

Belina. Yes. Your little daughter Louison was with 'em, who can give you tidings of 'em.

Argan. Send her hither, lovee; send her hither [alone.] Oh! the impudent baggage! I am no longer astonish'd at her obstinacy.

S C E N E XI.

ARGAN, LOUISON.

LOUISON.

WHAT do you want, papa, my mamma, told me, that you want to speak with me?

Argan. Yes, come hither. Come nearer. Turn you. Look up. Look upon me. Heh?

Louison. What, papa?

Argan. So.

Louison. What?

Argan. Have you nothing to tell me?

Louison. To divert you, I'll tell you, if you please, the story of the asses skin, or the fable of the crow and the fox, which they learnt me t'other day.

Argan. That's not what I want.

Louison. What then?

Argan. O ye cunning hussy, you know very well what I mean.

Louison. Pardon me, papa.

Argan. Is it thus you obey me?

Louison. How?

Argan. Did not I charge you to come immediately and tell me all that you did see?

Louison. Yes, papa.

Argan. Have you done so?

Louison. Yes, papa, I am come to tell you all that I have seen.

Argan. And have you seen nothing to-day?

Louison. No, papa.

Argan. No?

Louison. No, papa.

Argan. Indeed?

Louison. Indeed.

Argan. Hoh, very well, I'll make you see something.

[Louison seeing Argan take a rod.] Ah! papa.

Argan. Ha, hah, you little hypocrite, you don't tell me, you saw a man in your sister's chamber.

[Louison crying.] Papa.

Argan taking her by the arm.] Here's something will reach you to lye.

Louison falling down on her knees.] Ah, papa, pray forgive me. 'Twas because my sister had bid me not to tell it you; but I'm going to tell you all.

Argan. You must, first of all, have the rod, for having told a lye. After that we shall consider of the rest.

Louison. Forgive me, papa.

Argan. No, no.

Louison. My dear papa, don't whip me.

Argan. You shall be whip'd.

Louison. For heav'n's sake, papa, don't whip me.

Argan going to whip her.] Come. come.

Louison. Oh! papa, you have hurt me. Hold, I'm dead.

[She feigns herself dead.]

Argan. Hola, what's the meaning of this? Louison,

Louison. Oh! bless me! Louison. Ah! my child. Oh! wretched me! My poor child's dead. What have I done, wretch! Oh! villanous rod! A curse on all rods! Oh! my dear child; my poor little Louison.

Louison. So, so, papa, don't cry so, I'm not quite dead.

Argan. D'ye see the cunning baggage? Oh! come, come, I pardon you for this time, provided you'll really tell me all.

Louison. Ho, yes, papa.

Argan. Take special care you do however, for here's my little finger knows all, and will tell me if you lye.

Louison. But, papa, don't tell my sister, that I told you.

Argan. No, no.

Louison after seeing if any body listen'd.] Why, papa, there came a man into my sister's chamber when I was there.

Argan. Well?

Louison. I ask'd him what he wanted, and he told me he was her music-master.

Argan aside.] Um, um. There's the business. [to Louison.] Well?

Louison. Afterwards my sister came.

Argan. Well?

Louison. She said to him, be gone, be gone, be gone, for goodness-sake! Be gone, you make me in pain.

Argan. Very well?

Louison. And he wou'dn't go.

Argan. What did he say to her?

Louison. He said, I don't know how many things.

Argan. But what was it?

Louison. He told her this, and that, and t'other, how

he lov'd her dearly, and that she was the prettiest creature in the world.

Argan. And then?

Louison. And then he fell down on his knees to her.

Argan. And then?

Louison. And then he kiss'd her hand.

Argan. And then?

Louison. And then my mamma came to the door, and he run away.

Argan. Was there nothing else?

Louison. No, papa.

Argan. My little-finger however mutters something besides. [Putting his finger to his ear.] Stay. Eh? ha, bah! ay? hoh, hoh; here's my little-finger tells me something that you saw, and that you have not told me.

Louison. Oh! papa. Your little-finger is a fibber.

Argan. Have a care.

Louison. No, papa, don't believe it, it fibs, I assure you.

Argan. Hoh, well, well, we shall see that. Go your way, and be sure you observe every thing, go. [alone.] Well! I've no more children. Oh! what perplexity of affairs! I have not leisure so much as to mind my illnesses. In good truth, I can hold out no longer.

[Falls down into his chair.]

SCENE XII.

BERALDO, ARGAN.

BERALDO.

WELL, brother, what's the matter, how do you do?

Argan. Ah, brother, very ill.

Beraldo. How, very ill?

Argan. Yes. I am so very feeble, 'tis incredible,

Beraldo. That's a sad thing indeed.

Argan. I haven't even the strength to be able to speak.

Beraldo. I came here, brother, to propose a match for my niece Angelica.

Argan speaking with great fury, and starting out of his chair.] Brother, don't speak to me about that base slut. She's an idle, impertinent, impudent baggage, and I'll put her in a convent, before she's two days older.

Beraldo. Hoh, 'tis mighty well. I'm very glad your strength returns to you a little, and that my visit does you good. Well, come, we'll talk of business by-and-by. I've brought you an entertainment here, that will dissipate your melancholy, and dispose you better for what we are to talk about. They are gipsies, dress'd in Moorish habits, who perform some dances, mix'd with songs, that I'm sure you will be pleas'd with, and this will be much better for you than one of Mr. Purgon's prescriptions. Let's go.

ACT III. SCENE I.

BERALDO, ARGAN, TOINET.

BERALDO.

WELL, brother, what say you of this? Is not this well worth a dose of Cassia?

Toinet. Ho, good Cassia is an excellent thing.

Beraldo. So, shall we talk a little together?

Argan. A little patience, brother, I return presently.

Toinet. Hold, Sir; you don't remember that you can't walk without your cane.

Argan. You are in the right.

S C E N E II.

BERALDO, TOINET.

TOINET.

PRAY, Sir, don't abandon the interest of your niece.

Beraldo. I'll try every way to obtain for her what she wishes.

Toinet. We must absolutely prevent this extravagant match, which he has got in his head, and I've thought with myself, it would be a good job, if we could introduce here a physician into our post, to disgust him with his Mr. Purgon, and cry down his conduct. But as we have no body at hand to do it, I have resolv'd to play a trick of my own head.

Beraldo. How?

Toinet. 'Tis a whimsical fancy. It may be more fortunate perhaps than prudent. Let me alone with it; do you act your own part. Here's our man.

S C E N E III.

ARGAN, BERALDO.

BERALDO.

WILL you suffer me, brother, to desire above all things, that you'll not put yourself into any heat in our conversation.

Argan. Done.

Beraldo. That you'd answer without any eagerness to the things I may say to you.

Argan. Yes.

Beraldo. And that we may reason together upon the business we have to talk of, with a mind free from all passion.

Argan. Lack-a-day yes. What a deal of preamble.

Beraldo. Whence comes it, brother, that having the estate which you have, and having no children but one daughter; for I don't reckon your little one: Whence comes it, I say, that you talk of putting her into a convent?

Argan. Whence comes it, brother, that I am master of my family, but to do what I think fit?

Beraldo. Your wife does not fail advising you to get rid thus of your daughters; and I don't doubt, but that, thro' a spirit of charity, she would be overjoy'd to see 'em both good nuns.

Argan. O, you are thereabouts. My poor wife is at once brought in play. 'Tis she does all the mischief, and all the world will have it so of her.

Beraldo. No, brother, let's let that alone; she's a woman who has the best intentions in the world for your family, and who is free from all kind of interest; who has a marvellous tenderness for you, and shews an affection and kindness for your children which is inconceivable; that's certain. We'll not talk of that, but return to your daughter. With what intention, brother, would you give her in marriage to the son of a physician?

Argan. With an intention, brother, to give myself such a son-in-law as I want.

Beraldo. That's no concern, brother, of your daughter's, and there's a more suitable match offer'd for her.

Argan. Yes, but this, brother, is more suitable to me.

Beraldo. But ought the husband she takes, to be for you, or for herself, brother?

Argan. It ought, brother, to be both for herself, and for me, and I will bring into my family people that I have need of.

Beraldo. By the same reason, if your little girl was big enough, you'd marry her to an apothecary.

Argan. Why not?

Beraldo. Is it possible you should always be so infatuated with your apothecaries and doctors, and resolve to be sick in spite of mankind and nature?

Argan. What do you mean, brother?

Beraldo. I mean, brother, that I don't see any man who's less sick than yourself, and I would not desire a better constitution than yours. 'Tis a great mark that you are well, and have a habit of body perfectly well establish'd, that with all the pains you have taken, you've not been able yet to spoil the goodness of your constitution, and that you are not destroy'd by all the medicines they have made you take.

Argan. But do you know, brother, 'tis that which preserves me, and that Mr. Purgon says, I should go off, if he was only three days without taking care of me.

Beraldo. If you don't take care of yourself, he'll take so much care of you, that he'll send you into the other world.

Argan. But let us reason a little, brother. You have no faith then in physic?

Beraldo. No, brother, and I don't find 'tis necessary to salvation, to have faith in't.

Argan. What don't you think a thing true which has been establish'd thro' all the world, and which all ages have rever'd?

Beraldo. Far from thinking it true, I look on't, between us, as one of the greatest follies which prevails amongst men; and, to consider things philosophically, I don't know a more pleasant piece of mummary; I don't see any thing more ridiculous, than for one man to undertake to cure another.

Argan. Why won't you allow, brother, that one man may cure another?

Beraldo. For this reason, brother, because the springs of our machines are hitherto mysteries that men scarce can see into; and because nature has thrown before our eyes too thick a veil to know any thing of the matter.

Argan. The physicians know nothing then in your opinion?

Beraldo. True, brother. They understand for the most part polite literature; can talk good Latin, know how to call all distempers in Greek, to define, and to distinguish 'em; but for what belongs to the curing of 'em, that's what they don't know at all.

Argan. But nevertheless you must agree, that in this matter physicians know more than other people.

Beraldo. They know, brother, what I have told you, which won't cure any great matter; and all the excellency of their art consists in a pompous nonsense, in a specious babling, which gives you words instead of reasons, and promises instead of effects.

Argan. But in short, brother, there are people as wise and as learn'd as yourself; and we see that in sickness all the world have recourse to physicians.

Beraldo. That's a mark of human weakness, and not of the truth of their art.

Argan. But physicians themselves must needs believe

in the truth of their art, since they make use of it themselves.

Beraldo. That's because there are some amongst 'em, who are themselves in the popular error by which they profit, and there are others who make a profit of it without being in it. Your Mr. Purgon, for example, knows no artifice; he's a thorough physician, from head to foot. One that believes in his rules, more than in all the demonstrations of the mathematics, and who would think it a crime but to be willing to examine 'em; who sees nothing obscure in physic, nothing dubious, nothing difficult, and who with an impetuosity of prepossession, an obstinacy of assurance, and a brutality void of common sense and reason, bleeds and purges at hap-hazard, and hesitates at nothing. He means no ill in all that he does for you, 'tis with the best principle in the world, that he will dispatch you, and he'll do no more in killing you, than what he has done to his wife and children, and what upon occasion he would do to himself.

Argan. That's because you have a spite against him, brother. But in short, let's come to fact. What must we do then, when we are sick?

Beraldo. Nothing, brother.

Argan. Nothing?

Beraldo. Nothing. We must only keep ourselves quiet. Nature herself, when we'll let her alone, will gently deliver herself from the disorder she's fall'n into. 'Tis our inquietude, 'tis our impatience which spoils all, and almost all men die of their physic, and not of their diseases.

Argan. But you must allow, brother, that we may assist this nature by certain things.

Beraldo. Lack-a-day, brother, these are mere notions

which we love to feed ourselves with; and at all times some fine imaginations have crept in amongst men which we are apt to believe because they flatter us, and that 'twere to be wish'd they were true. When a physician talks to you of assisting, succouring and supporting nature, of removing from her what's hurtful, and giving her what's defective, of re-establishing her, and restoring her to a full exercise of her functions: when he talks to you of rectifying the blood, refreshing the bowels, and the brain, correcting the spleen, restoring the lungs, fortifying the heart, re-establishing and preserving the natural heat, and of having secrets to lengthen out life for a long term of years; he repeats to you exactly the romance of physic. But when you come to the truth and experience of it, you find nothing of all this, and 'tis like those fine dreams which leave you nothing upon waking but the regret of having believ'd 'em.

Argan. That's to say, that all the knowlege of the world is shut up in your head; and you pretend to know more on't than all the great physicians of our age.

Beraldo. In talk, and in things, your great physicians are two sorts of people. Hear 'em talk, they are the most skilful persons in the world: See 'em act, and they're the most ignorant of all men.

Argan. Lack-a-day. You are a grand doctor, by what I see; and I heartily wish that some one of those gentlemen were here to pay off your arguments, and check your prating.

Beraldo. I, brother, I don't make it my business to attack the faculty, and every one at their perils and fortune, may believe whatever they please. What I say of it is only amongst ourselves, and I could wish to have been able to deliver you a little out of the error you are

in, and, to divert you, could carry you to see one of Moliere's comedies upon this subject.

Argan. Your Moliere with his comedies is a fine impertinent fellow, and I think him mighty pleasant to pretend to bring on the stage such worthy persons as the physicians.

Beraldo. 'Tisn't the physicians that he exposes, but the ridiculousness of physic.

Argan. 'Tis mighty proper for him to pretend to controul the faculty; a fine simpleton, a pretty impertinent creature, to make a jest of consultations and prescriptions, to attack the body of physicians, and to bring on his stage such venerable persons as those gentlemen.

Beraldo. What would you have him bring there, but the different professions of men? They bring there every day princes and kings, who are of as good a family as the physicians.

Argan. Now by all that's terrible, if I was a physician I would be reveng'd of his impertinence, and, when he was sick, let him die without relief. He should say and do in vain, I would not prescribe him the least bleeding, the least small clyster, and would say to him, perish, perish, 'twill learn you another time to make a jest of the faculty.

Beraldo. You are in a great passion at him.

Argan. Yes, he's a foolish fellow; and if the physicians are wise, they'll do what I say.

Beraldo. He'll be still wiser than your physicians: For he'll not ask 'em for any assistance.

Argan. So much the worse for him, if he has not recourse to remedies.

Beraldo. He has his reasons for not intending it, and he thinks that 'tis not proper but for vigorous and ro-

but people, and those who have strength left to bear the physic with the disease; but for him, he has but just strength to bear his illness.

Argan. Very foolish reasons, those! Hold, brother, let us talk no more of that man, for it raises my choler, and you'll bring my distemper on me.

Beraldo. With all my heart, brother; and to change the discourse, I must tell you, that for a little repugnance which your daughter has discover'd to you, you ought not to take the violent resolution of putting her into a convent, that in choice of a son-in-law, you should not blindly follow a passion that transports you, and that you ought in this matter to accommodate yourself a little to the inclination of your child, since 'tis for all her life, and since the whole happiness of a married state depends on it.

SCENE IV.

Mr. FLEURANT with a syringe in his hand, ARGAN,
BERALDO.

ARGAN.

OH! brother, with your leave.

Beraldo. How, what would you do?

Argan. Take this little clyster here, 'twill be soon done.

Beraldo. You are in jest sure. Can't you be one moment without a clyster or a purge? Send it back 'till some other time, and take a little rest.

Argan. This evening, Mr. Fleurant, or to-morrow morning.

Mr. Fleurant to Beraldo.] For what reason do you

pretend to oppose the prescriptions of the faculty, and to hinder the gentleman from taking my clyster? You are very pleasant to have this boldness.

Beraldo. Be gone, Sir, we see well enough that you have not been accusom'd to speak to people's faces.

Mr. Fleurant. You ought not to make a jest of physick in this manner, and to make me lose my time. I'm not come here but on a good prescription, and I'll go tell Mr. Purgon how I've been hinder'd from executing his orders, and from performing my function. You'll see, you'll see ———

SCENE V.

ARGAN, BERALDO.

ARGAN.

BROTHER, you'll be the cause here of some misfortune.

Beraldo. The great misfortune of not taking a clyster which Mr. Purgon had prescrib'd! Once more, brother, is it possible that there should be no way of curing you of the disease of the doctor, and will you all your lifetime lie buried in their drugs?

Argan. Ah, brother, you talk of it like a man that's in health; but if you was in my place, you'd soon change your language. 'Tis easy to talk against physick, when one's in full health.

Beraldo. But what distemper have you?

Argan. You'll make me mad. I wish that you had my distemper, to see if you would prate thus. Ah! here's Mr. Purgon.

SCENE VI.

MR. PURGON, ARGAN, BERALDO, TOINET.

MR. PURGON.

I HAVE just now heard very pleasant news below at the door; that you make a jest of my prescriptions here, and refuse to take the remedy which I order'd.

Argan. Sir, 'twas not —

Mr. Purgon. 'Tis a great insolence, a strange rebellion of a patient against his physician.

Toinet. That's horrible.

Mr. Purgon. A clyster which I had taken the pleasure to compose myself.

Argan. 'Twas not I —

Mr. Purgon. Invented, and made up according to all the rules of art.

Toinet. He was in the wrong.

Mr. Purgon. And which would have produc'd a marvellous effect on the bowels.

Argan. My brother —

Mr. Purgon. To send it back with contempt!

Argan pointing to Beraldo] 'Tis he —

Mr. Purgon. 'Tis an exorbitant action.

Toinet. True.

Mr. Purgon. An enormous outrage against the profession.

Argan pointing to Beraldo] He is the cause —

Mr. Purgon. A crime of high treason against the faculty, which can't be enough punish'd.

Toinet. You're in the right.

Mr. Purgon. I declare to you that I break off all commerce with you.

Argan. 'Tis my brother——

Mr. Purgon. That I'll have no more alliance with you.

Toinet. You'll do well.

Mr. Purgon. And to end all union with you, there's the deed of gift which I made to my nephew in favour of the marriage.

Argan. 'Tis my brother that has done all the mischief.

Mr. Purgon. To condemn my clyster?

Argan. Let it be brought, I'll take it directly.

Mr. Purgon. I should have deliver'd you from your malady before 'twas long.

Toinet. He doesn't deserve it.

Mr. Purgon. I was going to cleanse your body, and to have discharg'd it entirely of all its ill humours.

Argan. Ah, brother!

Mr. Purgon. And I wanted no more than a dozen purges, to have gone to the bottom with you.

Toinet. He's unworthy of your care.

Mr. Purgon. But since you was not willing to be cur'd by my hands.

Argan. 'Tisn't my fault.

Mr. Purgon. Since you have forsaken the obedience which a man owes to his physician,

Toinet. That cries for vengeance.

Mr. Purgon. Since you have declar'd yourself rebellious to the remedies I've prescrib'd you.

Argan. Ah, not at all.

Mr. Purgon. I must tell you that I abandon you to your evil constitution, to the intemperature of your bowels, the corruption of your blood, the acrimony of your bile, and the feculency of your humours.

Toinet. 'Tis very well done.

Argan. Oh! heav'ns!

Mr. Purgon. And my will is that within four days time, you enter on an incurable state.

Argan. Ah! mercy!

Mr. Purgon. That you fall into a Bradypepsia.

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Purgon. From a Bradypepsia into a Dyspepsia.

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Purgon. From a Dyspepsia into an Apepsia.

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Purgon. From an Apepsia into a Lienteria.

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Purgon. From a Lienteria into a Dissenteria.

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Purgon. From a Dissenteria into a dropfy.

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

Mr. Purgon. And from a dropfy into a privation of life where your folly will bring you.

S C E N E VII.

A R G A N, B E R A L D O.

A R G A N.

AH heav'ns, I'm dead! brother, you have undone me.

Beraldo. Why! what's the matter?

Argan. I can hold no longer. I feel already that the faculty is taking its revenge.

Beraldo. Faith, brother, you're a simpleton, and I would not for a great deal that you should be seen doing what you do. Pray feel your own pulse a little, come to yourself again, and don't give up so much to your imagination.

Argan. You see, brother, the strange diseases he threaten'd me with.

Beraldo. What a simple man you are!

Argan. He said I should become incurable within four days time.

Beraldo. And what does it signify what he said? Is't an oracle that has spoke to you? to hear you one wou'd think, that Mr. Purgon held in his hands the thread of your days, and by supreme authority could prolong it to you, or cut it short as he pleas'd. Consider that the principles of your life are in yourself, and that the anger of Mr. Purgon is as incapable of killing you, as his remedies are of keeping you alive. Here's an opportunity, if you have a mind to it, to get rid o' the doctors, or if you was born not to be able to live without 'em, it is easy to have another of 'em, with whom, brother, you may run a little less risque.

Argan. Ah! brother, he knew all my constitution, and the way to govern me —

Beraldo. I must confess to you, that you are a man of great prepossession, and that you see things with strange eyes.

SCENE VIII.

ARGAN, BERALDO, TOINET.

TOINET to Argan.

SIR, there's a doctor desires to see you.

Argan. What doctor?

Toinet. A doctor of physie.

Argan. I ask thee who he is.

Toinet. I don't know him, but he's as like me as

two drops of water, and if I wasn't sure that my mother was an honest woman, I should say, that this was some little brother she had given me since my father's death.

Argan. Let him come in.

SCENE IX.

ARGAN, BERALDO.

BERALDO.

YOU are serv'd to your wish. One doctor leaves you, another offers himself.

Argan. I much fear if you ben't the cause of some misfortune,

Beraldo. Again! are you always upon that?

Argan. See how I have at heart all those distempers that I don't know, those—

SCENE X.

ARGAN, BERALDO, TOINET dress'd as a physician.

TOINET.

PERMIT me, Sir, to make you a visit, and to offer you my small services for all the bleedings and purgations you shall have occasion for.

Argan. Sir, I'm very much oblig'd to you. [to Beraldo.] By my troth, Toinet herself!

Toinet. I beg you to excuse me, Sir, I had forgot to give my servant a message, I'll return immediately.

SCENE XI.

ARGAN, BERALDO.

ARGAN.

HAH! wou'd not you say that 'tis verily Toinet?

Beraldo. 'Tis true that the likeness is very great. But this is not the first time we've seen these sort of things, and histories are full of these sports of nature.

Argan. For my part, I am astonish'd at it, and —

SCENE XII.

ARGAN, BERALDO, TOINET.

TOINET.

WHAT d'ye want, Sir?

Argan. What?

Toinet. Did you not call me?

Argan. I? no.

Toinet. My ears must have tingl'd then.

Argan. Stay a little here, and see how much this doctor is like thee.

Toinet. Yes truly, I have other business below, and I've seen him enough.

SCENE XIII.

ARGAN, BERALDO.

ARGAN.

IF I hadn't seen 'em both together, I should have believ'd 'twas but one.

Beraldo. I have read surprising things of these kind of resemblances, and we have seen of 'em in our times, where all the world have been deceiv'd.

Argan. For my part, I should have been deceiv'd by this, and should have sworn 'twas the same person.

SCENE XIV.

ARGAN, BERALDO, TOINET in a physician's habit.

TOINET.

SIR, I ask pardon with all my heart.

Argan aside to Beraldo.] This is wonderful!

Toinet. Pray, Sir, don't take amiss the curiosity I had to see such an illustrious patient as you are, your reputation which reaches every where, may excuse the liberty I've taken.

Argan. Sir, I'm your servant.

Toinet. I see, Sir, that you look earnestly at me : what age d'ye really think I am?

Argan. I think that you may be twenty six, or twenty seven at most.

Toinet. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I'm fourscore and ten.

Argan. Fourscore and ten!

Toinet. Yes. You see an effect of the secrets of my art, to preserve me thus fresh and vigorous.

Argan. By my troth, a fine youthful old fellow for one of fourscore and ten.

Toinet. I'm an itinerant physician, that go from town to town, province to province, kingdom to kingdom, to seek out famous matter for my capacity, to find patients worthy of employing myself on, capable of exercising the great and fine secrets which I've discover'd

in medicine. I disdain to amuse myself with the little fry of common diseases, with the trifles of rheumatisms and defluxions, agues, vapours, and megrims. I would have diseases of importance, good continual fevers, with a disorder'd brain, good purple fevers, good plagues, good confirm'd dropsies, good pleurisies, with-inflammations of the lungs, this is what pleases me, this is what I triumph in; and I wish, Sir, that you had all the diseases I've just now mention'd, that you was abandon'd by all the physicians, despair'd of, at the point of death, that I might demonstrate to you the excellency of my remedies, and the desire I have to do you service.

Argan. I'm oblig'd to you, Sir, for the kind wishes you have for me.

Toinet. Let's feel your pulse. Come then beat as you should. Ah, I shall make you go as you ought. Ho, this pulse plays the impertinent; I perceive you don't know me yet. Who is your physician?

Argan. Mr. Purgon.

Toinet. That man's not wrote in my table-book amongst the great physicians. What does he say you are ill of?

Argan. He says that 'tis the liver, and others say that 'tis the spleen.

Toinet. They are all blockheads, 'tis your lungs that you are ill of.

Argan. Lungs?

Toinet. Yes, what do you feel?

Argan. I feel from time to time pains in my head.

Toinet. The lungs exactly.

Argan. I seem sometimes to have a mist before my eyes.

Toinet. The lungs.

Argan. I have sometimes a pain at the heart.

Toinet.

Toinet. The lungs.

Argan. I sometimes feel a weariness in all my limbs.

Toinet. The lungs.

Argan. And sometimes I'm taken with pains in my belly, as if 'twas the colic.

Toinet. The lungs. You have an appetite to what you eat?

Argan. Yes, Sir.

Toinet. The lungs. You love to drink a little wine?

Argan. Yes, Sir.

Toinet. The lungs. You take a little nap after repast, and are glad to sleep?

Argan. Yes, Sir.

Toinet. The lungs, the lungs I tell you. What does your physician order you for your food?

Argan. He orders me soup.

Toinet. Ignorant!

Argan. Fowl.

Toinet. Ignorant!

Argan. Veal.

Toinet. Ignorant!

Argan. Broth.

Toinet. Ignorant!

Argan. New-laid eggs.

Toinet. Ignorant!

Argan. And a few prunes at night to relax the belly.

Toinet. Ignorant!

Argan. And above all to drink my wine well diluted.

Toinet. *Ignorantus, ignoranta, ignorantum.* You must drink your wine unmix'd, and to thicken your blood which is too thin, you must eat good fat beef, good fat pork, good Dutch cheese, good rice gruel, and chesnuts and wafers, to thicken and conglutinate. Your doctor's

an ass. I'll send you one of my own choice, and will come to see you from time to time, as long as I stay in this town.

Argan. You will very much oblige me.

Toinet. What the duce do you do with this arm?

Argan. How?

Toinet. Here's an arm I'd have cut off immediately, if I were as you.

Argan. And why?

Toinet. Don't you see that it attracts all the nourishment to itself, and hinders this side from growing?

Argan. Yes, but I have occasion for my arm.

Toinet. You've a right-eye there too that I wou'd have pluck'd out, if I were in your place.

Argan. Pluck out an eye?

Toinet. Don't you find it incommodes the other, and robs it of all its nourishment? believe me, have it pluck'd out as soon as possible, you'll see the clearer with the left eye.

Argan. There needs no hurry in this affair.

Toinet. Farewel. I'm sorry to quit you so soon, but I must be present at a grand consultation we are to have about a man who died yesterday.

Argan. About a man who died yesterday?

Toinet. Yes, to consider, and see what ought to have been done to have cur'd him. Your humble servant.

Argan. You know that sick folk are excus'd from ceremony.

S C E N E XV.

ARGAN, BERALDO.

BERALDO.

TRULY, this doctor seems to be a very skilful man.

Argan. Yes; but goes a little of the fastest.

Beraldo. All your great physicians do so.

Argan. To cut off my arm, and pluck out my eye, that the other may be better! I'd much rather that it should not be quite so well. A pretty operation, truly, to make me at once both blind and lame.

S C E N E XVI.

ARGAN, BERALDO, TOINET.

TOINET pretending to speak to some body.

COME, come, I'm your humble servant for that. I am not in a merry humour.

Argan. What's the matter?

Toinet. Your physician, troth, wants to feel my pulse.

Argan. Look you, there, at fourscore and ten years of age.

Beraldo. Well, come, brother, since your Mr. Purgon has quarrel'd with you, won't you give me leave to speak of the match, which is propos'd for my niece?

Argan. No, brother, I'll put her in a convent, since she oppos'd my inclinations. I see plainly there's some intrigue in the case, and I have discover'd a certain secret interview, which they don't know I have discover'd.

Beraldo. Well, brother, allowing there were some

little inclination, wou'd that be so criminal, and can any thing be offensive to you, when all this tends only to what is very honest, as matrimony?

Argan. Be it what it will, brother, she shall be a nun, that I'm determin'd upon.

Beraldo. You will very much please a certain person.

Argan. I understand you. You are always harping upon that string, and my wife sticks greatly in your stomach.

Beraldo. Well, yes, brother, since I must speak frankly, 'tis your wife that I mean; and I can no more endure the infatuation you are under in respect to her, than I can your infatuation in respect to physick, nor to see you run head-long into every snare she lays for you.

Toinet. Ah, Sir, don't talk of madam, she's a woman of whom there's nothing to be said; a woman without artifice, and who loves my master, who loves him—One can't express it.

Argan. Alk her but how fond she is of me.

Toinet. 'Tis true.

Argan. What uneasiness my sickness gives her.

Toinet. Most assuredly.

Argan. And the care, and the pains she takes about me.

Toinet. 'Tis certain, [to Beraldo.] Have you a mind I should convince you, and shew you presently how madam loves my master. [To Argan.] Sir, let me undeceive him, and deliver him from his mistake.

Argan. How?

Toinet. My mistress is just return'd. Clap yourself down in this chair, stretch'd out at your full length, and feign yourself dead. You'll see the sorrow she'll be in, when I tell her the news.

Argan. I'll do it.

Toinet. Yes, but don't let her continue long in despair, for she may perhaps die by it.

Argan. Let me alone.

Toinet to Beraldo,] Hide you yourself in this corner.

SCENE XVII.

ARGAN, TOINET.

ARGAN.

IS there not some danger in counterfeiting death?

Toinet. No, no. What danger can there be? Only stretch yourself out there. 'Twill be a great pleasure to confound your brother. Here's my mistress. Steady as you are.

SCENE XVIII.

BELINA, ARGAN stretched out in his chair, TOINET.

TOINET pretending not to see Belina.

OH! heavens! oh, wretched! what a strange accident!

Belina. What ails you, Toinet?

Toinet. Ah, madam!

Belina. What's the matter?

Toinet. Your husband's dead.

Belina. My husband dead?

Toinet. Alas! yes. The poor soul is defunct.

Belina. Certainly?

Toinet. Certainly. No body knows of this accident as yet, I was here all alone with him. He just now departed in my arms. Here, see him laid at his full length in this chair.

Belina. Heav'n be prais'd. Here I am deliver'd from a grievous burden. What a fool art thou, Toinet, to be so afflicted at his death!

Toinet. I thought, madam, that we should cry.

Belina. Go, go, 'tis not worth while. What loss is there of him, and what good did he do upon earth? A wretch troublesome to all the world, a filthy, nauseous fellow, never without a clyster, or a dose of physic in his guts; always sniveling, coughing, or spitting; a stupid, tedious, ill-natur'd creature; for ever fatiguing people, and scolding, night and day, at his maids and his footmen.

Toinet. A fine funeral oration!

Belina. You must help me, Toinet, to execute my design, and you may depend upon it, in serving me, your recompense is sure. Since, by good-luck, no body is yet acquainted with the affair, let us carry him to his bed, and keep his death a secret, 'till I have accomplish'd my business. There are some papers, and there is some money, that I have a mind to seize on, and it is not just that I shou'd have past the prime of my years with him, without any manner of advantage. Come, Toinet, let us first of all take all his keys.

Argan starting up hastily.] Softly.

Belina. Ah!

Argan. Ay, mistress wife, is it thus you love me?

Toinet. Ah, hah, the defunct is not dead.

Argan to Belina who makes off.] I'm very glad to see your love, and to have heard the fine panegyric you made upon me. 'Tis a wholesome piece of advice, which will make me wise for the future, and prevent me doing a good many things.

SCENE XIX.

BERALDO coming out of the place where he was hid,
ARGAN, TOINET.

BERALDO.

WELL, brother, you see how 'tis.

Toinet. In good truth, I cou'd never have believ'd it. But I hear your daughter; place yourself as you were, and let us see in what manner she will receive your death. 'Tis a thing which 'twill not be at all amiss to try, and since your hand is in, you'll know, by this means, the sentiments your family has for you.

[Beraldo conceals himself again.]

SCENE XX.

ARGAN, ANGELICA, TOINET.

TOINET pretending not to see Angelica.

OH heaven! ah! sad accident! unhappy day!

Angelica. What ails you, Toinet, and what d'ye cry for?

Toinet. Alas! I've melancholy news to tell you.

Angelica. Eh? what?

Toinet. Your father's dead.

Angelica. My father dead, Toinet?

Toinet. Yes, you see him there, he died this moment of a fainting fit that took him.

Angelica. Oh heaven! what a misfortune! what a cruel stroke! Alas! must I lose my father, the only thing I had left in the world! and must I also, to increase

my despair, lose him at a time when he was angry with me! what will become of me, unhappy wretch! and what consolation can I find after so great a loss!

SCENE XXI.

ARGAN, ANGELICA, CLEANTHES, TOINET.

CLEANTHES.

WHAT'S the matter with you, fair Angelica? and what misfortune do you weep for?

Angelica. I weep for every thing I could lose most dear and precious in life. I weep for the death of my father.

Cleantes. Heav'n! what an accident! how unexpected a stroke! Alas! after the demand I had conjur'd your uncle to make of you in marriage, I was coming to present myself to him, to endeavour by my respects and intreaties to incline his heart to grant you to my wishes.

Angelica. Ah! Cleantes, let us talk no more of it. Let us here leave off all thoughts of marriage. After the death of my father, I'll have nothing more to do with the world, I renounce it for ever. Yes, my dear father, if I have lately oppos'd your inclinations, I will follow one of your intentions at least, and make amends, by that, [kneeling.] for the concern I accuse myself of having given you. Permit me, father, now to give you my promise of it, and to embrace you, to witness to you my resentment.

Argan embracing Angelica.] Oh! my child!

Angelica. Hah!

Argan. Come, be not frighted, I am not dead. Come,

thou art my true flesh and blood, my real daughter, and I am charm'd that I have discover'd thy good-nature.

SCENE XXII.

ARGAN, BERALDO, ANGELICA, CLEANTHES,
TOINET.

ANGELICA.

AH! what an agreeable surprise! since, by extreme good fortune, heav'n restores you, Sir, to my wishes, permit me here to throw myself at your feet, to implore one favour of you. If you are not favourable to the inclination of my heart, if you refuse me Cleanthes for a husband; I conjure you at least, not to force me to marry another. This is all the favour I ask of you.

[Cleanthes throwing himself at Argan's feet.] Ah! Sir, allow yourself to be touch'd with her intreaties and mine; and shew not yourself averse to the mutual ardors of so agreeable a passion.

Beraldo. Brother, can you withstand this?

Toinet. Can you be insensible, Sir, of so much love.

Argan. Let him turn physician, I consent to the marriage. [to Cleanthes.] Yes, Sir, turn physician, and I give you my daughter.

Cleanthes. Most willingly. If it only sticks at that, Sir, to become your son-in-law, I'll be a physician, and even an apothecary, if you please. That's no such a business, I shou'd do much more to obtain the fair Angelica.

Beraldo. But, brother, a thought's come into my head. Turn a physician yourself. The conveniency will be much greater, to have all that you want within yourself.

Toinet. That's true. That's the true way to cure yourself presently; and there's no distemper so daring, as to meddle with the person of a physician.

Argan. I fancy, brother, you banter me. Am I of an age to study?

Beraldo. Pshaw, study! why, you are learned enough; there are a great many among 'em, who are not better skill'd than yourself.

Argan. But one should know how to speak Latin well, to know the distempers, and the remedies proper to apply to 'em.

Beraldo. You'll learn all that by putting on the robe and cap of a physician, and you will afterwards be more skilful than you'd wish to be.

Argan. What! do people understand how to discourse upon distempers, when they have on that habit?

Beraldo. Yes. You have nothing to do, but to talk, with a gown and cap any stuff becomes learned, and nonsense becomes sense.

Toinet. Hold, Sir, were there no more than your beard, that goes a great way already; a beard makes more than half in the composition of a doctor.

Cleanthes. I'm ready at worst, to do every thing.

Beraldo to Argan.] Will you have the thing done immediately?

Argan. How immediately?

Beraldo. Yes, and in your own house.

Argan. In my own house?

Beraldo. Yes, I know a body of physicians, my friends, who will come instantly and perform the ceremony in your hall. 'Twill cost you nothing.

Argan. But what shall I say, what shall I answer?

Beraldo. They'll instruct you in a few words, and

they'll give you in writing, what you are to say. Go dress yourself in a decent manner, I'll go send for 'em.

Argan. With all my heart, let's see this.

SCENE THE LAST.

BERALDO, ANGELICA, CLEANTHES, TOINET.

CLEANTHES.

WHAT'S your intention, and d'ye mean by this body of your friends——

Toinet. What's your design?

Beraldo. To divert ourselves a little this evening. The players have made an interlude of a doctor's admission with dances and music, I desire we may take the diversion of it together, and that my brother may act the principal character in it.

Angelica. But, uncle, methinks you play upon my father a little too much.

Beraldo. But niece, this is not so much playing on him, as giving into his fancies. We may each of us take a part in't ourselves, and so perform the comedy to one another. The carnival bears us out in this. Let's go quickly to get every thing ready.

Cleantes to Angelica.] Do you consent to it?

Angelica. Yes, since my uncle conducts us.

INTERLUDE.

FIRST ENTRY.

Upholsterers come in dancing to prepare the hall, and place the benches to music.

SECOND ENTRY.

A cavalcade of physicians to the sound of instruments.

Persons bearing clyster-pipes which represent maces, enter first. After them come the apothecaries with their mortars, surgeons and doctors two by two, who place themselves on each side the stage, whilst the president ascends a chair, which is plac'd in the middle; and Argan who is to be admitted a doctor of physick, places himself on a low stool at the foot of the president's chair.

PRÆSES.

Scavantissimi doctores,

Medicini professores,

Qui hic assemblati estis;

Et vos altri messiores,

Sententiarum facultatis

Fideles executores;

Chirurgiani et apothicari,

Atque tota compania ausi,

Salus, honor, et argentum,

Atque bonum appetitum.

Non possum, docti confreri,

In me satis admirari,

Qualis bona inventio,

Est medici professio;

How rare and choice a thing is ista

Medicina benedicta,

Quao suo nōmine solo
 Marveloso miraculo
 Since si longo tempore;
 Has made in clover vivere
 So many people omni genere.

Per totam terram videmus
 Grandam vogam ubi sumus;
 Et quod grandes et petiti
 Sunt de nobis infatuti:

Totus mundus currens ad nostros remedios,
 Nos regardat sicut deos,
 Et nostris præscriptionibus
 Principes et reges subiectos videtis.

'Tis therefore nostra sapientia,
 Bonus sensus atque prudentia,

Strongly for to travaillare,

A nos bene conservare

In tali credito, voga et honore;
 Et take care a non receive

In nostro docto corpore

Quam personas capaces,

Et totas dignas fillire

Has placas honorabiles.

For that nunc convocati estis,

Et credo quod findebitis.

Dignam matieram medici,

In scavanti homine that there you see;

Whom in thingis omnibus

Dono ad interrogandum

Et a bottom examinandum

Vestris capacitatibus.

First Doctor. Si mihi licentiam dat dominus præsces,

Et tanti docti doctores,
 Et assistantes illustres,
 Learnidissimo bacheliero
 Quem estimo et honoro,
 Demandabo causam et rationem, quare
 Opium facit dormire.

Argan. Mihi a docto doctore
 Demandatur causam et rationem, quare
 Opium facit dormire.

To which respondeo.
 Quia est in eo
 Virtus dormitiva,
 Cujus est natura
 Sensus stupifire.

Chorus. Bene, bene, bene, bene, respondere,
 Dignus, dignus est intrare
 In nostro docto corpore.
 Bene, bene, respondere.

Second Doctor. Cum permissione domini praesidis,
 Doctissimae facultatis,
 Et totius his nostris actis
 Companiae assistantis,
 Demandabo tibi, docte Bacheliere,
 Quae sunt remedia,
 Quae in maladia
 Call'd Hydrópisia
 Convenit facere?

Argan. Clisterium donare,
 Postea bleedare,
 Afterwards purgare.

Chorus. Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere,
 Dignus, dignus est intrare
 In nostro docto corpore.

Third Doctor. Si bonum semblatur domino praesidi,
Doctissimae facultati
Et companiae praesenti,
Demandabo tibi, docte bacheliere,
Quae remedia eticis,
Pulmonicis atque asmaticis
Do you think a propos facere.

Argan. Clisterium donare,
Postea bleedare,
Afterwards purgare.

Chorus. Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere:
Dignus, dignus est intrare
In nostro docto corpore.

Fourth Doctor. Super illas maladias,
Doctus bachelierus dixit maravillas:
But if I do not teize and fret dominum praesidem,
Doctissimam facultatem,
Et totam honorabilem
Companiam hearkennantem;
Faciám illi unam quaestionem.
Last night patientus unus
Chanc'd to fall in meas manus:
Habet grandam fievram cum redoublamentis
Grandum dolorem capitis,
Et grandum malum in his si-de,
Cum granda difficultate
Et pena respirare.
Be pleas'd then to tell me,
Docte bacheliere,
Quid illi facere.

Argan. Clisterium donare,
Postea bleedare,
Afterwards purgare.

Fifth Doctor. But if maladia

Opiniatria,

Non vult se curire,

Quid illi facere?

Argan. Clisterium donare,

Postea bleedare,

Afterwards purgare.

Rebleedare, repurgare, et reclysterisare.

Chorus. Bene, bene, bene, bene respondere;

Dignus, dignus est intrare

In nostro docto corpore.

The President to Argan.] Juras keepare statuta

Per facultatem praescripta,

Cum sensu et jugeotamento?

Argan. Juro.

The President. To be in omnibus

Consultationibus

Ancieni aviso;

Aut bono,

Aut baddo?

Argan. Juro.

The President. That thoult never te servire

De remediis aucunis,

Than only those doctae facultatis;

Should the patient burst-O

Et mori de suo malo?

Argan. Juro.

The President. Ego cum isto boneto

Venerablili et docto,

Dono tibi et concedo

Virtutem et powerantiam,

Medicandi,

Purgandi,

Bleedandi,

Prichandi,

Cuttandi,

Slaslandi,

Et occidenti

Impune per totam terram.

III. ENTRY.

The surgeons and apothecaries do reverence to music
to Argan.

Argan. Grandes doctores doctrinae,

Of rhubarbe and of sene:

'Twould be in me without doubt one thinga folla,

Inepta et ridicula,

If I should m'engageare

Vobis louangeas donare,

Et pretendebam addare

Des lumieras au soleillo,

Et des etoilas au cielo,

Des ondas a l'oceano;

Et des rosas to the springo.

Agree that in one wordo

Pro toto remercimento

Randam gratiam corpori tam docto,

Vobis, vobis debeo

More than to naturae, et than to patri meo;

Natura et pater meus

Hominem me habent factum:

But vos me, that which is plus,

Avetis factum medicum.

Honor, favor, et gratia,

Qui in hoc corde que voila,

Imprimant ressentimenta

Qui dureront in saecula.

Chorus. Vivat, vivat, yivat, yivat, for ever vivat

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Novus doctor, qui tam bene speakat,
Mille, mille annis, et manget et bibat,
Et bleedet et killat.

IV. E N T R Y.

All the surgeons and apothecaries dance to the sound
of the instruments and voices, and clapping of hands,
and apothecaries mortars.

First Surgeon. May he see doctas

Suas praescriptionas

Omnium chirurgorum,

Et apotiquarum

Fillire shopas.

Chorus. Vivat, vivat, vivat, for ever vivat

Novus doctor, qui tam bene speakat,

Mille, mille annis, et manget et bibat,

Et bleedet et killat.

Second Surgeon. May all his anni

Be to him boni

Et favorabiles,

Et n'habere jamais

Quam plagas, poxas,

Fievras, pluresias

Bloody fluxies et dissenterias.

Chorus. Vivat, vivat, vivat, vivat, for ever vivat

Novus doctor, qui tam bene speakat,

Mille, mille annis, et manget et bibat.

Et bleedet et killat.

V. and last E N T R Y.

While the chorus is singing, the doctors, surgeons and
apothecaries go out all according to their several ranks,
with the same ceremony they enter'd.

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